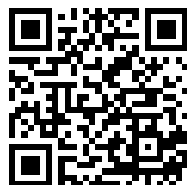


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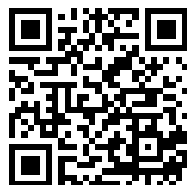


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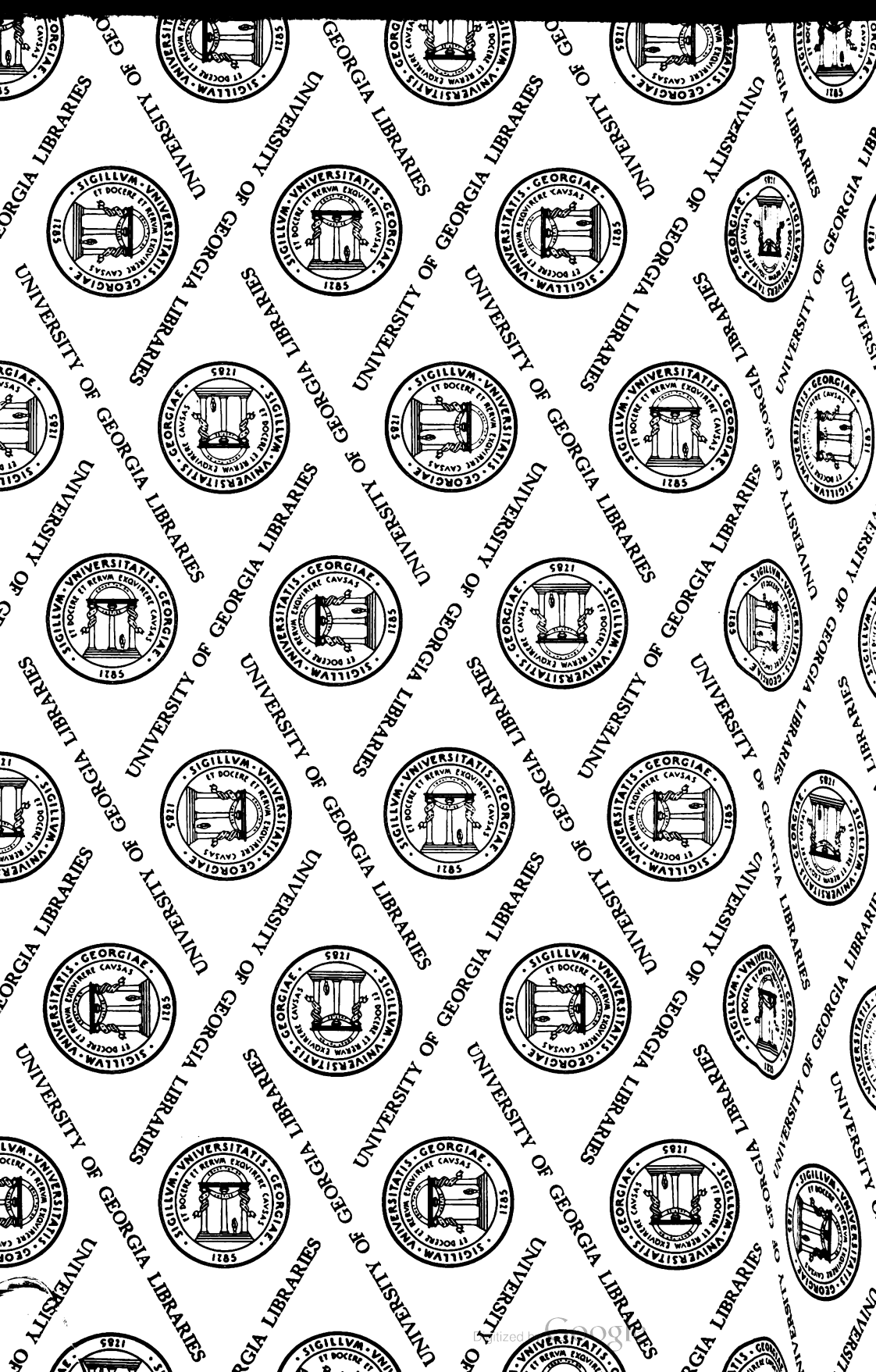
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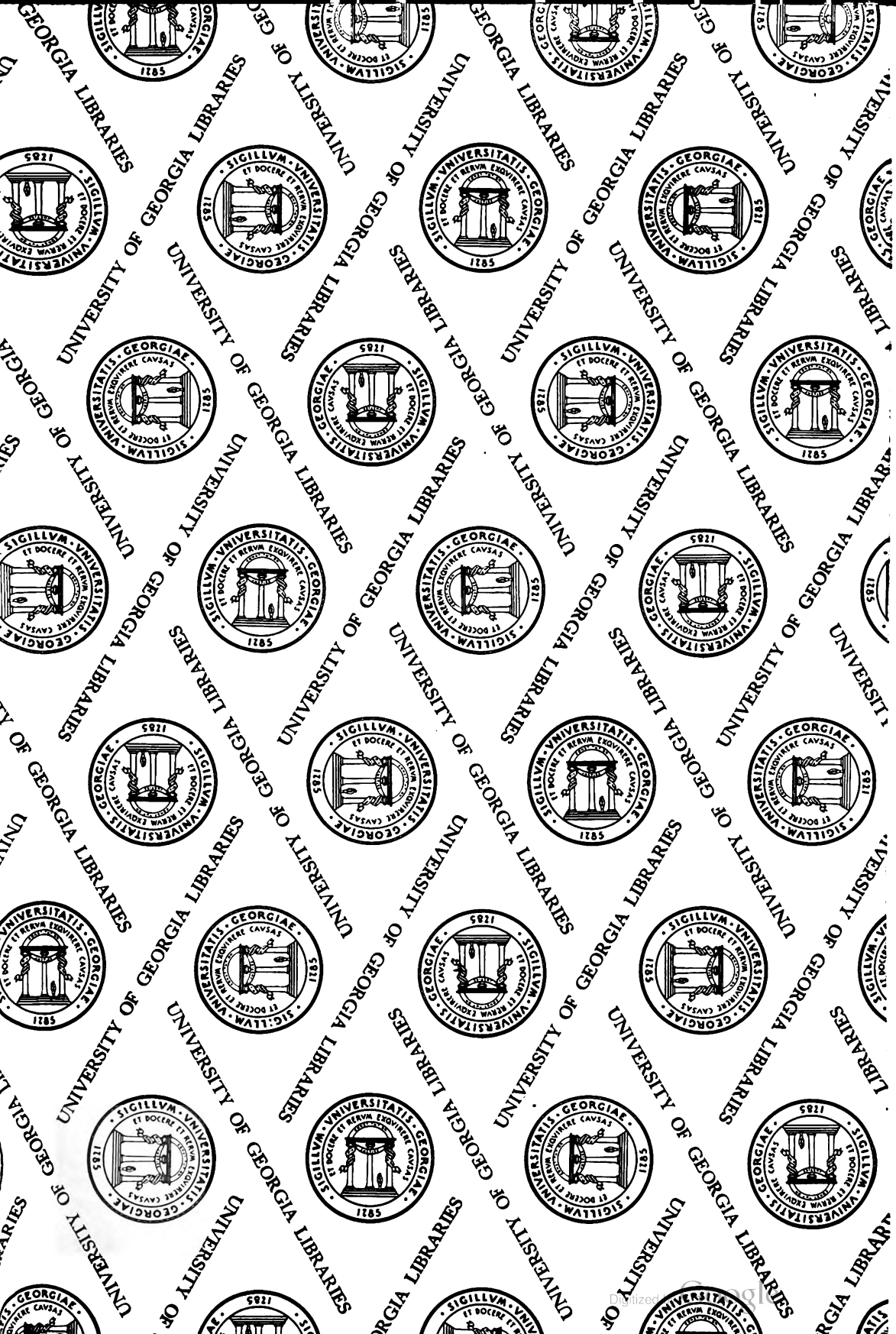
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„ 3	no. 9	April, 1890.
„ 5	nos. 16, 17, 18,	Jan.-Sept., 1892.



# THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLK-LORE

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## MONTAGNAIS AND NASKAPI TALES FROM THE LABRADOR PENINSULA

BY FRANK G. SPECK.

There exists at present no collection of myths and folktales from the widely scattered bands of Montagnais. Their territories lie in a zone about eight hundred miles long and two hundred miles wide between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the mountains forming the Height of Land of the southern Labrador peninsula. Although they were visited and described by the Jesuits early in the seventeenth century, no systematic attention has since been given to their beliefs and traditions. As a beginning toward an exposition of the life and beliefs of this little-known but important group of the Algonkian family, the following sets of tales have been selected from material, some of it in text, taken from the lips of these Indians during the last fifteen years.

Being spread over so wide an area, the various divisions of the Montagnais vary somewhat in dialect and in customs. Their folklore has not yet been collected from all parts of their habitat in sufficient quantity to justify us in speaking definitely of its character as a whole. But so far as we can judge from the material in hand, there is a noticeable stability in incident and concept throughout the area. It would seem that the mythology of the Laurentian tribes from James Bay to the Atlantic is of the same general character.

The relationship of Montagnais folklore to mythologies outside this area is fairly evident. Some of the human tales suggest Eskimo influence, and this is not too improbable, since the Montagnais of the seventeenth century broke out into the domains of the Eskimo and finally extirpated them from the Gulf and southern Labrador coast. On the whole, however, the resemblance of these tales to those of the Algonquin, Cree, and Ojibwa is their most striking characteristic. Practically every incident related among the Montagnais, from one end of their territory to the other, can be found, for instance, among the Ojibwa somewhere in the now numerous published collections from this group of tribes.

The western extension of the Laurentian culture is along the St. Maurice River which separates from the Montagnais the people known

as Têtes de Boule, who speak a dialect more closely related to the Ojibwa. In the province of folklore this frontier marks the eastward limit, in this northern area, of certain well-known and widely distributed tales which are notably absent among the Montagnais and the Naskapi. I have frequently asked narrators for the Earth Diver story, but have never found that it was known to any one in the Montagnais territory. Nor is it found among the Wabanaki. No sign of the tale has been discovered in northern New England or in eastern Canada, except for the one reference in the Jesuit Relations,<sup>1</sup> the authenticity of which may be doubted.

Other stories which have not crossed the boundary of the St. Maurice River are the legend of the Celestial Bear, and the beaver lodge incident in the Transformer cycle.<sup>2</sup>

The same frontier also marks the eastern limit (in this northern territory) of social customs which play an important role to the westward, such as the mother-in-law taboo, the *midéwin* or shaman's medicine society, and the dice-and-bowl game; in the field of material culture, of the cradle-board, twill-woven rush mats, basswood or cedar-bark baskets, porcupine quill-work, the square-headed snowshoe, and other characteristic objects. Nevertheless, as I have said, in folklore this western limit in this northern area marks a lesser differentiation than the southern frontier along the St. Lawrence. While comparisons are perhaps premature, it would seem safe to say that the character of folklore differs more between the Montagnais and the Wabanaki directly south of the St. Lawrence, than between the Montagnais and the Cree. There is a noticeably low proportion of cognates found among the peoples on the opposite sides of the St. Lawrence, though an increase of material from the Montagnais may later cause us to reverse this estimate. This cleavage along the course of the St. Lawrence River holds good not only in regard to folklore, but in the degree of differentiation of dialects and of physical type. On the other hand, it is noticeably absent in material culture.

1. Le Jeune, Jesuit Relations, 5: 155.

2. This refers to the beginning of the transformer cycle in which the hero attacks a monster beaver, drives him from his hiding place, breaks his dam, which becomes transformed into a water fall, and throws a boulder after the animal which becomes a landmark. This tale is known to the Ojibwa and has a distribution south of the Montagnais territory among the Wabanaki as far east as the Micmac.

TALES FROM THE TADOUSAC AND ESCOUMAINS  
BANDS OF MONTAGNAIS. <sup>1</sup>

TSEQA'BE<sup>2</sup> SNARES THE SUN, AND BECOMES TRANSFORMED INTO IT.

In ancient times there was an old man who had a wife and a son whose name was Tsəqa'bec, "Finished Man." <sup>3</sup> They were the only people living and Tsəqa'bec was the first finished child. The old man was the master of all the birds and small mammals of the earth. They lived in the woods near him. When he wanted any of them he only had to call them to him.

The sun was so hot in those days that these small animals and the birds could not live, and the old man was in great distress because his birds and animals were being killed by the sun. Accordingly the old man planned to capture the sun and so put an end to the trouble among his beasts. He built a dead-fall of logs where the sun arose from the edge of the world, intending to capture it by this means. But the boy Tsəqa'bec, when he saw what this father was doing, said, "That will not do! If you are going to capture the sun it will have to be with something better than a wooden trap. I, however, will make a snare for you that will catch the sun."

That night he made a loop-snare of babiche <sup>4</sup> and set it at the place

1. The tales in this section were taken down from the narration of the wife of Joseph Nicolai, Marie Denis and Aleck Denis at Tadousac and Escoumains from 1915 to 1921. They had heard their stories from parents and relatives at Escoumains and had no intimate contact with individuals of other Montagnais bands. There were no noteworthy formalities in narration, and no religious attitude seemed to be attached to the telling. The Lake St. John stories were narrated principally by Pitabəno'kweo, "Woman who brings the dawn," the wife of Simon Rafaël by Simon himself, David Basil and Tsibi'c. The last set of tales, coming from the remote nomads who hunt over the country about Lake Mistassini were narrated by an old man of this band in 1915, named Ka'kwa and taken down mostly in native text at Pointe Bleue. The son of Ka'kwa acted as interpreter and contributed the other Mistassini tales himself.

2. Throughout the Montagnais area the hero-transformer is known as Tsəka'bec. In the Mistassini dialect and in that of the Lake St. John Montagnais the name appears phonetically as *Tsəka'bec*. Lower down on the St. Lawrence at Tadousac and Escoumains it is *Tsəqa'bec*. It is translated "Young man who draws a line (or cord) behind him." This proper name for the hero seems to extend over the tribes known in literature as Montagnais and Naskapi as far as they have been investigated. Just how far north and east the name Tsəka'bec is used we have no means of knowing, and it will be a long time before a collection of tales can be made from these distant and thinly populated regions.

3. Note the translation given by the narrator which differs from that given by the Lake St. John Montagnais, "man who draws a string behind him." The difference is evidently due to idiom.

4. The common French-Canadian name for prepared raw-hide string.

where the sun rises. The next morning when the sun rose it was caught in the snare and held. Then the world remained in darkness. When the beasts woke up in the morning, all was still dark and they thought that the end of the world had come and that they would all perish. Different ones among them tried to approach the sun and cut the snare, but it was in vain. The rabbit tried but it was too hot for him; he got his fur burned. The birds could not approach the place because they could not see well in the dark. Then the field mouse tried, who runs very near the ground; and the mole who goes under the ground; but they could not approach near enough to cut the snare.

When the old man's wife woked up she saw that it was still dark, although it was late in the day. She said to her husband, "What have you done? Have you captured the sun?" "Yes," said the old man, "I only tried to capture the sun but Tsəqa'bec succeeded in snaring it for me, because it was burning up the whole world." "Well," said the old woman, "you have done a bad thing, for it is now dark and we cannot see to gain our living. It is no good thing that you have accomplished." Then even Tsəqa'bec tried to approach the sun to cut the snare. He held a piece of hide in front of his face, but could not go near enough to cut the snare. All this time everything was quiet, as the sun did not cry out. There was only the moon left to light up the world and it was very hard for the old people to get about to gain their living in the darkness. Only the owl and some few of the other animals had eyes large enough to make their way in the dark woods.

Soon the old woman took her hook and line and went out to fish in the lake. Tsəqa'bec was standing near her as she cast her line, suddenly the hook caught in Tsəqa'bec's eye and tore one of his eyes out. There he was with only one eye left. "You have been punished," said his mother, "for snaring the sun." He went home and said to his father, "I have had my eye torn out and now I can not see at all. Call your birds and take an eye out of the owl's head and put it in place of my eye. The owl has a good big eye to see in the dark. He can go everywhere in the dark. Take an eye out of him and put it in me." So the old man called the owl to him, and plucked out one of his eyes and put it in Tsəqa'bec's head. Then Tsəqa'bec found that he could see everything with the owl's eye much better than with his own. He went hunting and could see fairly well. So he went back to his father and told him to call the owl and give him another owl's eye like the first one. Then the old man called the owl, took out his other eye and fastened it in Tsəqa'bec's head as he had the first. Then Tsəqa'bec had two good eyes for the dark and could see to travel everywhere he wanted to. He had two big round eyes like those of the owl.

Soon Tsəqa'bec grew up and wanted to get married so he traveled

about to find a woman. At last he found a creature whom he took for his wife. The first night instead of lying down with her, he said, "Follow me." All night he led her here and there in the woods hunting. Since she could not see so well as Tsəqa'bec she could hardly follow him. She bumped into trees and fell down so that Tsəqa'bec thought he would do well to have her eyes changed for a pair like his own. He took her to his father and said, "Get her an eye like mine from the owl." So the old man called his birds and took an eye from an owl and put it in the woman's eye socket. Now she could see fairly well as they traveled about in the dark.

Soon the wife of Tsəqa'bec bore a son. They named him Tsəqa'beji's, "Little Tsəqa'bec," after his father. When he was born he had two big round eyes like those of the owl and his parents. He could see in the dark as well as any owl. When he grew a little older, he said to his father, "You have snared the sun, you! That is why it is so dark and why we have such big eyes." "Yes," said Tsəqa'bec. "Well then," said Little Tsəqa'bec, "I am going to snare the moon (night sun.)" So he made a snare and set it where the moon emerges. This was in the path where Tsəqa'bec walked as he tended his traps. As he walked into the snare Tsəqa'bec was snared instead of the moon. He was caught by the legs and there he hung, head on the ground, feet in the air, and crying loudly for help. Then Little Tsəqa'bec came up and said, "You are caught instead of the moon. Now you are punished for catching the sun. You can stay there and give light yourself." So he left his father, who became the sun, hanging there by his feet attached by the line. And Little Tsəqa'bec continued to live with his mother.

TSƏQA'BEJ'S SNARES THE MOON AND GETS INTO IT,  
BECOMING THE MAN IN THE MOON.

Tsəqa'bec lived with his sister. He had a good hunting road.<sup>1</sup> One day he got ready to leave the camp in search of game. "Where are you going?" his sister asked him. "I am only going to snare some hares," he answered. So he departed. He went to the place where the moon<sup>2</sup> comes up (at the edge of the world) and there placed his snare. When the moon came up, it was caught in the snare. When Tsəqa'bec came and saw what had happened, he was pleased. He liked the moon so well that he got inside it. Then he turned it loose and now he looks out from it as the man in the moon.

1. This refers to the hunter's inherited trapping grounds, called *məčənu*, "road".

2. The moon is called *tebickau pi'cam*, "night sun". This helps to support the impression that the story is a derivative of the wide-spread myth of the hero snaring the sun.

WHISKEY-JACK MAN AND TSƏQA'BEĆ MARRY THE DAUGHTERS OF  
THE CANNIBAL WOMAN. <sup>1</sup>

There was once an old woman who had two daughters living with her in a camp. She spent much of her time scraping caribou skins. She was a cannibal. She caught men by sending her daughters out and luring them into camp. Then she would send the girls outside, while she cracked the men's heads on big stones. At length Whiskey-Jack Man (Wiskedzanabe'o), came along. The girls lured him to camp and then left him inside with their cannibal mother. The old woman was scraping her caribou skins. As soon as the pieces fell down from the hides Whiskey-Jack Man picked them up and ate them. This is what the whiskey-jack, the bird, does now, which originated from the habits of Wiskedzanabe'o. The old woman tried to grab him and crack his head on the stones. He took hold of her and they began to fight. In the struggle they tore things up about camp. At last he got the old woman by the head and killed her.

Tsəqa'bec came along, and the girls brought him into their mother's house. These girls were not bad by nature but were made bad by their cannibal mother. Being released from her, they turned good and one married Whiskey-jack Man and the other Tsəqa'bec.

HOW THE SUMMER BIRDS WERE STOLEN AND BROUGHT NORTH.

Long ago in ancient times there lived a family consisting of a man, his wife and one child. It was in the dead of winter and they had nothing to eat. The child did not even have moccasins to wear on his feet and his skin clothing was in shreds. The parents did not care for their child and so the mother urged abandoning him in the camp because they could hardly find enough food for themselves. Therefore one morning the parents packed up their goods and left the boy in the camp. When he cried and tried to follow his mother, the snow cut his feet and he had to give up as they left him far behind. He found himself all alone. He cried for his mother but she was far away. Being very much afraid, the poor child cried for someone to come and save his life.

While he was crying Atse'n <sup>2</sup> heard him and asked what the trouble was. He was as tall as the trees when he appeared, but the little boy was not afraid of him. He told Atse'n that his parents had left him to die, and he begged Atse'n to save his life. Atse'n saw how the boy's feet were frozen and said to him, "I will put you inside my

1. Narrated by Marie Denis, at Tadousac, June, 1919.

2. A cannibal giant comparable to *Wi'tigo* or *Wi'ndigo* of the other Montagnais bands, Cree and Ojibwa. He is also personified as the "Devil".

mitten and carry you along to a place where you will get aid." He put the boy in his mitten and took him to a place where a man was camped with his family in the bush. At first, the man was very much afraid of Atse'n but he gave him a choice piece of beaver's throat to eat. He roasted it on a stick before the fire. At last Atse'n took his leave but the little boy cried for him to come back, and as he went away tried to follow him. But he could not keep up, and fell to crying until the hunter came and carried him back to the camp. He fed the little boy again, but no matter what he did for him the little boy would not stop crying.

At last the hunter said, "What will make you stop crying?" The little boy said, "When I can have a bow and arrow and shoot summer birds, then I will stop crying."

The animals called an assembly and started out to find the summer birds wherever they might be, to get them for the little boy. They traveled far toward the south. Soon the muskrat said, "You wait here and I will go ahead to scout." He went ahead and soon came to a big tent near a lake. He crept up and peeked in and saw the different summer birds sitting all around the inside on the wigwam poles. A number of people were there guarding the birds. Every night the guardians danced around the tent to prevent anyone's stealing the birds.

The muskrat went in, and they began passing around caribou grease to eat. Muskrat sat near the door and when he got his share he did not eat it but said he wanted to take it outside and cool it. As it was dark he went down to the beach and gnawed holes in their canoes and gnawed their paddles almost through so that they would break when used. He left the summer birds' camp and went down to the shore where he got a weatherbeaten stump and pushed it into the water. He swam behind it pushing it along in the water across the lake.

When the guardians of the summer birds saw the moving branches of the stump on the lake, they cried, "Moose is passing by, Moose is passing by."<sup>1</sup> They ran to their canoes and jumped in to give chase. They had not gone far before the canoes began to fill and their paddles broke and they were all thrown into the water and had to save themselves. In the meantime when the others gave chase the friends of the muskrat ran to the camp and came into the big tent to capture the birds. There they found two of the guards who had stayed behind, the sturgeon <sup>2</sup> and the sucker.<sup>3</sup>

These two started to set up a cry when they saw the animals coming but they latter took gum and plastered it over the mouths of the sturgeon and the sucker so that they could not utter a sound. To this

1. *Mus pemi'cquat*. The phrase is hence used as a proverb.

2. *name'piln*.

3. *name'o*.

day the sturgeon and the sucker have only a small hole left for a mouth. The animals seized the summer birds, swam ashore, and put them in a bag. They started home with them.

The guardians of the summer birds swam ashore and gave chase when they saw what had happened. The muskrat and his party then told the wolverine<sup>1</sup> to stop behind and engage the pursuers to delay them. The wolverine ran in front of the pursuers, and they started after him. He ran in the opposite direction from that which his party had taken and led them off. At last he ran into brush when they were near him, and hid. The wolverine is accordingly a very wild ugly creature. He delayed the pursuers so that they could not overtake the muskrat and his party. At last the muskrat and his friends reached home and brought the summer birds to the little boy. When they turned the birds loose, the snow began to melt and the snow and ice cleared away. It grew warm and the trees put out leaves. The little boy could hunt summer birds with his bow and arrows and he stopped his crying. Since then the birds and the summer come regularly each spring.

#### AYAJE'O'S WIVES WITH FORE-ARMS LIKE AWLS

Ayaje'o had two wives who stayed at the camp all the time. These two women had fore-arms as sharp as knives and pointed like awls below the elbows. They used to go outside once in a while and sharpen their arm-bones on a whetstone. When they wanted to cut meat or to make holes in leather for sewing they had only to use their arm-bones. They were very ugly. They had one infant.

When Ayaje'o came home he was hungry and asked one of the women for something to eat. She was cross and did not want to give him anything. He told his wives he wanted a feast of grease, and he went outside and gathered a quantity of caribou bones. He took a stone pounder and began cracking and pounding up the bones so that they could be put into water to have the grease boiled out of them.<sup>2</sup> When he had cracked up a pile of bones he told his wives to boil them. They got the pot boiling and began putting in the bones and scooping off the grease with a wooden spoon and putting it into a bark vessel to cool. Soon Ayaje'o said, "Put in more grease!" Now the little baby was lying alongside one of the women and at this she reached down and cut off one of the baby's feet with her arm-bone and put the little foot into the pot of water. Soon Ayaje'o called for more grease, and the other wife dipped down with her spoon and brought up

1. *mistmabi'*, "great man," a euphemism applied to this animal, the most reviled among the northern tribes.

2. This is a common practice of the Indians when in the brush near where there are quantities of bones of animals killed in the past. On this part of the St. Lawrence the stone pounder is called *cacagur'gnackwew*.



the foot. "It looks like a baby's foot," she said at first as she could not see it clearly. Then she lifted it out and saw that it was indeed a baby's foot. She looked at the baby, and she saw that one of its feet was cut off, she said to the other woman, "You have cut off the baby's foot." "No, it was not I, but you," answered the other. "It was not I, it must have been you," she cried. Soon they began to strike at one another with their arm bones. The pot was soon upset and before long, in their struggle, they stabbed the little boy and killed him.

#### ME'TCO, THE EAGLE ABDUCTOR.<sup>1</sup>

A little boy was sent out by his mother to the shore of a lake to get a bark vessel full of water. An eagle flew down and seized him by the shoulders and carried him off. The boy cried for help but it was too late by the time the men reached the place. They saw him being carried away. The eagle took him to its nest on the great rocks and left him there. At first the little boy would not eat, but later when he saw all the little birds, rabbits and mice that were brought to the young eagles, he did eat. Thus he stayed all summer and grew. At last, one day he took hold of the eagle's legs when the bird flew off the nest and the eagle carried him to the ground. Then the little boy got home safely.

#### FROG AND HARE ARE HUNTING PARTNERS.

(Free translation).

Hare and frog were hunting partners and lived together. The owl was frog's uncle. One time they planned to hunt together to find water. Next morning they started out. The hare was the first to start in his proper direction. He went, following his usual paths in the woods. He stayed such a long time jumping along the pretty runways that the frog started out to meet him. When frog saw him he said, "You have stayed too long." Frog took hare by the hind feet and dashed him against a tree. Then he went back to their camp and said, "Tomorrow I will go and search for water." The next morning frog got up and started out to find the water. He jumped along and at last came to a fine lake where he jumped in and swam all around enjoying himself a long time. He likewise stayed a long time. Then hare went out to meet him and when he found frog he took him by the legs and dashed him against a tree. When he had done this he said, "Let us go on. Let us leave," he said.

Then the hare made a trip by himself. He soon found three moose

1. Narrated by Marie Denis, at Tadousac, 1919.

sleeping near one of his sleeping places.<sup>1</sup> He went back to the camp and when he arrived, frog asked him. "Have you found anything?" Hare said, "I have found lots of meat near here." Frog answered, "I will go there. Make a toboggan to carry me there where the moose are." So hare made a toboggan and the frog jumped on it, and the hare drew him to where the three moose lay. The frog jumped on the backs of the moose and went all about on the moose. He entered their ears and got into their brains and killed all the three. They carried home the meat they wanted, and stayed in their camp.

Frog told hare to make his dinner ready. When the meat was cooked he wanted to eat, but the hare took the food in the dish that belonged to the frog. He did not want to give the frog anything to eat. Then the frog told the hare that he would call his uncle. "For you will see. I am going to call my uncle if you do not give it to me." The hare said, "Call your uncle, I am not afraid of him." The frog called his uncle, the owl. "Uncle, he wont give me anything to eat!" Then the hare was afraid of the owl and right away he gave the frog his food, saying, "Here, eat!" The frog ate his fill, and the owl went away because the hare was very much afraid of the owl.

#### KINGFISHER AND WOODPECKER; THE BUNGLING HOST.

The animals were accustomed to entertain one another with feasts. So one time the different animals and birds were invited to a great feast where they had all sorts of things to eat to suit the fancy of every one. When the feast was over the kingfisher said to the others, "Tomorrow evening come to my camp and I will give you a feast." "Very well," answered the guests. The next evening they all went to kingfisher's camp. When they arrived there was no food to be seen. Kingfisher said, "Wait just a little while." He flew out over the water to a place where there were quantities of big rock-eels. He dove among them and harpooned them with his beak, bringing them ashore until he had a great quantity.

He brought them to camp by the armful and threw them down. "Let them be cooked," he said. Then they cooked them and all had a good feast. The woodpecker was among the guests and when he saw how easy it was to feed the guests he decided to give a feast in his turn. "Come over to my camp tomorrow evening," he said. They accepted. The next evening when they came there was no food in sight, but the woodpecker said, "Wait awhile." Then he flew to a dead tree and began picking grub worms until he had a mess. He brought them and offered them to the guests. But none would touch

1. It may be advisable to repeat what every hunter knows, that the hare has nestling places among leaves or grass where he resorts to sleep and hide.

the grubs and woodpecker had to eat them all by himself. The animals went away angry.

After that the young kingfishers who had seen their father catch fish thought they would try to get some in the same way. They dove down into the water and seized some of the big rock-eels by their claws. But their claws got fastened beneath the eels' skin and the little kingfishers were pulled under by the eels and dragged back and forth until they were drowned.<sup>1</sup>

#### ATSEN',<sup>2</sup> THE CANNIBAL GIANT.

There was once a hunter who had a wife and two children. They were very hard pressed for a living as the hunting was poor. They lived in the woods near a lake. The hunter had his line of traps which he visited every day. At the end of the line he had a little camp where he sometimes stayed. Once while he was in it he heard a strange noise near the roof and looking up he saw the eye of Atsen' looking down at him. He was not afraid of him, although he feared that the giant might harm his family. So he hurried back to his home camp and sent his wife and children down to the canoe. He piled up all the caribou bones he could gather about the camp and placed them near the fire place. Then they all paddled away as fast as they could.

Atsen' came to the camp and found the family gone. He had hoped to find the woman and children alone. There was nothing for him to do but to crush the caribou bones with a stone and eat all the marrow that he could find. He went to the shore and called after the canoe, trying to call as though it were the hunter calling his family back. But they only paddled the harder to escape. When the hunter returned later to his camp, he found the bones he had left all crushed up as they had been left by Atsen'.

#### THE EMBARRASSMENT OF THE CRANBERRY PARTNERS.

The high-bush and low-bush cranberries were hunting companions. They had built their wigwam on the shore of a lake. The entrance faced the water where the moose were accustomed to swim across. As it was in the fall of the year they were both ripe. They were fat and full of juice. Lying in their wigwam they suddenly heard the noise of moose coming by. Both jumped at once and seized their weapons. They jumped both at the same time toward the wigwam door, and being so fat they both got jammed in the doorway so that neither

1. This is something of a joke to the Montagnais of the St. Lawrence because for most of the year they do not eat eels. Strange to say, they regard them as unfit.

2. Atsen' evidently means the "Old One".

could do anything. In the meantime the moose had passed near and run by.

MEMEKWE'ZU, ' THE "NARROW FACED SPIRIT."

There is a tribe of spirits called *memekwe'zu*, "narrow (?) face." They have the size and form of human beings and dwell in remote parts of the country. They are sometimes seen by the Montagnais. Their faces are very narrow, almost like a knife. As they are afraid of the Indians they are very seldom seen but when they are encountered it is generally towards dark. They hang their heads as though ashamed of their curiously shaped faces.

Once several of these creatures were met by some of the Montagnais traveling in a canoe. When they caught sight of the Indians, the creatures pushed their canoe directly into a high square ledge of rocks and disappeared. Once inside they threw their paddles outside to the Indians and could be heard laughing loudly.

THE IROQUOIS KILLED AT THE ISLE AU MORTS.<sup>2</sup>

At Isle au Morts an Iroquois party camped on their way to attack the Montagnais near Tadousac. The Montagnais, knowing the tides and shoals at the mouth of the Saguenay, surrounded the islet and killed all the Iroquois in the night. They killed them all and left the bodies lying there. The Montagnais used to hide among the sand dunes along the coast when the Iroquois came.

TALES FROM THE LAKE ST. JOHN  
BAND OF MONTAGNAIS.

TSEKA'BE'C DEPARTS AND PROMISES TO RETURN AGAIN.

At the end of his life Tsəka'bec<sup>3</sup> disappeared. But he promised the people that he will come again at the end of time and set an example for the tribe. At the time of this coming it will be necessary for every creature to do all that he commands. Certain persons he will select. He will appear to them. These will be the principal ones of the world. He will tell them what he wants to have done and they will do it. They will be the good people. He will dispel evil, and in doing so he will probably cause war. No one sees him now, though his followers,

1. This concept is shared, even down to details, by the Montagnais, Ojibwa, Algonquins of Ontario, and the Penobscot and their neighbors.

2. Narrated by Marie Denis, at Tadousac, 1919.

3. "Young man who is trailing a cord."

those whom he will select, may even now be going abroad in the world.

Parents sometimes name their children after him. One Joseph Xavier, a hunter of Chicoutimi, has a son bearing that name now.

Tsəka'bec killed all the evil monsters of the world when he lived here. Whenever he learned of the whereabouts of a monster he went there and killed him. But he always denied directly having done what he did. When his own family asked him what he was going to do when they saw him preparing for a journey, he always deceived them. He would sit and strum on his bow string with the lower end of the bow braced against his foot, producing a soft melody. This was his custom before starting on one of his trips. Then when his sister asked him if he was going to kill some creature or evil monster he would answer, "No. I am going to kill squirrels." For a while he would sing, then be up and gone to pursue and kill some evil monster. His sister was very good. She had a tender heart and did not want him to kill any creature in the world, not even the evil ones. In fact she always told him not to. Perhaps that is why he did not want her to know that he was going to destroy them.

When Tsəka'bec had finished his labors in the world, he took his mother and his wife and climbed to the top of the great mountain. A great tree was standing there. He told them to go up the great tree. They ascended. Tsəka'bec mounted after them taking an arrow. He placed his mouth behind the arrow and blew. The arrow sped forward leaving a trail along which he conveyed his family, leading them to the realm where they now live.

His wife was the daughter of Mictabe'o, "Huge Man," who himself was a dreaded cannibal giant.

#### TSEKA'BEC MARRIES THE DAUGHTERS OF MICTABEO.<sup>1</sup>

Mictabe'o, "Huge man," was a ferocious cannibal who ranged through the country finding tracks of people. These he followed until he came upon their camps and killed them. He had a wife and two beautiful daughters. His wife was a woman of evil like himself, another cannibal. Yet the two girls were by nature good, and although they all ate human flesh, the girls longed to be free of such habits. Their parents induced men to come to the camp, in the hope of sleeping with the girls, and when they had secured them in this way they killed and ate them. There was a large rock in their wigwam. They killed their victims by seizing them by the feet and dashing their heads on the rock. Nearby was a great cauldron where the bodies were then cooked.

1. Narrated by Simon Rafaël, 1921.

One day Tsəka'bec was seen to begin singing and strumming on his bow string with one end of the bow braced against his foot. He touched the string gently with an arrow and made his song by changing the pressure on the string.

Said his sister, "Are you going to kill some one?" "No," said he. "No. Only going for squirrels."

"Yes. You are going to slay someone."

"No! No!" answered Tsəka'bec. But he had decided to kill Mictabə'o, Huge Man, and Mictabeockwe'o, Huge Man's Woman. He wished to get their daughters away from them, because he feared that finally the parents would turn upon the girls and eat them. So he said to his sister, "Give me my *opitcipma'n*<sup>1</sup> full of bear's grease." She said, "Now what are you going to do?" "Nothing. But give it to me." So she went and got the little bag of grease and he put it in his bosom and started off. He traveled on. As he came up to Mictabə'o's camp the two girls were seen standing outside scraping the hair from a caribou skin with a scraping bone. When they saw Tsəka'bec they began to laugh, because they had never seen such a man before. (It is said that the girls were more familiar with children.) Their mother heard them laugh. "What are you laughing about?" "Nothing, mother, only a whiskey jack." "Yes? I think there must be a man coming that makes you laugh so." "No! No! We are laughing at whiskey-jack. He looks so funny coming along and picking up bits of meat." They said this because they wanted to protect Tsəka'bec from their parents. But the old woman finally saw Tsəka'bec. Then he came up and entered the wigwam. The old woman prepared to kill him by dashing his head on the rock so that she could put him in the cauldron. Then Tsəka'bec said, "If you do that, there will not be a drop of grease in the soup, so if you want grease do not kill me on the rock but throw me alive into the pot and you'll have plenty of grease." Whereupon the cannibal woman seized him and threw him into the boiling water. When he sank beneath the surface Tsəba'bec opened the little bag of grease, which rose in a thick covering to the top of the water. The old woman took her spoon and skimmed off some of the grease. But as she did this, still more came to the top. As the water got hotter and hotter, Tsəka'bec began to feel that he could not stand it, so he called to the old woman, "Come closer to the cauldron. More grease is coming. If you'll come closer you can reach it better." She took her spoon and sat down close to the cauldron to skim the grease. At that moment Tsəka'bec jumped forth, overturned the boiling water on the old woman, and scalded her to death. Then he took the two beautiful daughters away with him

1. A small animal's bladder in which grease is kept, tied at one end to keep it closed. Every hunter has one of these to season his food with.

home to his sister, and when he reached the camp, he said to her, "Here are your sisters-in-law."

**TSƏKA'BEĆ, THE SWING, AND THE TWO BEAUTIFUL CANNIBAL GIRLS.**

Two handsome girls lived on a mountain. They were cannibals who used to eat human flesh. But above all they preferred the flesh of young men. They had a swing which swung out over a deep pit in one place. When the victim was invited to swing, the girls would whirl him so high that he would fall into the hole and die. This hole was covered deeply at the bottom with the bones of young men who had been slain by these girls. They would say to the victim, "Come! Let us enjoy swinging. It is great pleasure to swing so high. We will swing you first, and then it will be our turn. Come! Let us try it."

Tsəka'bec knew of these girls. As he wished to free this world of cannibals, he went one time to their mountain and there met them. Said they to Tsəka'bec, "Come! Let us swing. It is great fun. You get in first and we will swing you. Then you can swing us. It is such fun."

So he mounted the swing and they started to send him high. When finally they were about to turn him clear over and cause him to drop into the hole, he jumped free and landed on the mountain. Thereby he saved himself. Then said he, "Indeed, it is great fun. Now let me swing you."

They could not refuse, but they proposed that he swing one at a time. "It would be too heavy if we both got on the swing," said the girls, "so try us one at a time."

"No, indeed," answered Tsəka'bec. "I can swing you both. It will be so much more fun that way."

They mounted the swing and he began. He swung them right over in a circle so that they fell out into the hole and were both killed. They did not eat any more people.

Tsəka'bec always talked contrary-wise when he had anything to say. If anyone asked him whether he was going away, for instance, he said, "No. I am coming." If he had killed any monster or dangerous people and was asked about it, he always said, "No. I did not kill it." So when he returned home after killing the cannibal girls, he was asked if he had killed them. Said he, "No. I didn't kill them. They tried to kill me by whirling me out of a swing into a pit, but I jumped. Then I swung them, and they fell out into the hole and were killed."

**TSƏKA'BEĆ TRANSFORMS MINK.<sup>1</sup>**

Long ago all the animals had human form. Tsəka'bec, on account

1. Narrated by Simon Rafaël, Lake St. John, 1921.

of the evil ways of mink, ordered marten and weasel to go and kill mink. Mink used to go about among the camps and steal the good things from the people. So Tsəka'bec wanted him killed. But mink was smart and they could not catch him. Then Tsəka'bec told marten and weasel to go and make friends with him. They did. They hunted together and developed confidence in each other. Then early in the morning of a fine day, the two spies proposed to go on a hunt. They proposed to mink that he lie on a toboggan and they would give him a ride. So mink agreed and they put him on the toboggan and covered him up. Marten began pulling and weasel began pushing from behind, saying, "You pull and I'll push." So they started toward a big falls and as they came near, mink heard the noise of the falls, and said, "Stop! What's that I hear?"

"Oh! nothing, only strong wind." As they got nearer he heard more noise, "m-m-m-m-m. —" "What's that I hear?" he said again.

"Oh! nothing, only the strong wind among the big birches."

They came to the head of the rapids and gave him a push and shoved him over.

Down he went and when he got to the foot of the falls he was no longer a man but a true mink that appeared diving and rolling over the water. Then Tsəka'bec said, "Very well now. He will continue as long as the world is the world to be a mink and to be of service to man."

#### THE ORIGIN OF PIKE.

The pike had a beautiful daughter. Touladi wanted the girl and so he married her. But pike did not like his son-in-law. He tried in different ways to kill him. Pike proposed that they start on a journey. It was his intention to kill him when an opportunity came. That night they camped together. They dug away the snow and built their fire on the ground and over the fire they erected a cross-stick on which to dry their clothes. Pike put his moccasins and socks and his blanket on the stick and so did touladi. They were left there to dry. Later touladi took his things down from the cross-stick, rolled them up and put them under his head. During the night pike got up slowly when he thought touladi was asleep. To avoid making a noise he took a stick and lifted the moccasins, socks, and blanket, moved them so that he could drop them into the fire. Then he turned over and went to sleep.

In the morning, when they woke up, touladi took his clothes from under his head and put them on. Pike then found that he had burned up his own things instead of those of his friend. Said he, "Those are mine." "Oh, no! They are mine."



"Well, mine are burned, lend me yours."

"Oh, no! I would freeze if I did so."

With that touladi starts on and leaves his friend pike behind. Touladi went for his wife and together they went into camp. Pike had to travel alone, his feet bleeding and his body half-frozen. He had nothing with which to protect his feet except spruce branches; these he tied on his feet to protect them from the cutting edge of the crusted snow. Pike finally reached touladi's camp. Soon after, pike challenged touladi to engage in a contest with him by swimming up the falls of the river. Touladi accepted the challenge and started to swim up the falls. He jumped and cleared the falls reaching the water way up above him. Next pike tried, but he did not reach far enough. He was caught in the falls and was washed down among the rocks at the foot. His head was smashed. Touladi went to the foot of the rapids and pulled him out. He bound up his head with ribbons. Pike was unable even to crawl out on the banks so he remained there, staying in the shallow water among the grass which grows along the edge of the river. This grass was formed from the ribbons with which touladi had tied up pike's head.

ME'JO "TALKS TO HIMSELF."<sup>1</sup>

ORIGIN OF THE SWEAT LODGE, AND BIRCH BARK UTENSILS.

Me'jo always talks to himself. He once went along a small lake and saw beaver tracks. "Oh, what a lot of beaver! I'll have to eat some." Finally he found one asleep on the shore and went up to it. "Ah! A dead one, I'll roast him." So he tied his hunting sack to its neck to mark it and went to make a roasting stick.

While he was gone the beaver awoke and jumped up, and then dived for the water with the sack. Me'jo saw him and said, "Ah! There's another beaver. I will get him and then I'll have two." But when he saw the beaver with the sack on its neck he called for him to come back and give him back his sack. The beaver only laughed and dived with a whack of his tail. Me'jo wandered along the shore talking to himself again. Soon he saw other tracks. "Ah! here is a nice one; he is dead." Then he saw an otter asleep and went up to it and grabbed it by the chest, feeling it to see how fat it was. This tickled the otter and he laughed. "What are you going to do with me?" he asked. "Eat you," Me'jo answered. Then the otter jumped up and dived into the lake. Then Me'jo went up on the big mountain and suddenly found a bear. The bear jumped up, and Me'jo said, "What are you going to do?" "Eat you," said the bear. "Oh! wait awhile. Don't do that yet. I came here to play, so

1. Told by Simon Rafaël, Lake St. John, Montagnais, 1921.

let's do it first. " The bear agreed to this. So Me'jo built a cabin for a sweat lodge and heated stones to put into it. Then he entered the sweat lodge and showed the bear where to go. Said he to the bear, " Here is where I sit, and you sit there. "

So they went in and Me'jo began singing. The stones threw off great heat. Soon the bear was overcome with the heat and fell dead. Then Me'jo cooked him and got his meal. This is the origin of the sweat lodge which is used among the Montagnais to call bears to hunters so that they can be killed.

Next he went on to camp among the beautiful birches which are covered with smooth bark, with no " eyes " and knots. He looked at the birches and said, " Indians will have too easy a time with such fine bark to make camps, canoes and vessels ; " so he grabbed the birch, shook it and caused its knots. Then he took a switch of spruce and lashed it hard and made all the streaks and " eyes. " So that is why birch bark although not perfect in texture nevertheless serves Indians every useful purpose even as it is.

#### ATĒKWABE'O, THE HUNTER WHO MARRIED THE CARIBOU.

Atĕkwabe'o, " Caribou man, " was the youngest of four brothers. They were hunting caribou and were following a herd near which they camped one night in an open shelter. That night he dreamed that a female caribou came from the herd and spoke to him, and called him to come to live with the caribou as her husband. The next morning Atĕkwabe'o left camp alone and went to the place indicated in his dream. There he saw a caribou doe which appeared to be waiting for him. He approached her, and when he reached her she led him to where three other caribou stood evidently watching as scouts. They led him away and joined the herd. Atĕkwabe'o thenceforth lived with the caribou. He still lives, eating the moss just as the deer do. He wanders with them from place to place sometimes riding on the back of a big buck. His clothing is of caribou skin. When he needs clothing they permit him to kill several for the purpose. His offspring are caribou like the rest. At night he lies down and some of them lie close to him to keep him warm. Thus he survives year after year passing his life with the deer as one of them, and as their chief and protector.<sup>1</sup> Atĕkwabe'o has been occasionally seen by the Indians. When they are hunting caribou and encounter his herd they refrain from killing the deer. Several times people have had conversation with him.

It is reported among the Indians that this strange being was last

1. The French Canadians who have heard of him through the Indians call him " roi des caribous ".

seen some seven years ago by Montagnais hunters led by old man named St. Onge, from Bersimis. The place of the encounter was up near Lake Mitchikamau.

He has told the Indians that he was twenty-one years old when he abandoned his kind and that that time was some forty years ago. He belonged originally to the Seven Islands division of the Naskapi. He has told the Montagnais that their troubles in life arise from killing the caribou too freely. When they meet his herd he allows them to kill only as many caribou as they need to feed themselves and renew their apparel. Among the Lake St. John Montagnais there is one, old Napanee, who claims to have had a personal experience with Atəkwabə'o. From him is also derived the name of a river flowing into the Ashwapmouchouan below O'asiemshkau, and also a small lake, namely Tikowapi river and lake. This is the testimony of the Montagnais of Lake St. John in general.

THE CANNIBAL, MAMILTEHE'O, "HE WHO HAS A HAIRY HEART."<sup>1</sup>

Mamiltehe'o was a very dangerous cannibal who lived during the winter by eating human beings, though in summer he lived like a good man eating game like other people. In the summer, however, no one knew him or they would have killed him. He was a very powerful sorcerer.

But there was another sorcerer named Kanowe'o, "He who kills at a great distance (with an arrow)," who even surpassed Mamiltehe'o in power. This is the story of their struggle. One time Kanowe'o decided to try to kill Mamiltehe'o. He went to meet him by the shore of a lake. Beavers lived in the lake. Kanowe'o pretended to be very poor, cold and hungry. When Mamiltehe'o saw him, he did not know him and came down to him to ask him what he was doing. Said Kanowe'o, "I am dying of cold and hunger. If you come and help me, I shall not starve." Then said Mamiltehe'o, "Oh! I will come again tomorrow and help you kill the beavers. I have sons. I have seven of them. They are going to aid you to work and kill your beavers." But Mamiltehe'o said to himself, "What a pity he is so thin! I am going to fatten him up. My sons will have to work for him to get the beavers and feed him up." He said to his wife when he got back to camp, "When Kanowe'o is fat we will kill him."

So Mamiltehe'o spoke to Kanowe'o and said, "Go get your family and come here to camp, and I will call up my family so that we can all live together." That evening he went back to his wigwam and sat opposite the fire. He began to cry. One of his sons said, "What is the matter? Our father cries so. Perhaps he has seen Kanowe'o who,

1. Told by Pi'tabenokweo.

everybody knows, is so powerful." Mamiltehe'o answered, "It is not he that I saw. The man I saw was almost dead of hunger. He was very sad. I fear we cannot eat him for he is too thin, unless we work for him and his wife, and get food for them so that they will get fatter. Tomorrow we will go and camp with them. We will help make them into good flesh."

The next day they met and camped together. Mamiltehe'o had seven sons, Kanowe'o had two little boys. Now Kanowe'o said to the sons of Mamiltehe'o, "Go down far into the woods and cut some wood so that we can close up the hole to catch the beavers. Your father and I will go out and cut a hole in the ice (so that we can bar the entrance to the beaver house when you bring the wood)." The boys went. Then Kanowe'o said to his companion, "You cut the ice, I will watch you. For me, I am too weak to work." Mamiltehe'o took the ice-chisel and commenced to cut the ice. When the hole was big enough, Kanowe'o took his chisel and struck Mamiltehe'o in the back. He pushed him into the hole under the ice. Mamiltehe'o disappeared under the ice. Now Kanowe'o had hidden an otterskin quiver full of arrows near at hand. When the seven boys came back loaded with wood as he had commanded, he killed them all with his arrows. Whereupon the wife of Mamiltehe'o came running up with nine old women that they were keeping to fatten up for eating. Mamiltehe'o's wife was ahead of the others. She asked Kanowe'o, "Where is my man?" Kanowe'o answered, "I was using your man to close up the entrance to the beaver house. He is frozen now." The wife of Mamiltehe'o laughed. "Ha! you liar! My man is too powerful for you to have done what you say." At this word she took the axe to kill Kanowe'o, but he struck up the axe and cut her back in two. Then Kanowe'o asked the other old women, "Do you eat people?" They all cried, "No!" But two of them exclaimed to the others, "You do eat them yourselves. Just look at us who do not eat Christians. Look at our stomachs." Kanowe'o looked and saw many cuts of the knife which Mamiltehe'o had made to see if they were fat enough to eat. These two cut ones, who were slaves, Kanowe'o kept and spared. But the others, he killed them all. That was the finish of the family of Mamiltehe'o.

Afterward Kanowe'o pulled Mamiltehe'o out of the lake. He saw that he actually had hair to the length of a hand hanging from his heart like a beard, as his name indicated.

#### WOODCHUCK AND HER CHILDREN.

The woodchuck had a den. There she and her children lived in the winter. "Don't go outside," she told her children, "the winter is too cold." And (so one day) the young woodchucks said, "Wonder what

our mother is doing (now), for she has been away a very long time." So they said. While their mother was sleeping they looked at her teeth, their mother's teeth. Then they saw fresh grass (on her teeth). And they said, "Our mother is hiding it from us that it is summer. We will leave out mother." They ran away (out of the den) while she was asleep, their mother. "What is this! Fine green grass!" (they exclaimed when they got outside). Then they ate the grass. They liked it very much, that green grass. (This is assumed to be the origin of the customs of the woodchuck.)

## ATCE'N.

Atce'n is a giant who eats people. He goes about and when he finds tracks of people he follows them to camp and sits there in the snow till night when all are asleep and then enters and cuts their heads off and eats them all up.

## THE WITIGO OR "CANNIBAL."

The Indians were camping near a lake. They had set up their conjuror's lodge (*wabinu*) to learn the whereabouts of the *witigo*, because every year, when they came to this place, the conjuror saw the *witigo* there. One day while the conjuror was there at work he met another Indian, and said "We must kill that *witigo*." The other man said, "We cannot do it, our magic power is too weak." "But I will make my brother come (and help us)," said the man. So he conjured, and after a while his brother came and erected his camp. He said to his wife, "Cut enough fire-wood for two days; I am going away." Then he departed to try to capture the *witigo*. He went on and climbed a mountain near the lake, and from here he beheld the *witigo* far away. Then he set up his conjuring lodge and called up his guardian spirit (*nictu't*). He then was able to see, through his spiritual vision, a missionary-priest on his way to these Indians to treat with them. Then he finished his conjuring and went in the direction where the priest was coming and met him near the lake. He said to the priest, "We are all going to die here because the *witigo* has come among us and we cannot kill him." But the priest said, "Oh no, my child, he is not dangerous. We will kill him." Then the priest walked along on the ice, out on the lake, and there waited for the *witigo*. At last the cannibal appeared, coming across the lake to kill the people, and the priest met him. The priest raised his crucifix, whereupon the *witigo* fell dead on the ice.

## THE HUNTER WHO MARRIED THE BEAVER.

A hunter once had a dream in which a female beaver appeared to

him and desired him to join her kind and become her husband. He followed the instructions of his dream and went to live with the beavers. Before this time the beavers did not know how to build dams across the streams. But the man taught them how to construct dams to raise the waters of their ponds for their protection. They always, however, lived in the beaver "cabin." The place where this took place is known as *Wətəbəmi'ck* "beaver cave," a cranny far up on *Oasiemshkau* river where a deep cave is to be seen in which the man lived. At the foot of a great water-fall there is a rock appearing in the form of a beaver, which is a transformation of the beaver husband. The water-fall is known as *Kaksəbəstə'c*.

A LEGEND OF THE IROQUOIS ATTACK ON THE MONTAGNAIS  
AT LAKE ST. JOHN.

Years ago there was nothing more than a log camp at *Pointe Bleue* at *Lake St. John* where the buildings of the *Hudson Bay Company's* trading establishment now are. Here the company was represented by a single white man, the "boss," who held the post and traded with the *Montagnais*. One time the *Iroquois* to the number of thirty or forty men came down *Iroquois River* which flows from the west emptying into *Lake St. John* a few miles above the *Montagnais Village* at *Pointe Bleue*. The *Iroquois* came in a big canoe which they hid among the bushes while they slept under cover. In the morning, just at day-break, they crept up the beach toward *Pointe Bleue*. Each warrior had his own signal call, imitating the thrush, the sparrow, and so on. When they were all gathered in the proper place for a surprise attack they agreed that the signal should be the hoot of an owl. They attacked the *Montagnais* camps, and killed all except one man and his wife. These two fled to the trading post and with the "boss" there barricaded themselves to defend the place. The next morning the *Iroquois* in their canoes paddled past the point and landed near the buildings. When they were out on the shore in a mass, the "boss" and the *Montagnais* fired their big guns and killed all the *Iroquois*. Since that time this trader has been remembered by the name "*Məck'-nadowe a*," meaning "Bear *Iroquois*." The dead *Iroquois* were buried on the point. The *Iroquois* used to attack the *Montagnais* to get captives. They led them away by thongs. Should the *Montagnais* captives suffer in the winter by freezing, their captors would thaw them out by burning them.

THE DWARF PEOPLE, *APCI'LNIC*.

In the remote bush dwells a race of dwarfs called *apci'lnic*, "the little people." They are about knee high to men and live in the ground or

in the thickets. They possess the peculiar quality of sudden magical disappearance.

When they are seen by men they disappear from vision the instant they have placed themselves behind any object. Some of the hunters claim to have heard them rustling among the heaps of leaves or in a pile of brush. They are friendly to man and their appearance is accepted as an omen of warning. To them also is attributed a fondness for stealing human children and later leaving them at a distant place. At present there is living at Lake Mistassini, at least there was recently, a young man, slow of wit, named Pileated Woodpecker (Meme'o). He was found wandering in the woods at a point on the shores of this lake where signs of the dwarfs have occasionally been seen. He was unable to speak at the time and seemed not to know where he had come from nor who his people were. The Mistassini Indians who adopted him think that he had been stolen from some far-distant district by the dwarfs and left by them when they were tired of him, for the Indians to rescue.

#### MISTABEO TRIES TO KILL THE GIANT BEAVERS.

Mistabeo went to kill the beaver up at the headwaters of Mistassini River where they had a great pond and dam. He broke the dam to let the water out so he could kill them. Then he lay down across the dam to prevent them from going down stream. He intended to stay awake all night to kill them if they tried to cross over his body; or in the morning when the dam got dry, to finish them. During the night the old beavers planned how they could escape. They sent the muskrat to see if Mistabeo was asleep. "Go dive near him and see if he is asleep yet," they said. They all used their wishing power to make him fall asleep. The muskrat went near where Mistabeo lay and splashed around and learned that he was wide awake. "No," he said when he came back, "he is not asleep." They all used their wishing power again and asked muskrat to go look once more. It was then just after midnight. He went and splashed near Mistabeo who had only closed his eyes. *Pishtegu'm!* the noise he made. But Mistabeo was awake. They waited. Later they asked him to go again and this time, just before daylight, he went and splashed loud, *pishtegu'm!* Mistabeo did not move. So muskrat came back and said, "Yes, he sleeps." The water was now getting very low so they had to hurry. The female beaver said to the male, "You go first, then the four little ones, then I will come last."

The male beaver went to where Mistabeo lay and jumped over him and went down the Mistassini River. Then each of the four little ones crept gently over him without arousing him and got past also. Last came the female beaver. Before she jumped over Mistabeo, she took

an armful of mud and daubed it all over his face, eyes, nose, and ears. "Now you will sleep." And she jumped over him. They all fled downstream.

Mistabeo jumped up and had to get all the mud off his face. He chased them toward Lake St. John. It was a long chase, over two hundred miles. He chased them across the lake and tried to stop them at the Grand Discharge. But they all got through, swimming between and around his legs, except the female who, to avoid him, dove back into the lake toward Mistassini Point. Mistabeo took one step and reached the point. Then she dived again before he could seize her. She came up at Pointe Bleue and he missed her again. Then she dove and passed down the Grand Discharge and escaped. They all reached the sea swimming down the Saguenay. The falls are now called Kastsegau, "where the rocks are cut down."

### TALES FROM THE MISTASSINI BAND OF NASKAPI.<sup>1</sup>

#### ORIGIN OF THE BELUGA.<sup>2</sup>

There was once a woman who was a cannibal and who had two sons. Both of them were ugly and very dark like herself. Another woman had one son, light-skinned and handsome. Once the cannibal woman wanted the light boy herself. She took him from his mother, and nursed him as her own. By her magic power she could accomplish her will and so she wished the light boy to grow up quickly. He became large and she was proud of him. He did not know but that the cannibal was his own mother, nor did the others. Once the dark boys asked their mother why the other boy was light and handsome and they were dark and ugly, and she answered, "Because you two were born in the night-time and he in the day." So things went on.

One time the light boy's real mother came to camp and took him with her. (To do so she caused him to become small again, as he was when he was first taken as a baby.) They had killed a moose, and they came back to camp to get a toboggan, and they told the cannibal woman. This was to get her to go off for a time so they could escape. The cannibal woman thought she would go and steal the meat and so off she went following the tracks.

The boy and his mother stayed behind and using magic she sent the toboggan on by itself, but told it to run to one side of her tracks so she would not hear it. So it did and as she went along she expected

1. Recorded in native text (Mistassini) from the dictation of Chief Joseph Kurtness, now of Lake St. John, and his father, Kwaka, in 1915.

2. *Wabmek'w*, "white fish", *Delphinapterus leucas*.



them to follow but they did not. Soon she heard the toboggan and thought (as it was late in spring and there was a good crust) that they were trying to pass her. But when she got to the moose, there was the toboggan and nobody there. She cut up the moose and put the meat on the sled and expected it travel of itself as it had done. But it didn't.

In the meantime, while the cannibal woman was absent, the mother of the light boy killed the two dark boys and went about the camp, smearing bear grease on all objects thereabout so they would not tell what had happened. This was to satisfy their spirits so they would keep still when the cannibal woman came and asked questions. She put grease in the mouths of the two dead boys and stood them up in the door of the wigwam, looking out. She put bear grease on everything in sight: all the stump tops near the camp so they could not speak, all chips, gun barrels, bark, baskets, bags, pails, bows, arrows, clothes, moccasins, stones, and everything else. Then the light boy became small again and his mother started off with him through the woods.

After a while the cannibal woman came home and saw her two boys standing in the doorway. As she came in she said, "What are you standing there for?" No answer came forth. She knocked them down and they fell back.

She looked and found grease in their mouths but she could not make them speak. So she asked everything about her but could get no answer. At last among the litter she found a comb and she asked the comb. It told her who it was that had done the work and she started in pursuit.

The light boy and his mother went far, and soon they came to a big river. They could not cross it. Soon they saw a gull and called it to help them across. But the gull said, "No. My back is sore." Finally they offered some bear grease, and the gull took them over and got the grease.

Pretty soon along came the cannibal woman and asked the gull to take her across, but the gull answered as he had answered the light woman. The cannibal woman coaxed the gull, and it took her on its back and when half way across started to fly and spilled the cannibal woman off. She fell into the water, and started to follow, swimming under water. The light boy had made a spear and when he saw where she was by the streaks on the water as she came near shore, he struck her on the head, making a hole, and killed her. She became the white whale, *wab'mek<sup>w</sup>*, and the hole made by the spear may still be seen close by the animal's ear.

TSĖKA'BEC.

Tsĕka'bec was the principal hero. One time a ship came to the

north and the people aboard it had nothing to eat. Tsəka'bec lived nearby and he fed them. He lived on squirrels and kept the bodies for himself but he gave the white people the legs. Finally he could not get any more so the white people starved.

#### TSƏKA'BEC SNARES THE MOON.

At that time there was no night. Both the sun and moon had their paths in the sky and one was above the horizon all the time. Tsəka'bec decided to change it. His sister had given him a few hairs from her head and said, "Whenever you want to get anything, get it with this." So one day Tsəka'bec began singing and asked for another hair. The sister said, "You are up to something." "No," he answered. Then she gave him another hair, and it was a snare. He set the snare at one end of the moon's trail and caught it. It was dark for a while. Then Tsəka'bec went to his sister and he was crying because of what he had done.

He had, once upon a time, taken all the small animals and put them in a bag: mice, moles, squirrels, shrews, insects, and small creatures. He asked his sister to bring him his bag of animals. She said, "What do you want to do?" "Oh! Nothing, but bring me them." He took them and went to loosen the moon from the snare. One after another they tried and died, until at last the shrew succeeded, and the moon came up as it is now, and so it followed that the sun and moon became as they are now, and day and night are regulated for the good of man.

#### TSƏKA'BEC MARRIES THE DAUGHTERS OF A CANNIBAL

A long time ago Tsəka'bec was taking care of his sister. He said, "Who are they over there who are scraping skins?" (He had reference to some girls he saw at a distance.) Then his sister said to him, "Their mother is the one who boils people whole (and eats them)." He went to see those girls scraping skins. Thus they say it was. Those girls he went to see said, when he came up to them laughing, "Don't laugh so loud when you laugh!" They said to him, "Our mother will hear you, for we cannot even go with any man (on account of) our mother." He laughed still louder. Their mother called them, "Who is laughing? It seems to be the sound of a man laughing." The girls said to their mother, "It is only our scrapers. We are throwing them at the whiskey-jacks."<sup>1</sup>

The mother went out to see her daughters. (And she observed

1. These birds afford the Indians much amusement by their boldness in trying to steal meat.

Tsəka'bec there.) She went for her kettle, and to get water to boil him in. She went up to him where he sat, this Tsəka'bec, with her daughters. She wanted to break his back (so as to get him more easily in the kettle), but he said to her, "Don't break my back ! for by doing that you won't get any grease out of me.<sup>2</sup> Boil me whole, so that you will get more grease from me in that way." Again he said, "When my ear ornaments make a noise you will know that I am cooked." He had asked his sister before he left home to bring him one of his "grease-bags,"<sup>3</sup> and he had put it inside his shirt. Now while the kettle was boiling he squeezed out some grease from it and it spread over the water in the kettle. Then he caused his ear ornaments to make a noise, and the old woman took the kettle off the fire. When she had done so, her daughters said, "If you are glad about your dinner, sit very close to your kettle so that you can look at it." "Yes," she answered. Then she sat close and looked at her kettle and while she was looking into it Tsəka'bec sprang out. She was scalded to death, this great woman.

Tsəka'bec went over to the girls. He took them home to his tent and made them his two wives.

#### THE BEAR ABDUCTOR.<sup>4</sup>

A long time ago a bear captured a child, and kept him to raise. He fed him on fishes. For three years he raised that boy. After three years were past, the man set out to see his son, — that man, the one whose son was captured. In the bear's den they were, the bear and the boy. In that very place (the father) went to search for his son. By that time he (the son) had no clothing left. But the man carried on his back some clothing to dress up his son. When he got to the place, that man, over at the bear's den, the bear did not wish to give up the boy. And then the man shot him with an arrow, that bear, and killed him. He dressed him up and took him home to his camp. (Said his son, in referring to his life with the bear), "When we knew that any one saw us, he (the bear) would put me on his back and he would run away very fast."

#### LEGEND OF NORTH STAR.

People of another (earlier) world were living in a village. They

2. A very discouraging prospect for the Montagnais, who judge good food by the superabundance of grease it contains.

3. This is the small grease container made of the bladder of some small animal, which the hunter carries with him. When food is prepared he squeezes a little grease from the bladder into it. It is called *opitcima'n*.

4. Narrated by Kakwa in the Lake St. John dialect, though the story was one from the Mistassini.

knew that a new world was going to be formed. One day some of them started to quarrel. Among them was North Star. The others fell upon him and were going to kill him, but he fled and soared into the sky, all after him. When they saw that they could not get him they declared, "Well! Let him be, he is North Star, and will be of good use to serve the people of the world that is to come, as a guide by night in their travels." So the North Star became the guide of the people.

THE SUMMER BROUGHT NORTH AND THE ORIGIN OF THE  
CONSTELLATION URSUS MAJOR.

A long time ago there was a child who had lots of lice. And they left him. Other people came and took him to bring him up. They killed his lice, all but two which they left on him, one male and one female. He said, "As long as man lives it will be a pastime for him (to pick lice from his head)." Then he went away carrying his kettle on his back. He went to see the man who was the owner of the child. When he came to them, he stayed with them. He lived with them, but he did nothing while he was there, and then he went away.

In the morning when he left them, the child cried. Then they started off. The child was always crying, even when they gave him things to play with. They even made a bow for him. But he kept on crying just the same. "What can we do?" they said, "for he does not stop crying." Then the child said, "Not until I have summer birds that I can shoot with my arrow will I stop crying. Only then will I stop." When the boy had said this, the people said, "We are ready (to go and get what he wants)."

They started out to get summer. "How will we ever manage to get for him what he wants so that he will stop? What shall we do? It is so far away. Leave the otter behind. Don't let him go with us. He has the habit of laughing too much. He will spoil it for us." "What do you say about me?" said the otter. "You stay, don't you go, because you will get more when they divide the grease." "No," said the otter, "I will go, for I too pity him, that boy, for crying. You keep your grease," he said. When they got started, they came first to the house of the beaver. He was going to share the grease. As they were dividing up the grease, when they got half-way with it, the otter started laughing. They jumped on him; they tickled him, when he was crawling out. At last he could not hear on account of so much laughing. Then he gave back what he had (his share of the grease). They went back to where they had started from.

When they arrived there at their camps, the boy was still crying, and they said, "We will try again to go. But we will go without the otter." "I am going to go too," said the otter; "if you go without

me, you will not be able to enter the beaver's house when we reach it." "That's all right," they said. They started again, and when they came to the beaver they told the otter not to bother about going in. They said, "We will bring out your share." "Oh, that's all right," he said. They went in, the rest of them. After they had all sat down with the beaver, they were going to divide the bear grease. Then again he gave the strangers something to eat, and they said to the beaver, "There is one of our companions who did not come in." He gave them each something to eat. After they had eaten they gave the beaver some tobacco. When they went out they carried to the otter his share of the grease. "My share must have been bigger," he told them; "you must have eaten some of it." When he had told them this, they started out again and arrived where the summer was.

There was a very big long wigwam. "Wonder where the summer is lying in there?" they said. "Some one go in first." "Who will it be who goes?" They said to one of them, "You go." This time it was the bird. "No," said the bird. "When I fly I make too much noise with my wings. Some one else go." But they said to him, "Let us see. You fly close to our heads." He flew close to their heads, but they could hardly hear his wings. "That's the one," they said; "let him go." He flew over and alighted on the tent. He looked through a hole in the door, and he saw where the summer was kept.

Those in the tent (feeling that some one was looking at them) said, "Some one is looking at us. We had better look for him. It seems like a stranger, by the way he acts." Thus they spoke. "From which direction does he seem to be looking?" Then one old man said, "From the daylight direction. That is the direction from whence he is looking at us," said he. At last they saw him. Two small eyes. "Here is the one who is looking at us," they said, "Who is it?" Some said, "It appears to be a stranger. What can we ever do with him? However, don't let him come in." They tried to see him, and they ran out, but they saw nothing. "Nonsense, it is nothing but imagination," said they; "it can't be anything."

Then they saw a muskrat swimming far out in the water. They said, "A stranger appears to be coming. Invite him to come in." They called to him. "You swimming, who are you?" He answered, "I am muskrat, always going around alone," he said. "Haven't you any neighbors?" "No," he said, "I am always alone." "Then swim ashore." The muskrat swam ashore. "Come ashore," they told him. "I never come ashore on the land, only on the rocks," (said the muskrat). "If you come ashore, we will give you some grease to eat," they said. "Oh, throw some over here to me," said he. Then they threw him some grease, and he ate it. "I can't find any taste to it," he said. "I made a mistake, I mixed water in my mouth. Throw me

some grease again," he said, "this time a bigger piece." They threw him some grease again. "If you come ashore you will get a bigger share," they said. When he had eaten it, they asked him, "Is that good? If it is good, come ashore," they said. "It is good," said he, "only it is too rich." Then he started to swim away. "Don't tell anybody that you have seen us," he was told. "No," he said. Then he spoke to himself, "I am going to tell it pretty soon," he said. Then he dove; they could not see the muskrat any more.

The muskrat searched for his companions. Together they arrived with that bird who had peeped in upon the Summer. That bird said, "Just the length of the big tent, the ridge pole just at mid-day points, leaning exactly toward where the Summer lies." Muskrat said (to his friends), "Every morning they paddle after moose over the narrows." (He referred to the habits of the people who were guarding the Summer.) Then the muskrat was told, "Tonight go and gnaw their paddles, and likewise bite through the bottoms of their canoes." So he was told. "As soon as it is morning swim over there in the narrows, pushing the root of a tree in the place where the moose generally swim across."

The sucker and the sturgeon were accustomed to guard the Summer, so they were told. Accordingly the muskrat swam pushing the tree so that it looked just like the antlers of a moose swimming by. As it grew light in the morning they saw the branches just like the antlers of a moose swimming by. One of them said, "Moose is swimming over there." They all ran out, and jumped into their canoes. But the sucker and the sturgeon, the keepers of the Summer, stayed back. The others pursued the moose a little ways out there in the water. Thereupon the People of the North rushed in (from their hiding places). Some of them dipped up some sturgeon glue (from a vessel standing near) and pasted up the mouths of sucker and sturgeon so that they were not able to cry out for help. Then they (the People of the North) took hold of the Summer. They ran outside and ran off with it. The sucker and the sturgeon could not call for help because their mouths were glued up. One of them picked up an arrow, punched it in his mouth, and called out, "Our Summer they have taken from us." That's what they said, that sucker and sturgeon. "They have taken from us our Summer," so they said. "Sho! paddle back quickly." They tried to paddle back hard and their paddles broke (where Muskrat had gnawed them). Others sank to the bottom (where he had made holes in their canoes). After a while some of them ran into the camp. "What's that you said?" they asked of the sucker and the sturgeon. "They have taken our Summer away from us," (they answered.) "Then we will go after them," they said.

They started in pursuit and soon they caught up to them. "Now they are overtaking us," cried (the pursued). "Who will engage them

and delay them?" "You will!" the otter was told. "Run under or inside a stump!" he was told. He ran into one. The pursuers came up. "Ma! (Hello!)" they said, "where is one of them? Oh! here he is in this hole! Get hold of him!" They seized him. "What will be his manner of death?" One of them said, "Throw him into the fire." The otter said, "You will all make yourselves sick, and die when the flames spread out (if you do that)." Then it was said concerning the otter, "Strike him to death!" "That will cause your deaths when I bleed from the wound!" "Then let's drown him in the water!" The otter cried in great terror, "*Nawe, nawe, nawe* (Horrors!)" Then they seized him and threw him in the water. After a while over there way out in the water he emerged. He called, "This is were I live. To die here is impossible for me."

Again they started off after those who were fleeing with the Summer. Again they almost overtook them. When they came close, the pursued ones said, "Who will engage them again to delay them?" The fisher was told, "You, fisher!" So he was told. "What shall I do?" he said. "Run up a tree," they told him. He ran up a tree, and the pursuers came to that place. One arrived first. "Where is he?" "He must be up in the tree. Look for him!" They saw fisher up in the tree, and they shot at him. They only ripped off a little of his tail, for he ran around behind the tree so fast that they could not do anything to him. They said, "Where is the most expert bow-man?" "He has not yet arrived." At last he came along. "Now!" he was told. "We cannot do anything to fisher. It is your turn." He shot at him. Twice he shot at him, but he did not hit him once. He said, "This time I'll shoot you with an arrow right." He shot him. Fisher flew off toward the sky with the arrow (sticking in him). They did not know how that was. Then they looked in the sky and saw fisher. "We could kill him," they said, "but it will be a sign for man when he comes here in the future, the Fisher Star." So they said.

Again they wanted to pursue him. But everywhere, all about, they heard the summer birds and saw them at the same time. At the same time they saw the child shooting the birds with an arrow. When they saw it they went back in different directions.

#### STORY OF THE IROQUOIS.

The Iroquois used to come and tie the Montagnais by the wrists around a post and then with a knife they would slowly cut the flesh from their arms and legs and roast it on a fire and say, "That's good," and they would eat it. Sometimes they would pour boiling water on the flesh of their captives and then scrape it off.

1. This became the constellation Ursa Major.

LEGEND OF THE BIG ROCK. FROM WHICH LAKE MISTASSINI  
TAKES ITS NAME.

The big rock (*micta'cini*), which has given its name to the great lake and to the tribe inhabiting the surrounding country, is accounted for by a story. Ages ago a great conjurer was killed by another who was stronger than he, but his body became a big rock, a memorial of him. That is now the big rock near the outlet of Lake Mistassini. There is a cave in its side and if stones are thrown into it a resounding ringing comes forth, which is his spirit responding.

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## MICMAC TALES

BY TRUMAN MICHELSON.<sup>1</sup>THE MAN WHO MARRIED THE BEAVER.<sup>2</sup>

There was once a young man of the Micmac Indians who was quite a hunter. He had never in all his life done anything but hunt, and was always anxious to go into the woods when the fall came. He would start off all alone, thinking nothing of staying the whole winter by himself in the forest. He was used to being alone, however, for he was an orphan. When he was quite little his father died, and he had always lived with his mother. His mother often remonstrated with him for going alone into the woods and staying so long — she was afraid that he might injure himself in some way, or be taken sick, and there would be no one to help him or take care of him. "You might die," said his mother, "and no one would know anything about it and it would not be easy to find your dead body." The boy said nothing however and though his mother tried hard to persuade him to stay at home he would not do it, and when fall came he was ready to go again.

When he had his supplies for the winter ready, he started off and journeyed for some time before he came to the place where he would camp. When he finally reached a place he liked, he struck camp, and leaving all his supplies there he started off trapping. For some time he trapped beavers, going from brook to brook. Finally he came to a brook where there was a whole family of beavers, but it was too late in the evening to set traps for them. The next day he trapped quite a few, and stayed there until he had finally got the whole family. On the night of the day on which he trapped the last of the family of beavers he went to sleep by the brook and dreamed of another brook where there was another family of beavers. The next morning when he awoke he pondered whether or not he would return to his camp or go on until he found the brook which he had dreamed of. Finally he made up his mind that he would search for the brook, so he packed up his things and started on. He travelled all day and night, and all the next day and night — for several days he travelled on until at last he knew that he was lost. He did not know which way to turn to go back to his camp. However he would not stop but kept right on trav-

1. Printed by permission of the Bureau of American Ethnology.

2. Written in English by Chief Nicholas Jerome, St. Anne de Restigouche, P. Q., 1910.

elling. At last he came to a moose yard in which there were three moose. He killed all three of them, so that even if he stayed there until spring he would be sure to have enough to eat, and then when the spring did come the days would be long and he would be able to find his way back to camp. The next morning, after he had killed the moose, he started on again, and that evening he came to a brook which he followed down stream until he came to a place where a whole family of beavers were. There was a hole in the ice where the beavers came out so he fixed himself a place near the hole, and sat down to wait for them, thinking that he would shoot some of them as they came out. It was about noon time, and the sun shone brightly. He had his bow and arrows close to him and his axe was near by. He seated himself comfortably to wait for the appearance of the beavers, and he fell asleep. Just as he was about to awake, he heard some one speak to him. "Are you asleep?" the voice said. He opened his eyes and saw a nice-looking young girl standing before him. He looked up and said, "Yes, I fell asleep." "You must be lonely," said the girl. "I am lonely," said the boy. "Come with me and we will go to my home," said the girl. She went to the hole in the ice and dove down in, and the young man followed her. The bottom of the pond proved to be a road. It was a beautiful day and they walked along until they came to a two-storied house which they entered. Here the young man saw an old man, four boys, and a girl. The young girl who had brought the boy to the house said to the old woman who was there, "Mother, I found my companion." "He is no companion, daughter, he is your husband," said the old woman. So the young man lived with them.

In the spring they scattered along the brooks and rivers. After the ice was gone, they floated down-stream and stayed along the banks all summer.

Of course the young man and his wife were together, and they did not know where the rest were. When the fall came again, his wife said, "I think we had better make our way back home for the winter." They started up the river. It took them quite a while to get to their home, but when they arrived they found the old folks and the boys all there. Old man beaver said to the young ones, "My boys, get to work, get to work. Gather up plenty of food for we will want it all; the winter is long." So the boys got to work and gathered up all the food they could find. They could not gather it very fast for their food consisted of white birch, round wood, and woods of all kinds, but the old beaver kept hurrying them on. The young Indian said to his father-in-law, "Why do you hurry the boys so? They are working hard already. I will go with them and I will have plenty cut in half a night if the rest can bring it to our house." Old beaver said, "Son-in-law, I wish you would."

Now it was just a little after dark when the young man started off

with his axe and commenced to cut the white birch wood, and everything else he could find. Everything he cut he threw into the pond and the others hauled it out to their houses, and before midnight the old beaver saw that they had enough for the winter. He went out and told them that they had enough cut. Now that they had no more to do, the old beaver said to them, "Let us go to work now and make a place to hide, for I feel that we are in danger and that something will happen before the winter is over." So they all started making their hiding places, the young Micmac and his wife made a place just for the two of them. When they had finished making their retreat they stayed at home. One day about the middle of winter the old beaver said to them, "I feel sad, danger is near." Sure enough they heard a noise overhead on the snow, and looking up they saw four men. These men had been hunting all winter and had found the place of this family of beavers. They tore away the dam and let the water drain out: The beavers saw that they were all to be killed and they started to hide. The young Micmac and his wife went to their hiding place, he made his wife go in ahead of him and then he went in right behind her. When the men had drained away the water from the beaver pond, they found all of the beavers but two and killed them. Then they searched all around the pond for the other two, looking under the roots of the trees and everywhere. At last they found them. One of the men looked in, and of course he saw the Indian first, but he did not know that it was an Indian. When he reached in to drag out the beavers, he grabbed hold of the hind leg by the ankle. He thought it was a very large leg for a beaver, and he said to the other men. "Watch out now, for I am going to throw it out on the snow. Get ready to grab it, but do not strike it down or hurt it." So the men stood around and he pulled it out of the hole and threw it on the snow. Of course the young Indian tried to get away, but they grabbed him, and then they saw that he was a young man, the young man who had been lost for so long a time. They knew him before he was lost, and he knew them. When they had tamed him down a little they reached in and threw out the other beaver onto the snow and killed it before his eyes, and it was his wife!

They took the young man with them. They saw that he was naked and that hair grew all over his body. The men happened to have some extra clothes so they dressed him and brought him home with them. That is the end and it was the young Micmac himself who told this story to the men after they got home.

#### THE MAN WHO MARRIED AMONG THE GIANTS. <sup>1</sup>

There were once two young Micmac Indians who were chums,

1. Written in English by Chief Nicholas Jerome, 1910.

and who were always together. One time they thought they would pole up the river in a canoe to hunt that winter. So they got an outfit together, putting in everything they should want for their winter's supply. When they were finally ready they started off up the river. After a time they came to a place where they intended to hunt. They stopped and made a wigwam. When they had completed their camp they commenced trapping. They worked away together for some time. Now and then they would branch off in different directions, but they were together most of the time. One day after they had been parted for some time, they came together again. They did not travel any that day. It was in the middle of winter, and in the forenoon one of them said to the other, "Let us go out and pick some gum." The other said, "I don't feel like going out for gum. You had better go out yourself, and I will cook some dinner."

The one started out for the gum and travelled from tree to tree. He kept on for some time until he thought it was about time to go back to the wigwam, but he did not know how far away he was. As he started back and was walking along he heard a noise. He stopped and listened, yes, he heard a noise as of some one walking on snowshoes. He got behind a tree to see who it might be. The noise was coming toward him, so standing behind the tree he looked toward the sound and saw some one coming toward him. She was as tall as the trees and she was looking for gum also, coming along from tree to tree. She came toward the tree where the man was standing, and as she saw him she said, "Oh my, what a nice doll I have found for myself." Then she suddenly picked up the man and put him in her bosom just as he was, snow-shoes, bows and arrows and all, even his axe. She walked away as though she carried nothing at all.

When she got home she said to her mother, "Mama, look what a nice doll I found for myself in the woods." She took him out for them to see. When her father saw him, his snowshoes, bow and arrows, and ax, he said to himself, "This is not a doll, he is some great man of another tribe." Again the girl said to her mother, "Isn't he a nice doll, Mama?" The father said, "Daughter, that is not a doll, that is a man. He is not your doll, but he is your husband." That was all right, she liked him, and now he stayed among these Indians until one day he started off to the woods.

He travelled until he came across a caribou. He killed it and carried it home just as it was, not stopping to skin it or anything. When he got home he left it outside and walked into the wigwam. His wife got up and took off his wet socks, brought out dry ones and put them on his feet and then brought him something to eat. After that she went outside and when she saw the caribou (only it was not a caribou in this country, it was merely a rabbit) she shouted to her mother saying, "Oh, mama, what a nice rabbit he killed." The old woman

said, "My dear daughter, bring it inside." So she took it in and the old woman took hold of it, took off its hide and cleaned it just as she would clean a rabbit; she handled it just like a rabbit, and had it cleaned in no time.

The next morning he started off again and he travelled around until he came across a moose track. He killed the moose and took it home, and when he got home, he left it outside again and walked in. His wife again took off his wet socks and put dry ones on his feet and when she had brought him something to eat, she went outside and when she saw the moose, she said to her mother, "Mama, what a nice caribou he has killed." The old woman said, "My dear daughter, bring it in." The daughter took it in, and the two women took hold of it and skinned it and had it clean in no time without ever letting it rest on the ground.

When the man heard them call the moose a caribou, he thought to himself that a moose in this country must be awfully big, and he said to himself, "I killed a caribou, and it was only a rabbit. Now I have killed a moose and it is only a caribou. But if there are any moose in this country I must kill one before very long." He thought all this to himself and said nothing to any one about it. That night after they had retired, the man said to his wife, "My wife, are there any moose in this country?" She said, "Yes, there are moose. It is not very easy to kill them for they are not very plentiful, but there are some." "My dear," said the man, "if you would tell me where your people used to go to hunt the moose, I will try to kill one." His wife said, "If you go toward the rising sun and keep right on travelling in that direction until you come to the great mountains, and, when you get there, travel over the mountains, you will find one before very long."

The next morning he started off again and he travelled on until he came to the great *ektadon*. He found one of these great moose. He fired at it and drove his arrow straight through its heart and killed it. It was an immensely large animal — the man thought — so he cut out the heart and slinging it over his back he travelled back home. Near night-fall he reached his home, and he left his load outside the wigwam, and went inside. His wife took off his wet socks as usual, and after drying his feet she went outside. When she saw the heart, she called to her mother, "Mama, he has killed a moose this time." She took the heart inside and the old man said to one of his sons, "My son, go outside and shout to the people and let them know that there is moose-meat to haul." The boy went out and shouted the news and they all rigged out their sleighs and got ready to haul the meat the next day. They all had to go, old and young, men, women and children.

The old man said to him, "My son-in-law, you do not need to go.

You can stay at home with your wife, for you have done enough to kill the moose when there is so little snow." But his wife rigged up a sled to go along with the crowd, so he thought he would go too, and fixed a sleigh for himself. He got it made that night, and in the morning, before day-break, they all started off. He and his wife took their time, not keeping up with the rest as they did not start until after daylight, so the crowd was away ahead of them. When they got out of sight of the village, she started away from the road, and he followed her. She said, "We will take a short cut, and get ahead of them." She picked him up and put him in the bosom of her dress, fastened his sleigh onto her own, and started off. She was the fastest walker in the village, so she walked swiftly along until she knew that she was ahead of the crowd. Then she stopped, took her man from the bosom of her dress, gave him his own sleigh, and they started on again, side by side until they came to the place where he had killed the moose. The man built a fire and was fixing a place for the night, but the crowd behind found their tracks, and they said to one another, "They are ahead of us." When the crowd reached the place where the man and woman were, they had their fires fixed for the night. The rest of the people got to work and built fires and fixed places for the night.

They each cut a chunk of meat from the moose, put it on a skewer and stood it in front of the fire to roast. His wife did the same, but he himself was in no hurry about cooking his supper. The woman's father said to her, "My daughter, watch your husband tonight, and see how he feeds himself. He will cook for himself. He knows everything." The woman watched her husband to see how he would cook, but the man was tying up his load for the morning and when he looked up and saw a lot of meat on a skewer roasting before the fire, he said to his wife, "I will cook my own supper." She had her own meat roasting on the skewer. The man walked over to the meat and cut off a slice with his axe. He cut a piece big enough for his whole supper. Then he came to the fire, levelled some hot coals and when they were burning threw his chunk of meat on the coals. He left it for a little while and then turned it over and it curled up. He took it off the fire with his poker and gave it a shake and commenced to eat it. He took two or three bites, coals and all, and swallowed them down, and had his supper before any of the rest of them. After supper was over they all fixed their loads for the next morning and then they went to sleep.

Long before daybreak the next day the crowd had started home, but he and his wife took their time in starting and it was clear daylight when they were ready to start. As before she took her man and put him in the bosom of her dress, put his load on top of her own and travelled on. She took a short cut, and again she passed the crowd and left them a long way behind. When she was near home, she

stopped and took out the man and put him down and gave him his own load and they started on together and got home before the crowd. Now when all were at home, they had plenty to eat (I suppose in those days they ate nothing but wild meat) until spring. The first chance the woman had, she told her father how her husband had cooked his meat and how he had eaten it, coals and all, not even minding the dirt that was on it. The old man said, "I thought he was no doll the day you brought him home in your bosom. I thought he was a man."

One day the old man said to his son-in-law, "My son-in-law, you must have people in your country." The man answered, "I have." The old man said, "Would you like to go home to your country?" and the young man said that he would be very glad to see his people and his country. The old man said to his daughter, "Daughter, get ready and go with your husband to his country." In the morning when they were ready to start the old man said to one of his boys, "My son, get ready and go with your sister and brother-in-law till they reach a place he can go home from." The three started out and they walked until they came to a place where the man thought he could find his way home easily. The brother went home, but the man and his wife walked on until they came to the place where he had left his chum. His chum had gone long ago. When he had not returned, his chum waited for some time. Then he thought perhaps he had gone home so he got ready and went home also. When he got there, the people said, "Where is your chum?" He told them that he did not know; he had gone to pick gum one day and had never returned, so he thought he had gone home. The people did not believe the young man and they thought that he had killed his chum in the woods, so they said no more.

Now the man and his wife stayed at the old camp until the ice had melted and the river was open. The man made a canoe to go down the river in, and when it was ready they started for his home. They got along quickly and before long they were in sight of the village. They went ashore to cook and after they had finished eating they walked down to their canoe, but before starting his wife said to him, "Now tell me how big the women in your village are, how tall they are, and all about them." The man said, "The women in my village are not so tall as I am. Some are about as tall as the upper tip of my ear, some to my neck and many only reach about level with my shoulder." The woman walked over to her husband and stood beside him and she began to grow smaller and smaller until her height was about to the tip of his ear, then she remained that height.

They got into their canoe and went on until they came to the village. There they went ashore and walked over to his home where his mother was. She was all alone for the man's father had died when

he was small and his mother was now a very old woman. The man and his wife stayed with his mother right along, and all the people were glad to see him again and his wife. His chum was glad to see him also, and they again became chums as before.

They all lived together until a son was born to the man and his wife. After this, the chum tried to become very friendly with the man's wife. Every time his chum was away he would go to this woman and try to carry on a conversation with her, but she did not seem to care anything about him and would not have anything to do with him at all. At last she got so that she did not want to see him come into their house at all. The young man thought he would persuade his chum to go hunting again the next winter and that when he got him into the woods he would kill him and when he got home he would tell the people that his chum had got lost again. He kept all these thoughts to himself until it was time to go hunting. One day he said to his chum, "Let us go hunting," and the man said, "All right."

They got to work and fitted up an outfit. The woman wanted to know where they were going, for she knew that something was going to happen between the two men. That night she said to her husband, "My dear, you had better not go hunting with that man. He might do some harm to you." The man answered, "I do not think there is any harm in him. We have been together all our lives and have never had a cross word between us." The woman tried hard to persuade her husband to stay at home, but the man said, "My dear, since I promised to go with him I will go, but only for a short time and I will never go with him again." The next day the two men started up the river in their canoe. They poled along until they came to the place where they intended to hunt. They hunted around for some time and the young man's chum watched a chance to kill him. At last he had a chance and sure enough he killed him. Then he covered him up in the ground so that no one could ever find him. After a few more days he took the canoe and went down the river to his home. He told the people that his friend had strayed away again and he made them believe that he did not know where he had gone. The people believed him, but the woman did not. She knew that he had killed her husband, but she said nothing.

She lived among them until her little boy was twelve or thirteen years old, then one night she said to her mother-in-law, "Mama (she always called her mother-in-law Mama), I am going away tomorrow morning, but I am going to leave my little boy with you. He will take care of you all the rest of your life." In the morning she was ready to leave and she said to her little boy, "My child, I am going away to my own country to see my people and to live with them all the rest of my life. I am leaving you here with your grandma and you



must live with her all her life. Don't leave her. Stay with her always and help her the way I have helped both of you, but I am going to my home." She started away toward the woods on the right, and when she had passed out of their sight she stretched out to her full height and went on, and that is the end of the story and I guess she is going yet, any way the young man did not get her after all, even after he killed her husband, and I left there.

THE WEJIBOQUET.<sup>1</sup>

There was once a family of Micmac Indians camped in their wigwams near the seashore, a little way from the mouth of a river on the banks of which the Indians hunted. The Indians had the habit of going to the head of the rivers with their families to live during the winter. This time when they had gone to the head of the river one of the boys thought that he would get married. He married one of the girls of his own tribe and they lived in camp with the others all summer until fall came and it was time to get ready for winter. Then he thought to himself that he and his wife would go away alone into the wilderness where they would be by themselves. He and his wife started off alone and went on until they came to the place where he intended to hunt that winter. There they stopped and built their wigwam. The rest of the band did not know where the young couple were. He hunted around his own camp never going very far away so that he could come home every night.

One day about the middle of winter, he stayed at home. Later in the day two men came to their house. He did not know who they were for they belonged to some other tribe and they could not understand each other. By signs he told his wife not to work — that is, not to cook the meals, for she was in the family way, — and that he himself would do the cooking. He got to work and cooked plenty of all kinds of meat, for they had smoked meat such as moose, beaver and caribou, and also had some fresh meat covered outside in the snow. While he was cooking the smoked meat in one of the kettles, he thought he would go out and get some fresh meat and cook that also. While he was out getting it, the two Indians said to each other, "Tonight when he is asleep we will cut off his head and take his wife away with us," but the woman did not understand what they said. Now the meat was ready, for the pots were boiling over. The two strange Indians ate together on one side of the lodge and the young Micmac and his wife ate together on the other side. While they were eating the woman said in a low voice to her husband, "I am afraid," but she said no more. After supper one of the strange Indians

1. Written in English by Chief Nicholas Jerome.

commenced singing in his own language and sang until it was time to go to sleep. When all was quiet and the man and his wife were asleep, the strange Indians cut the young man's head off with a little ax, and the next morning they started back to where they had come from, taking the woman with them. She had to go or die.

They walked along until they came to their own country. One of the men took the woman for his wife and now she lived with him. It was not long after that a little boy was born to her and she took care of it and lived among the strange Indians. This man was very kind to her and to the child. So the little boy lived and thrived, and it was wonderful how quickly he grew. One day when he was about seven years old, he quarreled with one of the little boys with whom he had been playing—the other boys wanted to beat him, but he was too many for them and they could do nothing with him so they called him a name which he did not like — *wejiboquet*. He got angry and went to his mother and asked her why they called him that name. His mother asked him what it was that the little boys called him and he told her *wejiboquet*. His mother said to him, "My dear little boy, they call you so because you do not belong to the same tribe they do. You do not belong to this country." The little boy asked, "Mama, what tribe do I belong to?" and his mother said, "You are a little Micmac, and you belong to the tribe of Micmacs." The little boy looked at his mother a moment, and then said, "Mama, if I am a Micmac, how do I come to be here among his tribe?" Then his mother told him the whole story, and said, "My child, when your father and I were living together one winter, two strange men from this tribe came and killed your father. It was before you were born, and they brought me to this country, and that is how you happen to be here among this tribe." The little boy listened attentively to his mother and when she finished the story he walked away to his playmates again, but he said nothing to them.

He stayed on until he was fifteen years old. Then one day he said to his mother, "Mama, you have told me I am a Micmac," and his mother said, "Yes, my child, you are a Micmac." Then the boy said to his mother again, "How could I know a Micmac if I should find them?" and his mother said, "My boy, you would know the Micmac by the track of his snowshoes." Then his mother made him a pair of Micmac snowshoes and when she had finished them she said to the boy, "These are Micmac snowshoes. If you ever see a snowshoe track of that shape you will say, 'This is a Micmac.'" Then the boy said to his mother, "Where could I find them? What course should I take to find them?" and his mother said, "If you should go toward the sun when it is noon and keep on travelling for some time you will find the Micmacs." The boy said to his mother, "Mama, this night I am going to leave you before day breaks, and I will never return to

you again." The old woman said to him, "My child, I will prepare something for your journey." The boy said, "No, don't trouble for me. I'll not need anything. I'll only take my bow and arrows and my little ax."

That night he stayed up until after midnight and when all were asleep he left the wigwam. Putting on his snow shoes, slinging his bow and arrows over his back and taking his little ax, he started off. He walked to the first wigwam and entered. He saw an old man lying asleep and he cut off his head with his ax, and he walked out and went to another wigwam and entered it and he saw another old man lying asleep and he again cut his head off. He did the same to every wigwam until he came to the end of the village, and when he came out of the last wigwam he gave a whoop as loud as he could and started to walk away toward the course his mother told him to take. The noise he made in his wild whoop wakened every one in the place and he walked away as hard as he could for he knew that they would chase him.

The Indians were all awake, the news spread all over that the little Micmac Indian boy had killed a great many of the strongest men among them and that he had escaped. They said among themselves that they would chase him and kill him, but by the time they got ready to start after him he was far away. They followed his track and the boy knew that they were following him. He walked on as fast as he could but he knew that they were gaining on him and at last he saw that he was to be overtaken. They were getting quite close to him, but before the crowd saw him he made two or three long steps and then he jumped into the air. Now he was above the tops of the tallest trees and he walked on in the air.

Those who were coming behind got to the end of his track. Then they stopped for they could see no more of his track. They walked all round the place far and near, but no track could they find. They were delayed for a good long time. Finally one of the Wild Indians went up in the air and found his track where he had walked on, and he shouted to his companions telling them that he had found the track. They started after him through the air. The *wejiboquet* knew that they had found his track and that they were after him again, but he was a long ways ahead of them. He walked on until he knew that they were gaining on him again, and then he came down to the ground again. After he had walked a little way on the ground he lay down flat with his face to the ground. He spread his arms and legs out wide, and wished for a snow storm, and it was so! It snowed heavily and piled up to the tops of the tallest trees, and the boy was covered. He lay very still.

These wild Indians, when they lost his track again in the air, they walked around the place, but they did not find his track again until

they came down to the ground. Then they found it again and they tracked him until they came to the place where he was lying. They stopped right over the place where he was lying. They knew that they were standing over him but the snow was so deep that they were unable to do him any harm until they got to work and made long spears out of hard wood which they pointed with sharp points. They tried to spear him through the deep snow. Two or three times they nearly drove their spears through his body. They drove between his legs and sometimes under his arms on each side of his body, just shaving him. At last they thought they had killed him and turned back. As they were going away, they said, "Good thing we did not happen to get hold of you. We should have made you suffer for what you have done." The *wejiboquet* knew everything they did and heard every word they said, but he lay still until they were far away, and then he got up out of the deep snow.

He said to himself, "I am a better man than they are." He started on again toward the sun. He walked on and on until he began to get tired. While he was walking along, he saw a snow-shoe track ahead of him. He walked up to it and stopped a little while and looked at the track, then looking at his own shoes he saw that they were very near the same shape. At last he placed one of his snowshoes over the track, and it was just the very same shape. Then he was sure that he was about to find the Micmacs. He followed the track until he saw another track. He walked on until he came to a place where they had killed a moose and caribou. He went on until he heard the sound of axes and then he knew that he was not far from the Micmac village. Before he went among them he stopped a little ways from the edge of the green woods and made a fire. He gathered some tar balsam and this he applied to his hands and face, and he rubbed the black cedar coals all over and blackened all the flesh that was to be seen. He made himself as black as a negro. When he was through blackening himself he started toward the village, and when he came to a place where they had been gathering wood, he saw that he was at the end of a hand-sleigh road.

Looking around he saw a birch tree. He pulled it out and broke it just above the roots. He carried it on his shoulder and stood it on one side of the path. He climbed up to the limbs and sat on one of the branches and looked around. He saw a lake on one side, and on one side of the lake was a village, and a number of wigwams, and he saw the people walking about. He sat on this birch tree for some time waiting. By and by he saw a little boy coming toward him pushing his little sleigh along. He watched the little boy and knew that he was going for some wood. The young lad was walking along with his head down, never expecting to find any one. Happening to look around, he saw the birch tree standing before him alongside the road.

"For a long time I thought I had everything cut about here," he said to himself and he picked up his ax and walked toward this tree. When he was beside it he looked up to see which way the tree would fall, and when he looked up he saw this black man. He did not know what to think of him. He looked at him but he did not speak. He thought he would go away, but this black *wejiboquet* said to him, "My friend, I am black, am I not?" The boy said, "Yes." The black lad asked him if he was to get some wood, and the little boy said, "Yes." The black lad said, "We will cut this tree, and I will help you haul it to your home." We jumped down from the tree and they cut it up and hauled it home.

When they got home they entered the house, and there was a very old woman sitting there. The little boy said to his grandmother, "I found my friend," and the old woman prepared something for them to eat. She was pleased with the stranger, thinking he would be a great help to her boy in getting wood. The two boys were about the same age and when they were done eating the boy who lived in the wigwam went out to cut some wood, but the black lad lay down by the fire place and never minded him at all and went to sleep. Day after day he lay there, never even putting a stick of wood on the fire; he was that lazy he would never do anything at all. He only got up when meal time came and then he would lie down again after eating. He was very dirty-looking; he was black, and lying there on the ashes his clothes were very dirty. The old woman and the little boy were taken care of by the band of people, and these gave them provisions and what they wore, for she was very old and the boy was too young to provide provisions; he was only able to get wood.

One day this black boy looked up at the old woman and said to her, "My grandmother, I have pity for you for working so much." The old woman said, "My grandchild, you are right, but I cannot help it." The black boy said to her again, "My grandmother, if I should get married now, my wife would help you." The old woman thought to herself that no girl would take the likes of him, but she said nothing. He said to her again, "My grandmother, you had better get a girl for me to marry." The old woman said to him, "My grandchild, there are plenty of girls in this village. Where shall I go to look for one?" The boy said, "Go to the Grand Chief. He has a daughter, hasn't he?" She said, "Yes, he has three daughters, but he does not want them to get married." The boy said to her, "How do you know that he wouldn't let one of them get married if she had a chance with a good young man?" The old woman looked at him and thought to herself, "You may be young but you don't look good." The boy said again, "My grandmother, you had better go and try him anyway and see what he will say." The old woman said that it was not a very hard job to speak to the Grand Chief, he could only say yes or no.

She started off to the chief's place and entered their wigwam. The old chief and his wife and three daughters were sitting inside and right away the old woman said to the old people, "You don't see me here very often, and I don't come here for nothing. I am sent here for one of your daughters to marry that young stranger I have at home." All was still, not a word was spoken. The two elder girls fainted, they thought he might want to marry them, and he was so black and dirty. But the youngest girl never let on that she heard them. Then the old chief said to the old woman, "I would have to see that young man before I make him a decided answer. I will now make a play with all the men; there will be singing and dancing, and every one shall make a speech and tell all he has seen, and all he has gone through, and I want him to be among the rest. He shall name the day when the gathering shall be held, and they shall have something to eat on the last." The old chief told the old woman, "Go home and tell him to be there on that day and after every thing is all over, I will make him an answer, and let him know if I shall give him one of my daughters for his wife." The old woman went back home and when she entered she saw the boy still lying down among the ashes. After a little he looked up to the old woman and said, "Well, grandmother, what did the old chief say about giving one of his daughters to be my wife?" The old woman told him what the chief had said. The boy said no more but lay down again.

Now when the time arrived all the men gathered in the old chief's wigwam and the woman started cooking. The old woman said to the black boy, "Grandchild, get ready and go to the gathering," but this boy would never let on that he heard his grandmother. The old woman repeated her words two or three times, and at last he got up saying, "That old chief is a bother anyway." He started to the chief's wigwam, just as he was, covered with dust and not even fixing his hair. When he entered the wigwam he looked around and saw a crowd of men sitting all around and the old chief sitting in the middle of the crowd. They said to him, "Come forward and make yourself at home." He went forward towards the chief and sat down alongside of him. Then they commenced; each man started from the door and sang and danced around the wigwam before the crowd, and when they got back to the door they would stop and make a speech for a while. They all did the same thing, turn about. At last it was the stranger's turn. He got up and went to the door; before commencing to dance he made a speech. All was silent, then he commenced to dance and sing until he went all around. He took his time and when getting back to the door he made a long speech. The old chief looked and listened to the stranger and said to himself, "He is a man, he is no little boy. He must be some powerful man." Now the women had everything cooked and called them to eat. While they

were eating, the chief's wife and three daughters were among them, and the old grandmother of this stranger was present too. The chief gave his consent to the stranger saying, " You shall have one of my daughters for your wife. Do you see those three girls over there? Choose the one you wish to marry. " The two eldest girls fainted, for each thought she might be chosen, but the stranger pointed to the youngest, saying, " This one I shall take for my wife. " And it was so, and the chief married them himself at once. So the stranger lived with them.

Now the people of the place got angry at the chief, because he had often refused his daughters to smart young Indians of his band, and now he consented to have the stranger marry his daughter. The Indians did not like it, and they said among themselves, " We will go away and leave that black man to support them, " for the people of the village supported the chief and his family. They all left the place with their families and went away to another lake. Now the chief and his family lived by themselves, and this *wejiboquet* lay by the fireplace again. He did nothing from that time until nearly spring, when everything was all eaten up and they had no more provisions. One day when they had very little to eat that morning, the *wejiboquet* looked up at his wife and said to her, " Tell your father to make a pair of snow shoes for me. I'll go into the woods tomorrow and I might see something to kill, a moose or a caribou. " She told her father what her husband said, and the old man started right away to cut out a pair of snow-shoe bows and brought them into the wigwam to bend them. The *wejiboquet* looked up at his wife again and said, " Tell your father those snow-shoe bows are too short and small. " She told her father and the old man walked out again and got another pair. He cut them so long that he could not bent them inside, he bent them outside, and when he had one finished, the old woman and the three daughters (it took the four of them to fill them in that night) had the snow shoes completed for him the next morning. He got up and walked out. They were hungry for they had had nothing to eat since the morning before.

He put on the snowshoes and started off, walked four or five steps and fell and could not get up, rolled about in the snow trying to get up but could not, knew that they were watching him from the wigwam. The old man said to his daughter, " Go and help your husband, help him to get up or he will die. " She went and took his hand and helped him get up. He walked a few steps and fell again. She helped him up again, but before he started on he said, " Dear, don't trouble yourself about helping me up. You can't tell how often I will fall. Go back home, I'll make out to get up all right. " She turned back to the wigwam but as he started on he fell again — two or three times he fell — until he got out of their sight. Then he started

away towards the lake where the rest of the band was living and he chased all the animals away from the place, not leaving any for them at all. He drove them all toward his home and killed all he wanted. Now they had plenty of meat to eat, so he lay down again by the fireplace and thus they lived on for some time. The rest of the band thought their old chief must be having a hard time, but they said that it served him right, for what made him take a stranger to be his son-in-law and refuse so often some of our good young Indian boys. "We will just let them starve," they said among themselves.

It was springtime now, and all the snow had gone from the ground and the lake was open water, and there was plenty of fowl swimming about in the lake. The meat was all gone from the wigwam and the chief's family again had nothing to eat. One day when they had had nothing to eat for some time, the *wejiboquet* said to his wife, "Let us take one of the canoes and paddle about in the lake, we may be able to kill some of the birds." They got into a canoe and set off down the river. He made his wife take the stern and paddle him about, sitting still himself and making his wife do all the work. He fired at the birds three or four times but he never killed any. His wife paddled on until they got to the far end of the lake. He killed one little bird, one of the little divers. It was very small and he made his wife paddle ashore and cook that bird to eat, for they were hungry. When they were ashore he walked away into the woods telling his wife to make a fire and cook the bird. She made the fire and cooked the bird. When he came back to where she was, she took one leg of the bird and wrapped it in a piece of birch bark and put it in her bosom, for she intended to take it to her mother. By this time he had got back and they sat down to eat. When they had eaten everything he said to her, "I have not eaten enough. You had better give me that piece of meat which you have in your bosom." She felt ashamed, but she gave it to him and he ate it all.

They stayed there until it was nearly night, then they got into the canoe and went home. On their way there was a large flock of birds in a cove nearby, and he said to his wife, "You paddle over to that flock of birds." She did, paddling easily so she would not make a noise and scare the birds away. He said to her, "Paddle quickly," so she did and paddled hard until their canoe ran right in among the birds. He got on his knees and killed birds until their canoe was loaded, and he said to her, "There, this is something worth taking home to your mother!" They came back home with a canoe load of birds, and the two girls and the old people were glad when they saw them coming with all those provisions. They had plenty to eat now so they stayed a few days longer until it was time to run down the river to the sea shore. All the rest of the band were already down at their summer home at the sea shore, but no sign of their old chief



and his family. They said among themselves, "Perhaps they are dead, starved to death. If they do not come in a few days we will send some men in canoes to pole up the river to where we left them."

But the chief's family were preparing to run down the river. They had three canoes, one for the old people, one for the two girls, and one for the *wejiboquet* and his wife. In the morning they had their canoes loaded ready to run down the river. This morning the *wejiboquet* thought to himself that he would have a good wash before leaving, so he stayed in the wigwam alone — the old people, his wife and the girls were all down at the canoes, waiting for him, but he got some water and opened a little box which his mother had given him when he was going away from her. She had told him to take good care of it for this little box would be very useful to him. So he took the little box out of his pocket and opened it and found in it a comb and looking glass, and a suit of clothes for himself and a little bottle with some oil in it to take off the balsam and black coal from his flesh. He cleaned himself and he was a good looking man. The old people thought he was a long time coming so the old man said to his daughter, "Go and tell your husband to hurry. What's keeping him so long?" The little woman went back to their wigwam and sneaked along quietly for she wanted to see what he was doing, and when she looked in and saw him dressing and what a nice looking young man he was, she could not help running to him and throwing her arms around his neck and kissing him. Then the two walked out from the wigwam down to their canoe, side by side. When the old people saw them coming, the old man was surprised that his son-in-law was so nice a young man. Then they all got into their canoes and started down the river, but the band was preparing to pole up the river. The next morning, while they were walking about, they saw three canoes coming down the river. "Here is our old chief and his family," they said. When they were near they knew the old chief and his family, but this man they did not know and they were not sure whether he was the same man who married one of the girls or not, but they found that it was he. Before the canoes reached the shore he (the *wejiboquet*) got up in the air and walked a few steps ahead of the canoes. When the canoes were ashore, he took each of the women around the waist and carried her up to the beach. They were all together again, so they lived there until it was fall and time to go up the river for the winter. They all started up the river with their families.

Not long before they started back up the river, a little son had been born to the *wejiboquet* and his wife, so he thought they would go away from the rest of the band and live by themselves, as his father had done. When they got to where they intended to hunt for the winter he made a wigwam. When it was all completed they lived

there by themselves and the rest of the band did not know where they were. He hunted around the place quite close, and was home with his family every night. About the middle of winter he stayed home one day and that day two men came to their wigwam. He did not know who they were, as they were not of the Micmac tribe. The *wejiboquet* got up and cooked for them, but while he was working, one of the strange Indians took the poker that was lying near the fireplace and put a shard point on it with his knife, so that the poker was very sharp and pointed on both ends. The Indian sat close to where the woman was nursing her baby boy, and he reached over and took hold of the child. The *wejiboquet* told his wife not to offer to hold the child but to let him take it. When the strange Indian had the child in his hand he took the sharp poker and ran it through the child's body lengthwise, from bottom to head. Then he stuck the sharpened end of the poker into the clay in front of the fireplace and roasted it. The *wejiboquet* and his wife said nothing. By this time the cooking was done and the two strangers ate together and the *wejiboquet* and his wife ate together. The strange Indian took the roasted child from the skewer and taking hold of its feet split it in two, and handing one half to the father and mother, he said, "Here, my friends, is some nice fresh meat which I have cooked for a change. Try it." They would not eat any of it, but the strangers ate the other half of the child.

When they had finished eating the two strangers started to go back where they had come from, and the *wejiboquet* followed them outside and said to them, "My friends, where should I go to pay you a visit next spring?" They said, "Go towards the north and keep that course until you come to a river running east. Then follow the river down until you come to its mouth which is on the seashore. Our village is right there." The *wejiboquet* said, "About what time in the year are you all together in your village?" and they told him the time. "All right," said the *wejiboquet*, "I will pay you a visit some time next spring, and spend some time among you with my wife." The strangers started away. He went into his wigwam and said nothing. They lived there until spring, and it was time to go away. They started from there going north as they were directed by the strangers, and they journeyed on until they came to the river running east. He made a canoe and they got in and paddled down the river until they came close to the village. But before they came in sight of the village they stopped and cooked something to eat. When they had finished eating, before they started on, the *wejiboquet* said to his wife, "Keep away from the crowd tomorrow. When the fight commences, you are going to see some fun." After he said this they started on and came to the village. The Indians of the place received them with pleasure. They stayed with them that night and the next

day they were to have a time — that is dancing and singing and things to eat. They had a long wigwam made on purpose for the occasion, with a door at each end so they could go in from one end and come out at the other, and a large fireplace in about the middle of the wigwam. The foundation of the fireplace was built of stone and made right across the wigwam, and the stone floor was red hot about three steps of a man, or four. There were three big boilers hanging over the fire which were full of Indian soup, boiling good. The men of the place danced around the fire, each one of them had a turn, and when they came to the red hot stone floor they walked over it in the air, never stepping on it. At last the *wejiboquet's* turn came, and he got up and walked over to the door. He stood there for a moment, and he saw the two men who came to his wigwam last winter, and he saw that the man who had roasted his little child on a skewer was sitting by the door playing with a little boy. The *wejiboquet* commenced to sing, and when he started he reached over and took hold of the child which the man was playing with. The man never offered to hold on, so the *wejiboquet* danced on taking the child by its head, and when he came to the red hot stones he stepped on them in his bare feet. When he came to the first boiler he dipped the child into the boiling soup and held it there for a good long spell, then he stepped to the second boiler and did the same thing, and the same over the third boiler. When he came back to the other door on the opposite side of the fireplace, he took the child by its feet and dipped it headfirst into the boiler, and did the same thing coming back. The child was now cooked, and when he got back to the door he laid the child before the man, saying, "My friend, here, this is a tender piece of meat. Have a taste of it. I boiled it for you. You roasted my child, but I boiled yours for a change." Then a fight commenced, and the *wejiboquet* whooped loud and leaped up in the air, and rested on the poles. He looked on and made them fight among themselves. And they fought among themselves until they were all killed, not leaving a single one, sweeping the whole village clean. When all was still, his wife came to where he was and he took his wife under his arm and walked away back in the air, and I guess he is going yet.

That is the end of the story of the *wejiboquet* — that is what the other tribes of Indians used to call the Micmacs for a nickname.

#### TRAVELS OF GLOSKAP. <sup>1</sup>

There was a wigwam. There were four people in this wigwam, Glōskap, his brother Amkōtpigtu, their younger brother, and their

1. Told by Mrs. Catpat, aged 88.

grandmother. Glöskap told them he was going away. He told his brother Amkötpigtu to be good to his grandmother, for he was a rough, proud fellow, and used his grandmother hardly. Glöskap went far away by himself. He stayed there a long time till he was uneasy about home and began to think of getting back. He said to himself, " I am going back home. "

Before he started he went into a little wigwam in that place. There he saw a little old woman alone. She asked him where he was going. He said, " I am going home to my own people. " " My child, " she said to him, " be careful. It is a dangerous road that you are to take. You will come across a wigwam. There will be an old woman inside who will look out at you and ask where you are going. Pay no attention to her. You will come to another wigwan. There will another old woman there, and she will ask you, ' Where are you going ? ' Pay no attention to her, but keep on till you come to the ocean. There you will meet a plover. He will make a lot of noise, screech. "

He came to the first wigwam. He saw a human ham (leg of a person) hanging from the middle of the wigwam. He told his pups to be careful. They grew till they were nearly the size of bears. He told them to watch the old woman, and when she was about to let the ham fall and crush them, to tear her to pieces. He passed the night safely.

Next night he came to another wigwam. He saw another old woman. She was sharpening her elbows on a stone till they were as sharp as awls. He told his pups to watch her, and just before she was about to shove her elbows into Glöskap's heart, they were to tear her to pieces. He passed the night without being hurt.

He came to the place where the plover was. The plover began to make a lot of noise. He called to Glöskap, " Indian, Indian, Indian : (helno, helno, helno.) " The third time he called, he dropped a berry called a shell into the bird's mouth. He killed him. When Glöskap came to the edge of the ocean, he shouted to find out who the ferryman was. A whale showed himself and said, " I am the ferryman. " Glöskap had two little pups at his bosom, one at each side. The whale came close to him, and he got on his back. The whale could not carry them, he sank. When Glöskap saw the whale was sinking he told him, " My grandfather, you will float by and by, " and he threw the two little pups out on the beach. The whale started off, he did not sink. The pups began to cry after Glöskap, and he shouted back, " Remember me when the sky turns blue and red. Then you will remember me. "

The whale swam till he was tired. The whale said, " My grandchild, how far is land ? " He answered, " The land is just the size of a bow as far off as we can see. " He was deceiving him. When they came to the shore, he got off the whale's back and turned around and

shoved him off to deep water with his bow. He said, " Do not be afraid while I am here. "

The whale started away, and Glöskap went where his old sweetheart lived. He could hear her singing, his girl, his sweetheart. Glöskap was ashamed to go up to her, for he had told her that he would not ride on the backs of whales. The girl was singing a song about him. It said, " Glöskap used to say he would never get on the back of a whale, but now a whale has brought him ashore. " Glöskap passed on. He did not let her know he had heard her singing.

He came to the wigwam where he had left his grandmother and his brothers. They were gone ; they had left the camp. He went into the wigwam. He began to poke the ashes of the fireplace with a poker. Every time he stirred he asked, " How many years is it since I left you ? Is it five years ? Is it four years ? It is three years ? Is it two years ? " The fourth time he stirred them, the ashes turned to fire. He started out of the wigwam to look for his grandmother and brothers. He went a little way, and he met his youngest brother going for fresh spring water. His brother said, " Our brother Amkötpigtu is cruel to us. He nearly killed us one day while you were away. " Amkötpigtu was stretched out in the heated place warming himself<sup>1</sup>. The youngest brother told Glöskap their brother was always lying in that place. He never did anything. Whenever there was the least dirt in the water, Amkötpigtu would beat his younger brother.

Glöskap told his little brother, " Come with me to the well. " They went to the well. Glöskap stirred the water till it was full of mud. He dipped the bowl in, and he said to his little brother, " Take this to him. When he sees this he will say, ' O, this is dirty water, ' and he will get up to hit you. Get out of the wigwam quick, and say, ' Where is my brother ? Where is my brother Glöskap ? ' "

When he came out and cried, " Where is my brother Glöskap ? " Glöskap answered him, " Here is your brother Glöskap, " and he started toward the wigwam. Just as he got there, Amkötpigtu came out. They clinched and began to fight. Amkötpigtu said to his brother Glöskap, " Let me go in and get my weapons. " " No, we will not use weapons. We will use nothing but our hands. " They fought and wrestled till they got on the top of the tallest pine tree there. He fell, Amkötpigtu, he was conquered. He is Six Shot Mountain ; the stones at Gaspé are the two little pups he left. His boat is Perce Island. The rocky islands were steel traps, for he was always hunting there.

1. It used to be the custom to dig a hole and put hot rocks in it. It was then filled up with earth, and when the hunters returned they could warm themselves over it.

*Glöskap.*<sup>1</sup>

Glöskap had an island-boat. He fished all the time. He had a net on the Gaspé Coast. He went out to sea to overhaul his net. He had a companion who was watching him from the shore. Glöskap thought he would send some to him, so he blew so hard that it peeled the skin off the man's forehead.

Glöskap overhauled his nets, and while he was doing this he caught a whale. He took it ashore with his boat. He got to shore and left his boat little way out. Because it was an island it could not drift. He made a *uhit* for his whale. He twisted a birch tree, and made a rope of it. He tied it to the whale and dragged him through the woods to the place where his grandmother was. He left the whale there, and he and Amkötpigtu went out to sea again in his boat.

They saw a man-of-war. Glöskap and Amkötpigtu went alongside the warship. They begged for their grandmother a pair of scissors, a knife and fork, some thread, some clothes, and some provisions. The boss of the man-of-war had to give what they asked or they would have destroyed them. When they got wanted, they went backhome.

1. Told by Noel Marchand.

## MICMAC FOLKLORE

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS.

In the summer of 1923 a trip to Nova Scotia and Cape Breton was undertaken by Mr. Arthur H. Fauset of the University of Pennsylvania and myself to record Negro folklore, and in that connection to reconnoitre the fields of Scotch, French, and Indian folklore with which the Negro groups in the Maritime Provinces might be in contact. At Whycocomagh, C.B., I had the good fortune to make friends with a Micmac woman who proved to be an exceptionally helpful informant and who invited me to camp with her family at the coming mission for St. Ann on Chapel Island. The accompanying tales were recorded at that time, also at Whycocomagh and at Lequille, a small Indian settlement on the outskirts of Annapolis Royal, Western Nova Scotia. At Lequille Lucy Pictou, a well educated, middle aged woman, was my informant; at Whycocomagh and Chapel Island my chief informants were Isabelle Googoo Morris and her mother, Mary Madeline Newell Poulet. The tales of both these women mainly derived from Mary Doucet<sup>1</sup> Newell, their mother and grandmother. Until her death in 1895, at an advanced age, she was cared for by her granddaughter. For several decades she had been blind, and so "had nothing to do but tell stories." She was born in Newfoundland and came in childhood with her family to Cape Breton. She married Peter Newell of Middle River. Inferably several of the tales here recorded throw back to a period but little later than many of the tales recorded and paraphrased by Rand.<sup>2</sup>

Needless to say Dr. Speck's accurately recorded tales<sup>1</sup> were of great assistance, in many ways, and reference to them will be constantly met with in our footnotes. I may add that Dr. Speck not only suggested our undertaking, but gave us valuable advice. That I was lured to the borders of the field he has worked in so systematically and successfully, he will explain by our appreciation of the fact that to folktales and their variants there is no end and that my approach through women informants and their family life was from a somewhat distinctive angle.

1. Her father or grandfather was Simon Doucet.

2. One of his informants, Susan Christmas, stated in 1870 that she had learned her stories from an old blind woman on Cape Breton who used to interest her and other children and keep them quiet for a long time, telling them stories. (Rand 1 : 318) I incline to identify this blind story-teller with Mary Doucet Newell. Possibly Mrs. Newell is also the Newfoundland woman referred to by Dr. Speck (Speck 5 : 123).

I. KETPUSYE'GENAU.<sup>1</sup>

There were two wigwams belonging to Gugwēs'.<sup>2</sup> He had a son. He said to him, "Let us go to another camp. I saw a girl there for you." So they went and they got the girl and Gugwēs' son brought her to his father's, to the other wigwam. At last they had a little boy. This little boy was always cranky and crying and bothering his mother. She thought, "I will make a bow and arrow for him to quiet him." With his bow and arrow he shot at everything, and while his mother was out gathering boughs for the floor he shot at a *wisgondi*<sup>3</sup> and all the grease<sup>4</sup> was lost. When his father came back he was mad. He said to his wife, "You should not have made a bow and arrow for him." She cried. After supper he went to his father's wigwam and said, "I am going to give you a treat; you can have my wife tomorrow for dinner." So the father came. She was glad to see her father-in-law. He said to her, "Something has bitten me on my back." He put his stick in the fire. While she was looking for it, he struck her in the heart. The little boy screeched. "Oh, she was of no account," said his grandfather, "come with me to my wigwam." As he was cleaning her, like an animal, the boy she was carrying came out. The Gugwēs' threw him and the guts into the brook.

One time when his father sent the little boy up the brook to get a bucket of water, the little boy saw another little boy playing in the water. He told his father. "All right," said his father, "I'll make you a bow and arrow; do you put it deep into the snow-bank. When you see that little boy go in after it, shut him in, catch him and bring him here".....

The two boys killed the old man, they cooked his heart and brought it to the old lady for supper. As soon as she ate it, she said, "My poor old man, he had still a very sweet tasting heart!"

"Our father gave our mother to our grandfather to kill," the boys said. "Now we are going to kill our father." They gathered shreds of birch bark and brought them in and trimmed the wigwam with

1. Informant, Isabella Googoo Morris, of Whycocomagh. Aged 46. Cp. Rand 1 : no. 8, also p. 290; Speck 1 : 61-64; Speck 3 : 200-1. The first syllable *Mus* in the name as Speck records it, is abbreviated for *musi*, i.e., "monsieur" according to I.G.M. Her story was not very well told, as I had to get it in fragments. Unfortunately in asking for it in the beginning I gave her the impression I knew the story of "Taken-from-guts."

2. These cannibals have big hands, and faces hairy like bears. If one saw a man coming, he would lie down and beat his chest, producing a sound like a partridge. (Cp. Rand 1 : 183) Catching the man, he would tear him in pieces. See pp. 59-60.

3. Hide container. According to Lucy Pictou of Lequille it is a bark container to pack meat or berries. *Wichkwedlaxan* is a square bark container for grease, bear or moose fat.

4. See Rand 1 : 48. Tallow, tried out and preserved in cakes.



them. That evening their father came home tired with a big bundle. After eating he took a little stretch and he noticed the birch bark shreds. "Why did you do that?" he asked. "Aren't you afraid the wigwam will burn?" — "Oh no, we are only playing," they said. Ketpusye'genau went to the brook and got a smooth, slippery stone. He got the lights of a moose. Ketpusye'genau spoke to it, "When I cover my father with you, you are not to tear at all. Stay as I put you." Their father was asleep; they covered him with the lights; each boy held it down on one side. They put fire to the fat. The big stone from the brook they put at the door to keep their father from going out. The old man burned, burned. When he was all cold and his bones only were left, they gathered up the bones and pounded them into powder on the door stone and threw the powder into the air. "Become mosquitoes," they said. "The way you ate our mother so will you eat people to the end of the world." Because the bones that became mosquitoes were pounded on the door stone, mosquitoes are sure to get into a house through the door.

The boys went back to their grandmother. "Where are your father and grandfather?" she asked. "What have you done to them?" — "You wont see them again," said Ketpusye'genau. "Now I have to settle you, too." He took a tomahawk and killed the old lady.<sup>1</sup>

They made a little canoe, arm long. Ketpusye'genau spoke to it, "I want you to become a great big canoe, for two men." Next morning when they got up, there was a big canoe, with paddles. They got into it and went down the brook. When they came to some falls, there was a bear camp. On one side of the falls stood Old Man Bear, with a hook; on the other side stood Old Woman Bear, also with a hook. They would hook any canoe passing down. As they got there, Ketpusye'genau said to his brother, "You paddle, while I break the hooks." He cut the hooks away with his tomahawk, and they went down the falls.

Now they had to get out of the canoe; there was no water. They came to a wigwam, Marten's wigwam. "Where is the water?" they asked Marten. "Bull-frog (*ablegému*) has taken the water. For every bucket of water any one wants he has to give a girl to Bull-frog."<sup>2</sup> "Send this little boy to Bull-frog," said Ketpusye'genau. "Tell him that a stranger has come who wants some water." The little boy went. Bull-frog said, "What stranger that? Where from? You want the water for yourself." — "No," said the little boy, "for the stranger." So Bull-frog put some water in a muscle shell. The little boy carried

1. There appears to be some confusion in telling about the murders: according to Rand, the father is killed first, shut in and burned, and then the grandfather is killed by being smothered with the membrane from moose intestine.

2. Familiar to Lucy Pictou.

it carefully, but he was so thirsty he kept putting his finger in it and carrying his finger to his mouth. When he got back the shell was but half full. "Is that all the water he sends?" said Ketpusye'genau. "Keep it for yourself. I'll go to him." So Ketpusye'genau went to Bull-frog. The girls were sitting all around, and Bull-frog felt fine to be sitting there with so many girls. "I want two buckets of water," said Ketpusye'genau. "No, you can not have them," said Bull-frog. So Ketpusye'genau struck the *wisgondi*<sup>1</sup> and all the water ran out. He pinned down Bull-frog and broke his back in three places. "Don't you shorten the water any more,"<sup>2</sup> he said to him.<sup>3</sup>

The two went on. They walked three days to the north, where it was very cold. They met one going with his legs bent, waddling from side to side, Malh'u'chiegan'. "Look at him. Doesn't he look awful bad?" they said. "Where have you been?" asked Ketpusye'genau. "To my brother's." Ketpusye'genau killed him with his tomahawk. He put him on his back and said, "We'll have him for a door." They went on and met an old man, an old woman and their daughter. The old woman said, "Your brother Malh'u'chiegan' doesn't come back. Go look for him!" Ketpusye'genau said, "Perhaps this is the one you are looking for," and he threw him off his back. The girl cried out. She stuck out her tongue, snakes and frogs came out of their faces,<sup>4</sup> to frighten Ketpusye'genau. The old man was mad. "I won't keep you here," he said. He was a witch. He said, "North, I want you to give me such a frost tonight that those fellows will freeze as hard as stone." Ketpusye'genau and his brother gathered wood, a big pile. They made a wigwam alongside those people from their bundles of moose hide and bear hide, and they made a big fire inside. It was a cold night. Ketpusye'genau kept up the fire. He opened up all their *wisgondi*, and put the grease on the fire. He could see Ice coming in. He cut Ice and threw him out. In the morning the old man said, "We'll go in to see those fellows, they must be frozen." He went in and found them just as well as ever. The old man said, "We're going to have another cold night." Again he asked North to help him, to help him more. Ketpusye'genau and his brother hunted for wood from morning to night. It was an awful cold night. Ketpusye'genau and his brother were all right. All the others froze.

Ketpusye'genau said to his brother, "We better leave; too cold

1. *Wiskwi*, bladder (Lucy Pictou); but the use of bladder containers appears unfamiliar to Mrs. Morris.

2. In time of drought, as in the summer of 1922, when for three months there was no rain, recalling this story, people will say, *Ablege'mu tep'ginnuset* (Bull-frog moon).

3. Cp. Speck 4: 480-481; Leland, 114-118.

4. Cp. Leland, 38.

here. " So they left that place. They found their canoe. They went to an island and found another town. There they lived many years, until Ketpusye'genau's brother grew so old he turned into stone, and Ketpusye'genau himself turned into stone. *Kespiahdduksitkik*,<sup>1</sup> that's the last end.

## 2. GUGUS' DUEL.<sup>2</sup>

*Sa'kis*,<sup>3</sup> long ago, in a wigwam lived a married woman. After she married she did not love her man. She had one baby. She took a notion to leave her husband. She took the little boy with her. She made a camp off in the woods where nobody would see her. Her husband went to look for her. She did not like him to come, so one night she killed him. She made a flake, and put him up on it.<sup>4</sup>

It was winter, and Gugus' started out. He walked, walked, three days. The woman's little boy went out, he came back and told his mother that somebody was coming bigger than a tall tree. The woman said, " Oh, my God ! we are gone [done for] now. " She told her little boy to lie down in the wigwam, in the *waliskamik*<sup>5</sup> and she went out to meet Gugus'. She met him and she said, " *Dada*,<sup>6</sup> are you coming back ? " — " Yes, my daughter. " — " I have been wanting to see you for a long time. " <sup>7</sup> Gugus' said, " I am so big. I must lie down and only my head can come into your wigwam. Have you anything good to eat ? " — " Yes, I killed a moose two or three months ago. " So she gave him her husband to eat. Gugus' was well content. " Well now, my daughter, " he said, " I am going to tell you something. Another Gugus' is coming after me in three weeks. " The woman said, " What shall we do ? " Gugus' said, " You dig some hard clay, and when that Gugus' comes, close your ears with the clay.<sup>8</sup> And cut down big trees, ten big round ones and sharpen them at the ends. " The woman cut down the ten trees and sharpened the ends. " Now make a hammer, " said Gugus', " a great big one. Tomorrow at noon (*miaulaugwit*)<sup>9</sup> we shall hear him hooting

1. This is properly the conclusive sentence of every tale. (Cp. Rand I : 75, 80.)

2. Informant, Mary Madeleine Newel Poulet of Whycomagh. Aged 76.

3. This is the regular introductory word for tales when properly told.

4. Cp. Speck 5 : Table of Ethnological Comparisons. Corpse on scaffold in winter; Rand I : 296.

5. That is, far from the entrance, above the "kitchen", on your right as you enter.

6. Vocative for father.

7. Obviously this is the ruse of softening the heart of the enemy by affectionate greeting. Cp. Rand I : 190.

8. Cp. Rand I : 145.

9. Literally, shadow short.

The other periods of the day are called : *wech'gwab püni'ya*, break day ; *aruddahü-  
nia'*, near sunrise ; *segehwat*, sun comes out ; *kiskadibu'yet*, sun stands up now ;  
(translated as 9 o'clock) : *pemkakmiaulagwelich*, he has passed it (translated as 2  
o'clock or after dinner) ; *algwasihettak*, sundown.

ho-o ! o ! ' You better roll yourself and your little boy in moose hide and close your eyes. "

Next day that Gugus' came and the first Gugus' met him. They took the big pointed sticks and fought with each other. They broke up all the sticks, still they could not kill each other. The first Gugus' took the hammer the woman had made, the other Gugus' had his hammer with him. (Gugus' always carry a hammer.) They fought with these hammers, and the first Gugus' killed the stranger Gugus'. Then the woman and her little boy got up and built a fire and burned up the Gugus'. They burned every bit of him except his hard heart ; that would not cook. For ten days they kept burning it, but it would not burn.<sup>2</sup> Now the other Gugus' said, " My daughter, I am going to leave you. " He gave her a little knife. " If you see a moose, point this little knife at him, and he will fall. In this way you can make your living. If you like, I will make your little boy a Gugus' as big as I am. " The woman said, " All right. " She told her son, " Go with our father. " A Gugus' has no clothes ; he is all fur, and his hair falls down long over half his body. (He has a face like a monkey.) ' Gugus' stood up outside, he said to the little boy, " Take off all your clothes (they were moose-hide clothes) and give them to your mother. " The little boy went out and took off his clothes and gave them to his mother. Gugus' lifted up the little boy and stroked him with his hand,<sup>4</sup> and there was the little boy covered with fur. The little boy went away with Gugus',<sup>5</sup> and the woman went back to where she had lived before, leaving her son with Gugus'.

### 3. THE SERPENT HORN.<sup>6</sup>

Long ago people were living, with one son and one daughter. Here an old man| was a witch. He had the big red horn of *abichkam'*.<sup>7</sup> He

1. " That sound we call *keduk*. "

2. Here the narrator, and the daughter who was listening, laughed heartily. That Gugus' heart was too hard to burn was a humorous flourish. Cp. Rand I : 196, 248.

3. Cp. Hagar 2 : 170.

4. In this stroking was the transforming principle.

5. Circumstances hurried the close, otherwise I think the other steps in the transformation, such as the increase in stature, would have been more detailed.

6. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris. Cp. Rand I : no. 7.

7. *Abichkam'* or *chibeshkam'* (*jibichka'*, N. S.) are snakes that live in big swamps rooting in trees. Mrs. Morris has never seen one. Every *chibeshkam'* has a big red or yellow horn. This horn has magical application (See p. 61) and such a horn was part of the outfit of a witch (*bu'owin*). See pp. 63, 95-96. Cp. Rand I : 12, 25, 53, 116 *chepêchcalon*) Also, for Passamaquoddy and Penobscot, Leland, 85 n. 1, 326, 346. The serpent dance described by Hagar (Micmac Customs and Traditions pp. 36-7, *American Anthropologist*, VIII, 1895) refers, I surmise, not to the rattlesnake, but to

told the young men not to put this witch horn on their head. But one young man put the horn to his head, and it closed on it, and he couldn't take the horn out. "Old grandfather," he said, "you pull that out." But the witch could not pull it out, and the horn began to grow. It grew so long it tangled around the trees.<sup>1</sup> This boy's sister did not know what to do for her brother. She went to the shore, picked up shells, and carried them to the wigwam. With them she tried to saw off the horn, but she could not. Again she went out on the shore, on a long point. On a stone standing up in the water, she loosened her hair to comb it. After she combed her hair, she lay down on the stone. It was nice and hot, summertime. She went to sleep. Tooth-fish (*wibidemuk*,<sup>2</sup> *wibid*, tooth) lived far away from there, but he was going past in a canoe, and saw the girl. He put his paddle under her and lifted her into the canoe. When she woke up, she was far out to sea. The boy who stole her said, "You need not cry. I am going to treat you well at home. I have a good mother and good sisters." They reached his island. He made her his wife. There they were two years. They had a little baby.

She was uneasy about her brother, there was no way for her to get back to see him.

At the girl's home they built seven canoes, fast canoes. In each went two men, they went to the island where the girl was. With them they took some mosquitoes and some flies. When they got there, they sent a fly to the girl. They said to the fly, "You go to that wigwam. You are so small they won't know what you come for. Tell her that her brothers have come after her with seven canoes." The fly flew to the girl and around her, but she did not understand what he was saying and she chased him away from her child. He flew back to the men. They sent a mosquito. It flew into her hair near her ear. She understood the mosquito. She picked up some of the baby's things, and made them into a bundle. She said she was going to the other side of the island to pick berries. Her sister-in-law said, "I am going with you." — "No, I can go alone." She started, and she reached her brothers and jumped into a canoe. They started across the water, one hundred miles. When Toothfish came home in the evening, he asked, "Where is my wife?" His sister said, "She went with the baby to the other side of the island." When Tooth-fish got there, the canoes were far away; he could barely see them. He ran home and said, "They have taken away my wife." An old man and some other witches jumped into the water to try to get her back. One fellow in canoe said, "They are chasing us now. What shall we

this mythic horned snake. In a Hopi folktale (in ms.) the horn of the horned snake or plumed serpent is used for bewitchment, to cause flood.

1. Cp. Rand I: 196.

2. *Wibidmegwu'*, shark (Lucy Pictou; also Rand 2).

do ? " When they came up to the canoes she threw out a diaper. They liked it, they patted it, that delayed them. Again they overtook her, she threw out another diaper. They stopped, they patted it ; that delayed them. Again they overtook her. She threw out the baby's cap. That delayed them. When they were catching up to her for the third time, just before they reached her she jumped ashore. She was at home. Here she saw her brother still with that horn. He was worn out with it. She took hold of the horn and lifted it right off his head. Now her brother was all right. The old man never used the horn again.

They lived there some time. At last they were tired living there. They said, " We'll go to another place, where there'll be plenty moose, plenty grub. " They went to another place. Here people were playing with old head bones, playing ball with a skull. <sup>1</sup> (These were witches.) These witches asked the strangers to play with them. They killed the strangers, seven or eight of their young men. They moved away again, they couldn't live there where the witches were. From there they scattered. <sup>2</sup> That's the end.

(Variant) <sup>3</sup>

*Sq'kis'sarawe u'dan*, long ago at an old encampment, Gluskap stayed with his sister. The boys go to see the girl. She wants to get married, but Gluskap will not allow her to marry. So an old woman witch (*bu'owin*) witched Gluskap, stuck a snake horn (*chibichkam' chumul*) to his head. The girl went to the shore at low tide, to look for shells to cut off her brother's horn. She lay down on a rock and went to sleep. The tide came in. In came *Wibidimuk* (he has a long tail) in a canoe. He placed his paddle under the girl and lifted her into the canoe. He took her to a big island where she stayed with his mother and father and sister.

Big wood there where Gluskap was staying. They built three canoes. The white duck (*tama' rani*), <sup>4</sup> the black ducks (*apchis' kamuch*), and the loons built them. Partridge made the bottoms tight (*toktolit* <sup>5</sup>). They went to look for that woman. In about three years (*bunhuk*) they came to the other side of the island. Loon sent Fly (*wiches'*), saying, " Tell her to come over to us. We'll take her home. " Fly sang around the baby, ksh ! ksh ! She waved him away. When Fly came back they asked, " What did she say ? " — " She threw me

1. Cp. Speck 3 : 228 ; Leland, 125.

2. Cp. Leland, 299.

3. Informant, Mary Madeleine Newell Poulet.

4. *Tamagani*, shellduck (Rand 2).

5. Cp. Leland, 293.

out. " They sent Mosquito (*ka'lamuech*). [Unfinished, as the rest of the story was said to be the same as that already recorded.]

#### 4. THE BOY WHO PLAYED THE FLUTE.<sup>1</sup>

*Sa'kis'*, in a camp lived Bear woman and her grandchildren, Marten (*abista'neuch*) and a boy (*ba'dush*<sup>2</sup>), *Mis'gwagehbu'ch*. This boy could play a big flute (*pipuhwa'xan*).<sup>3</sup> Whenever the people went hunting, the best part of the game they would give to *Mis'gwagehbu'ch*. Now one woman said to her man, " The next time you come bringing moose meat, I wont give any of it to that boy. " *Mis'gwagehbu'ch* heard what she said. He kept the stock of moose and caribou. He was a witch (*bu'owin*), so he made the animals stay away.

He said to his grandmother and Marten, " Let us go away into the woods. " His grandmother said, " What shall we take with us ? " — " Only a little pot and a moose-hide tent. " *Mis'gwagehbu'ch* himself takes his bag of *chibeshkam'*<sup>4</sup> bones and snake bones, and all kinds of bones, *all kinds of bones*, that's what he takes. In the woods he builds a wigwam. He calls the moose. " Come alongside my door, " he tells the moose. Next morning there is a moose alongside the door, and Marten kills him.

Now all the people follow *Mis'gwagehbu'ch*, to stay with him again. They all go in canoes to an island. There they left *Mis'gwagehbu'ch* alone. After staying there one year he called the whale. Whale came. " Grandfather, " said *Mis'gwagehbu'ch*, " put me back on the shore where I was before. " Whale comes close in to the shore where *Mis'gwagehbu'ch* is standing with his bow and two arrows and his pipe in his mouth. Whale comes in so close that he founders, and he begins to cry. *Mis'gwagehbu'ch* said, " Grandfather, don't cry, we will get off by and by. " He filled his pipe with tobacco and gave it to Whale to smoke.<sup>5</sup> After Whale got through smoking, *Mis'gwagehbu'ch* slipped his bow and arrows under Whale and pushed him off into deeper water. Whale was so glad he said, " Grandchild (*nuij*), come and sit on my back. " That boy sat down on Whale's back and Whale took him to his own shore. There the boy got off Whale and landed. Whale said, " Good bye (*adi'o*), Grandchild. "

*Mis'gwagehbu'ch* went to the camp of his grandmother and Mar-

1. Informant, Mary Madeleine Newell Poulet. Cf. Rand I : nos. 46, 50.

2. Boy under 13.

3. About two and half feet long, with six stops. It was made of alder. Cp. Speck 6: 257; Rand I : 353, 361.

4. See p. 60.

5. The idea of Whale smoking was comical to the narrator's daughter who was listening. " How can a whale smoke ? " she exclaimed. " *That day he smoked*, " her mother firmly repeated. Cp. Rand I : 229; Leland, 35.

ten. There was nobody there. Mis'gwagehbu'ch puts his finger into the ashes, he asks the ashes, "How long have they been gone?" The ashes answer, "One year." He walks, it grows dark, he finds the ashes of another camp. Again he asks the ashes, "How long have they left here?" The ashes say, "They have been gone twenty-four days." He walks on, he comes to another camp, he asks the ashes again how long they gone. "Seven days."

Their chief was going ahead of them, that was Antawesk,<sup>1</sup> with his wife, that was Niskwachech.<sup>2</sup> Their baby she carried in a cradle<sup>3</sup> on her back. Far behind came the old woman and Marten. She carried Marten on her back. It was winter and the day was cold. Marten was looking backwards, he saw his brother coming. He called out, "*Anjijah! Anjijah!*" The old woman said, "Shut up! You will never see your brother again. Don't you know that he was left behind on the far side of the island? Shut up!" But Marten kept on calling out. So the old woman threw him down into the snow. "Shut up!" said the old woman.

Now Mis'gwagehbu'ch overtook them. He came up and said, "Grandmother, leave my younger brother (*nchiganum*) alone.... Grandmother, who keeps you? Who gets things for you?" — "Antawesk," said the old lady. "Poor Marten! he has to get water for Antawesk wherever we go. He has to get water from the snow. If he doesn't bring clean water, the chief throws the water into his face. 'Get clean water,' he says." Mis'gwagehbu'ch said to Marten, "You take the dish and get dirty water and piss into it and take it to the chief. I will be standing next to you, he won't see me." Marten went after some dirty water and carried it to the chief and gave it to him. The chief said, "*Ekseh! Ekseh!* I can't drink that!" Then Marten struck the dish up into the chief's face. The chief stood up. Marten called out, "My brother (*nsi's*), my brother!" Marten turned around. Antawesk asked, "Where is your shoulder blade?" — "Not in my backsides, but above my back."<sup>4</sup> Now Mis'gwagehbu'ch showed himself. "I have come myself," he said to the chief. "What shall we do? Shall we fight?" The chief did not want to fight. So Mis'gwagehbu'ch told Marten to take the chief's baby and throw her into the fire. "Burn her up." Marten threw the child into the fire. Now the chief was mad. "This time we are going to fight,"

1. A black bird with a red crest and a red ring around his throat. Yellow woodpecker (Rand I : 301).

2. A brown bird with white on her neck. "She had beads on then [at the time of the story], got them yet."

3. *Ki'naron*. It was made of thick bark, with strings of dyed eel skin. No longer in use. The swing-cradle is still in use. (See Rand I : 288.)

4. From here on the narrator felt hurried, and the meaning of this turn in the tale I lost.



he said. They made ice shelters [to fight behind]. The next morning they started to fight with bow and arrows. Mis'gwagehbu'ch killed the chief and all his people. Only himself and Marten and their grandmother were left.

#### 5. STAR HUSBANDS<sup>1</sup> : SUCKER-MAN.

There were two girls all the boys wanted to marry. They were the prettiest<sup>2</sup> girls of the encampment. The older sister (*nèmi's*) said to the younger sister (*kwejiſ*) (she was the prettier one), "We better go away. Many boys are coming after you, and you don't want to get married. We better go." So they went. They built a shelter camp to stay in overnight. They made a little fire, and one lay down on one side, one on the other. There were many stars in the skies. As they lay looking up at the stars, Younger sister said, "Older sister, which star would you like to have for your husband, lying with you in the morning?" Older sister said, "That biggest star." Younger sister said, "Oh, that one is ugly." Older sister said, "Well, which would you have?" Younger sister said, "That smallest star." Then they went to sleep.

When they awoke, Older sister saw lying beside her a handsome fellow, and Younger sister saw by her an ugly old man. He said to her, "Don't move your feet; <sup>3</sup> in that bark dish there is medicine for my eye." <sup>4</sup> Younger sister said to him, "I have nothing to give you for breakfast." The old man said, "All right." Both men went out for moose. While they were gone, one sister said to the other, "We better run away. If we can meet Waname'kuli, <sup>5</sup> we shall be safe."

So they left. They came to a wigwam. In it Younger sister saw the neck bone of a moose. She pissed <sup>6</sup> in it. That bone was a *sinama'ju*. <sup>7</sup> Sinama'ju said, "I am going to eat you, suck you." Younger sister said to Older sister, "Hide me inside the door boughs (*sidadnipsi*). <sup>8</sup> They heard Sinama'ju repeat, "Hide me inside the door boughs." Younger sister said, "Put the fire out, put me inside, cover me up, light a little fire on top." Sinama'ju said, "She told her sister to

1. Informant, Mary Madeline Newell Poulet. Heard from her mother, Mary Doucet Newell. Cp. Rand : nos 20, 55.

2. In another connection a woman was referred to as "good-looking, white, slim," as contrasted with another who was "old, stout woman."

3. As they were near his head, in the conventional sleeping position.

4. Laughter here, over this comic touch.

5. He has a lot of hair, like Gugus' (see p. 60), and big hands.

6. Mrs Poulet first said that Younger sister sat on the stone; but she accepted the correction of her daughter who was present. "Nicer to say 'sit,' " she commented.

7. "Sucker man" was all the information available. Rand translates, drinker of blood, p. 319.

8. Put into the entrance as a door.

put the fire out, and put her inside and cover her up and light a little fire on top. " Older sister said, " I can't hide you. They hear every word we say. We are going to start. " They went and they met Waname'kuli. " Braid me inside your hair, " Younger sister said. " Nobody can find me there. " So Waname'kuli hid her in his hair. Now Sinama'ju came up. He saw Waname'kuli and he snuffed at him. He said to Waname'kuli, " I smell a woman on you. " — " Of course, " said Waname'kuli, " I slept with my wife last night. " — " Well, " said Sinama'ju, " I am going to suck you all out. " — " All right, " said Waname'kuli, " if you can suck that big white stone over there, you may suck me, too. " So Sinama'ju tried to suck the big white stone ; but he could not suck the stone. Waname'kuli said, " You can't suck that stone, you had better go home. " After Sinama'ju left, Younger sister came out of Waname'kuli's hair and both girls went back to their own encampment.

(Variant) <sup>2</sup>

There were three wigwams on the shore. The girls would gather ground nuts (*sëbëgen*) <sup>3</sup> and the boys speared eels which they dried for eel soup. They also ate wild pease (*halauweh'asi*). Two sisters went gathering ground nuts far into the woods. At last they got lost. They tried to reach the shore, but they couldn't find it. They slept wherever they were. At last after three days they found the shore, and there stood a single wigwam. Inside, the ground was covered with boughs and there was a little sand in the middle for the fire. On one side was a little neck bone, and a little distance away was another, and farther still, another. The girls heard somebody say, " *Chilahch*. " <sup>4</sup> — " The bones are speaking, " said the younger sister. " Oh, they are no good, " said the older sister. But the younger sister said, " They might be somebody. " — " No, there is nobody here, " said the older sister. " I am going to urinate into the bone. " .. The younger sister got frightened.

So they left, and walked till late when they made a place to sleep. They heard somebody say, " I see that girl with the red crack, who

1. Accompanied by a quick movement forward of the right hand. This gesture belonged in the tale, it was repeated several times in elucidating.

2. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris. Cp. Rand 1 : 164-5.

3. See Rand 1 : 160.

4. Sit down higher up, i. e. opposite the door (See Rand 1 : 3, 9) " High folks sit there. " A guest of any consideration is asked to sit there. He may answer, " I don't mind, " and sit down in a less honorable place in the wigwam. When our wigwam was visited by the Grand Chief and by the chief visiting from Prince Edward Island a cloth was spread down for them in *gadahmo'*, the position of honor, or as close to it as possible. As a matter of fact an American trunk occupied the *gadahmo'*.

urinated on me. I am going to kill her." Older sister said to younger sister, "Hide me under the *gah'nipsi* (the poles on either side of the entrance). They heard somebody say, "Now she is going to hide under the *gah'nipsi*." Younger sister said, "He can hear whatever you say." Older sister said, "Put the fire out. Hide me there." As soon as that *sinma'ju* came in, he stamped out the fire, and found the girl and sucked all of her, leaving only the bones.

Younger sister ran away. She met Kigwa'ju.<sup>1</sup> "Dear brother," she said, "Hide me, That sucking man is chasing me." — "I can't hide you." — "Yes, you better hide me." So Kigwa'ju tangled up his garter and dropped it down from the tree. He said, "If you can undo the knot in time, I will save you." The girl undid the knot quickly. Sinma'ju was near. Down came Kigwa'ju and let down his long hair and hid the girl in it. Up came Sinma'ju and said, "I smell something." — "What do you smell?" — "I smell something like a girl or woman about you." — "No, you can't smell that. I never have a girl about me." — "Well, I am going to suck you," said Sinma'ju. "If you can suck that large white stone,<sup>2</sup> you can suck me," said Kigwa'ju. Sinma'ju could not suck that stone, so he had to go away. The girl said to the bird, "Open your hair now, and let me out. I will try to find my home now."

She started away. Sinma'ju saw her going. Sinma'ju cannot go into water at all. The girl came to a wide river. There she saw Crane (*tūmgwa'ligunich*, heron) standing. She said to him, "Dear Crane, put me across this river." — "I cannot," said Crane. "Do, dear, Sinma'ju has killed my sister, now he is after me." Crane asked the girl, "How is my neck?" — "It is straight and handsome." — "How is my back?" — "It is straight, good looking." — "How are my feet?" — "You have fine feet." — "How are my wings?" — "Your wings are nice and fast." — "How is my nose?" — "It is good to spear fish." — "How is my long neck?" — "It is shapely." So Crane let the girl walk across on his neck.

Up came Sinma'ju and found Crane. "My goodness, I smell you," said Sinma'ju, "did you put a girl across?" — "No." — "Oh yes. You put a girl on the other side not long ago. Put me over because you put that girl over. That was my dinner." — "No," said Crane, "I wont put you over." — "Yes," said Sinma'ju, "I'll pay you for it. I'll give you one of my sisters." — "Your sisters are too thin. I don't care for them." — "I'll give you a suit of clothes covered all over with beads." — "I don't wear beads." — "I'll give you some handsome feathers." Now Crane liked feathers,

1. Badger (Rand 1: 162); but my informant could not translate the word, she seemed to think it meant a bird of some kind.

2. *Wahloskesau*. This kind of stone is pure white, like milk.

so he said he would put Sinma'ju across ; but first he asked, " Have I a straight neck ? " — Sinma'ju said, " No, your neck is not quite straight. You have an awful crooked throat. " Crane stretched his neck across the river. When Sinma'ju was half-way across on it, Crane shook himself and threw Sinma'ju into the deep water. So the girl was saved. She reached a camp and told them how her sister had been killed. Two boys took her home in a canoe.

#### 6. CRANE BETRAYS BADGER, AND OTHER ADVENTURES OF BADGER.<sup>1</sup>

They were jealous of Badger. That is why the birds took him up into the air to kill him.<sup>2</sup> But Badger called himself back. He said, " My head come," and his head joined his neck. " My brain come," and his brain went into his head. " My eyes come ! " and his eyes went into their sockets. " My two arms come ! " and they came. " My two legs come ! " and they came. " My heart come ! " and his heart came and went in. " My belly come ! " and his belly came. " My guts go into my belly ! " and his guts came and went in. " My penis come ! " and that came. Badger was alive again.

He set out. He met Crane, standing by a deep brook. He said, " Brother, stretch out your neck for me to cross on." Crane asked him, " Are my legs nice and straight ? " — " No, your legs are crooked." — " Is my neck straight ? " — " No, your neck is crooked." — " Is my tail nice and smooth ? " — " No, your tail is rough." Still Crane stretched his neck and Badger started across the brook on it. When he was half-way across Crane lowered his neck, and Badger fell off into the water. That was the time he almost died. But he dragged himself up on the bank, and lay down. " I wish I was at my house," he said. Flies came all over him. He was still

1. Informant Mary Madeline Newell Poulet. Cp. Rand 1 : 313-316.

2. This story was started after I read the last two incidents of the Badger story as recorded by Dr. Speck (1 : 66-69), either from Joe Julian or from John Joe, now deceased, a former acquaintance of Mrs. Poulet. She was very much pleased to hear his story. She said the story did not end there, and she proceeded to take up the thread of it.

The first of the two incidents, how Badger passes himself off as a woman, marries the chief's son, and pretends that a caribou foetus is his baby, was unfamiliar to Mrs. Poulet and to others, but the incident with the birds was familiar to several. One said that Badger was attacked by the birds because Badger had killed " the old lady when she was making lard. " (Cp. Rand 1 : 314). When Badger lost his cap, he said, " I am glad, I was tired of that cap. " When he lost his coat, he said, " I am glad. I was getting sweaty. " When he was carried into the air he sang :

" I see our land flat below.

On the water I see grub coming. "

On falling he begged, " Save my back bone. "

" Everybody here knows the story about Badger, " said another man, " that's a hell of a long story, most of it too dirty to tell you. "

stinking, not healed up yet altogether from his fall. And it was a warm day. Some girls were out picking berries. They said, "What is this thing stinking, full of flies?" Badger jumped up and shook himself.<sup>1</sup> He said, "I was asleep. I am sick." And he asked the girls to help him across.<sup>2</sup>

Then he met his brother. His brother said to him, "I am glad you have come. I am going to be married today." — "All right," said Badger, "I have a good place for you all to eat. Go up into me." So they [the wedding party] go up into his belly. Badger tries to see them, he tries to look up into himself.<sup>3</sup> "Oh, my sister-in-law! I wish I could see her. All I can see is just a bit of her wedding dress."<sup>4</sup> When they came out, Badger said, "I gave you a good room for your wedding, now you pay me by taking care of me the rest of my life."

#### 7. UGLUCHOPT : THUNDER-BIRDS.<sup>5</sup>

An old man lived up towards the north. He could not move. Nobody looked after him except the *wikulamuj*,<sup>6</sup> he was living far out in the woods. He had a fire in the middle of his wigwam. Those witches looked after the old man, Ugluchopt. They got porcupine, (awful sweet meat), for the old man. Once they put wood on the fire it would burn for forty or fifty years. Some men from here wanted to go to visit him. They said, "We'll take some strong fellows." They picked seven men, they went in a large canoe about fourteen feet long. They paddled, paddled, for seven weeks. They left the canoe on the shore, and started to walk. They walked a fortnight. At last they reached the old man. One went on ahead. He said, "*Gweh!*" — "*Chilidahdidich*, come right in up all of you. From how far have you come?" — "On water seven weeks, fortnight walking. We have come to visit you." The old man was glad. They stayed all evening. The old man said, "I cannot move. I cannot get anything for you. You must help yourselves. I have been lying this way six hundred years." Any visitor coming once in fifty years or one hundred years would turn the old man over, help him. He said, "There is a bucket (*widjkaju*), a pot, and a bark dish. Get them yourself, my children." They stayed there three days. They built up his fire for him, they put on a big log and piled small pieces of wood in front at right angles.

1. Cp. Rand 1 : 167, 313.

2. This incident may be unfinished. The narrator showed some uncertainty.

3. Pantomime by narrator.

4. This touch was excessively comic to the narrator, who repeated it several times, with laugh and chuckles.

5. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris; cp. Rand 1 : 234, 256.

6. See p. 96.

They left three armfuls of wood alongside. Now they were ready to go back.

The old man said, "I am very glad you came to visit me." They said, "Well, Grandfather, we came to see if you would help us to have luck (*aiwani*). We want different kinds of medicine." He asked them to turn him. They turned him. There were roots growing out of the side they turned. The old man said to the first man, "What do you want?" He put his hand in the old man's hand and said, "I want you to make me live long." The old man said, "All right, my child. Walk out, stand about fifteen yards from my wigwam." He went out. When he wanted to go back, he could not move. "What do you want?" the old man said to the next fellow, "what luck?" — "I want to be a good doctor." The old man said, "Take one of the little roots of my body. When you want to doctor, speak to it, say, 'Root, you cure the person for me'. Dip the root in water and give the water to the sick person to drink." The third man wanted to be able to walk or run very fast. The next wanted to hunt easily and fish. The next wanted to get money easily. The next wanted to find easily good trees for wood to make handles and tubs with, and for bark, and to be smart at canoe making. To each the old man gave a root. They shook hands with him, they said, "Now we'll go back where we came from." When they went outside, they saw a great big tree with thick bark, as if it had been standing there always. That was the fellow who was asking for a long life.

They walked three days, and three nights. They came to another wigwam. In it were an old lady and an old man. They said, "We better stop here for the night." The old lady said, "These are the first men we have seen for a long time." The old man said, "You better get supper for them. They are tired." In the evening their six sons came. These six boys had been out hunting. They had another camp alongside with plenty of boughs spread on it, with deer skins and bear skins. The old man said to the boys, "You better take them to your wigwam." Each stranger boy slept with a boy of the wigwam. In the morning they went into the old man's wigwam. All their wet moccasins were dry, the old lady had dried them all. After breakfast they said, "We better go now." The old man said, "Your canoe is so far out the boys better carry you on their backs." Each boy squatted down, and took one of the strangers on his back. The old lady said to the youngest fellow, "Now, don't make too much light nor too much noise, you are the one who makes all the light and noise. Be careful! you might scare them." They were the thunders (*katuga*). As birds they flew away up to the skies, making a great deal of rain, a great deal of noise. At last they flew down easily where the canoe was. They dropped the strangers off and the six thunder birds went back with a great big noise and with lightning.

They got into their canoe. They brought back the story about the one who wanted to live long. They said, "We left him there, a big tree. He won't die soon." All that they had wished for came to them.

(Variant) <sup>1</sup>

*Sah, sah, sah*, long, long, long ago, seven men said, "We better go to see Uglochoť so we may be better off." They went in a canoe, went along many days. They took a notion to come to shore. They landed. One man built a fire, they cooked their dinner. After dinner they smoked their pipes, lying down. One man heard something tapping. There were a thousand million people <sup>2</sup> in the sand, making pictures in stone. "Look, what is there." The people stopped working. "What are you doing?" — "Making pictures in stone." They had made pictures of the canoe and of everything in it and of the men themselves. Each man took his own picture. They asked them where they were going. "To see Grandfather Uglochoť." (He is the same age as the world, living yet, <sup>3</sup> pretty hard to see him though.)

The men left the canoe, started to walk, walked for twenty days. One morning they came to a big wigwam made of big poles. On one side of the wigwam lay Uglochoť on his side, *old, old* man. He saw those men. He said, "Come in, sit down." The seven men sat down around the wigwam. Uglochoť took his pipe, smoked it without lighting it, gave it to each man in turn. At the end it was not a bit burned out, just as at the start. Uglochoť says, "I am glad you have come. I haven't been turned for two hundred years, lying all this time on one side. What do you want?" One man says, "I want to live in this world forever." — "All right, you see those big trees? Go out and stand alongside.... What do you want?" he asked the next man. "To be a good doctor." The others wanted to be a good runner, good hunter, good trapper, good worker to make a good living, maker of fast canoes.<sup>4</sup> "All right," says Uglochoť, "Go out, get two big sticks to turn me on." (His fire was not out, nor his pipe filled for two hundred years.) They went, got two sticks, turned him over. He said, "Take little roots off my body, keep them." They got the roots. They said goodbye,

1. Informant, Mary Madeleine Newell Poulet. Mrs. Poulet combines our nos. 7 and 8, as told separately by her daughter.

After telling this story Mrs. Poulet asked me not to tell any one on the Island that she had told about Uglochoť. I got the impression that Uglochoť was more than a folk-tale personage.

2. See p. 96.

3. Mrs. Poulet's daughter commented, "I don't believe he is living now."

4. She enumerated the men as she went along on her fingers, beginning with the little finger of the right hand.

went out. They saw a big oak tree that would stand forever, that was the man who first went out.

They went on, came to a wigwam with two doors. They wanted to stay overnight. "No, we can't keep you overnight," the man said. "We are busy overnight." — "What are you doing?" — "Overnight we are singing. The bones of the animals you have in the woods, I am singing for them to get their life back." He puts out the fire, he sings. He takes out a moose bone. The moose jumps out. Caribou, mink, all come back to life. This man *Waisis ketdu'muwaji chi'num* (animals bring back man) makes them all live again.

These six men walked on two days, they came to another camp late in the day. They found the old lady sitting there, the old man sitting there. The old lady says, "Stay overnight. The boys are not home yet. We've got six boys. You stay overnight." The boys all came home in the evening. The old man says, "You better help these strangers." The boys say, "Are you ready to go?" — "Yes." The old woman went out, she told the youngest boy, her pet, "Don't you be too fast, too loud, you are the one who makes the big lightning." Each goes on the back of one of these boys. They went easily. They were thunders. So they went, with big lightning, heavy wind, heavy storm. They were only three or four minutes on the way. They reached their canoe. They went home. They are the ones who make our living for us.<sup>1</sup>

#### 8. BRINGS-BACK-ANIMALS.<sup>2</sup>

There was a large Indian town near by. No Indians scattered out from it, they stayed in that one place all the time. They had canoes. They torched on the river for salmon, trout, eels. They used moose meat, dried it, toasted it on the fire to brown it, like bread. When any white people came to the shore, they ran away afraid. Two fellows said, "We're going to see if there are any people elsewhere." — "When are you coming back?" — "Oh, we'll come back when we find other people". — "What way shall we go?" — "To the south." They walked, walked, walked. They had bows and arrows and hatchets. Nobody could kill them. They kept going for about a fortnight. One of them sat down and smoked his stone pipe with *nes-pibahan* roots in it. As he smoked and listened, he said, "I taste Indians somewhere (they were witches). We'll go down that way". They found a wigwam which was looked after by Hamaja'lu."<sup>3</sup> Where are you from?" — "There are many where we are, but

1. Meaning, presumably, that these men introduced the arts of life.

2. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris. Heard from Bessie Kremo Morris, wife of Mr. Morris' brother, of Sydney. She is "pure Indian."

3. See p. 96.



only this one wigwam here." It was a long wigwam with a door at each end. The man inside the wigwam said, "I have lived here since the world began. I have my grandmother, she was here when the world was made. This is a business wigwam." — "What is your work?" — "Oh, you will see me this evening when I start work. I cannot work now... Grandmother, make supper for these men quickly." The old lady got up and cooked some moose meat and ground nuts. The man was in a hurry. When they got through, the old lady put away the pots and spoons<sup>1</sup> and told them they could lie down along the wall of the wigwam [i. e., parallel with the wall, not with their heads to the wall.] She said, "We want this wigwam to use tonight." The man in the wigwam began to beat on bark and to sing. He said, "I am singing for the animals, all the animals, (*waisi's*<sup>2</sup>) to come alive, to come back to life, from all those parts, wings, heads, feet, that have been thrown away." He sang:

négane'sung'ul besikwia g'ul.  
what belongs to my feet I am losing,  
i. e., moccasins.

He stopped singing at daybreak. In the morning, he said to the visitors, "That is my work every night. I don't like to see people waste any part of the animals. They should save everything, they should save eel skins and other parts. What they can not save they should bury. They should not waste any hair or anything." He said, "My canoe is down on the shore." They went down to the shore. He said, "Do you want to see the fish come?" He took out a shell whistle. The bottom was very clear. They could see all kinds of fish. "These are my fish," he said. "They come from all those parts people throw away on the shore. I sing for them and they come back." Then they went back to the wigwam. They asked him, "Are there any more Indians around?" — "Yes." — "Well," they said, "we're going back home."

### 9. THEY FETCH SUMMER.<sup>3</sup>

*Sa'kis'*, *ki'sah*, long ago, in twenty wigwams people were living. On the top of the mountain there were *gugwe'sh*<sup>4</sup> camps and bear camps. People worked, making baskets, moccasins, canoes, and hunting moose, deer, fox, all kinds of fur animals; and people would die. When they died; they smoked them, and covered them

1. Wooden spoon, *elnoye empoujij*; large wooden spoon to serve with, *la'maxén*.

2. Probably *waichi'ch* (see Speck 7 : 272 n. 1) meaning little beasts or animal helpers.

3. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris.

4. See pp. 59-60.

with birch bark.<sup>1</sup> Every bit was covered with bark, not a hair left out, nothing could go in. They would put sticks of fox-fire (*lamkisson*) near them.

In one family the old man and old woman died, leaving one girl, three big boys, one little boy. The little boy grew to be about four years old. One evening he was asking, "Where is our mother? Where is our father." At last his sister told him, "Our mother has died, our father has died." She told him what they did with persons when they died. The little boy felt lonesome, he began to cry about his mother and father. He cried two days without stopping. At last the girl told her brother, "You better go for one of those old lady bears.<sup>2</sup> Tell her to come down to make our little brother stop crying." One of the boys went up and found an old lady bear and said, "Come down to help my sister. The baby is crying about our mother and father." The old lady bear came down, she left her own two little baby bears in their camp. The old lady bear took the little child in her lap, she started to sing :

Ba — ba — bo  
Ba — ba — bo.

At last the little boy went to sleep. In the morning he started to cry again. It was winter time, about March. The old lady bear told the boys to make a bow and arrow for the little boy. Still he would not stop crying. At last Bear woman asked the little fellow what he would like to make him stop crying. The little boy said, "If it was summer and you made it warm, I would not cry. Bring the little summer birds and the flowers. If you do that, I will not cry." The three brothers were Blue Jay, (*michaguwich*) Loon, and Otter. They went out to the west where the warm weather was. They took with them big bags of hide. Bear woman told them how to bring back the hot weather. They were to ask Sky for it. When they got there it was awful hot. They held up their bags to the sky and said, "Sky, fill our bags with hot air." They heard a voice saying to them, "Close your bags quickly. Go to my wigwam. Take a pair of birds of each kind, and a few plants, and take them home with you. When you got home, open your bags, and you will have my hot air there. If there is any snow, it will all go. Wherever you are, there will be no snow. After the snow is gone, spread out the little birds." When those boys came back, they opened their bags, and all of the snow melted. They put out the different kinds of little birds, nice summer birds. They made a nice garden for the little boy; pretty flowers of all kinds came out. Bear woman said, "Now I have to go home.

1. Cp. Speck 6 : Table of Ethnological Comparisons ; Rand 1 : 281.

2. *Kisikuwis muinesk'*, old woman bear woman. Lady, *samask'* (chief's wife, Rand 1 : XXXV). Mrs. Morris habitually said old lady for old woman.

Your brother won't cry any more. He's smiling, he forgets about his mother and father." The little boy got out his bow and arrow. There they stayed, hunting every day. The little boy grew up to be a big boy. He went to war, he became a chief, wore a shell medal. They had canoes, they crossed the ocean. They were fighting and killing lots of people.

*Gespiabdduksitkik.*

(Variant) <sup>1</sup>

The birds all met together to consult on which should go to the north after the Summer (*nibana'bus*). Which bird should bring Summer to the south? Which would fly the fastest? Partridge was swift, but he got lazy. He would not go. Dove was swift, too, but he made such a squeaky noise he was told to be quiet. Which was to carry Summer? Three little birds go. One of them is Jay (*michagu'wich*; Canadajay.)<sup>2</sup> He finds Summer asleep in a wigwam, between two old women who are guarding him. When..... sticks his beak through the wigwam wall, they burn it.<sup>3</sup>

10. FOX-FIRE. <sup>4</sup>

*Sa'kis' teliya'*, long ago it happened. There were a chief (*saramo'*) there and a captain (*kēpti'n'*). In a wigwam lived an old lady (*kisi-gowisk'*) and an old man (*kisigu'*). One morning the old lady started out to get some pine bark <sup>5</sup> for the fire. She saw a long log of fox fire (*lam'kisson*) and from it heard a squeal. *Gweh! gweh! gweh!* She was frightened. She thought it was ghosts (*skēdeh'gemuch*). She looked into it, and there she found a baby boy (*mijiwajij elbadujij*). She wiped off the moss he was packed in and she cut the little moose string off his neck (this was tied there to kill him). She put the child into her pointed cap (*knisgwechgigtux*), and carried him home. She told her old man, "I am going to keep this baby." Old man said, "All right. What are we going to feed him on?" — "On moose brains." That is what he ate until he was a year old.

This old lady was a witch (*bu'owin.*) She was awful strong. She knew what was going to happen ten days ahead. When the little fellow was two years old she made him strong too, she made him a

1. Informant, Lucy Pictou.

2. Meat-bird (Mr. Morris). Meat hawk (Rand 2).

3. Cp. p. 82. The rest of the tale was forgotten. "Perhaps it was Eagle who brought back Summer."

4. Informant, Mary Madeline Newell Poulet. Heard from her mother, Mary Doucet Newell.

5. Still used for tinder.

witch, too. She got a chipmunk (*abakah'ummich*),<sup>1</sup> she skinned it, she pounded the skin, pounded, pounded, to make it very soft. She said to it, " Chipmunk, do all I tell you to do for my son Lam'kisson (*'nkwi's* Lam'kisson). She gave the skin to the boy. She said to the skin, " You go ahead. Whatever you see come back and report to him, that he may know. " <sup>2</sup>

They were going to war. The Mohawks<sup>3</sup> (*gwedi'ch*) were ahead, the Micmacs, behind them. One captain asked the little fellow Fox-fire to go with him to cook. Every morning the captain would ask the little fellow, " What did you dream last night? Did you dream of any danger, of anything ahead of us? " <sup>4</sup> — " No, " said the little fellow. One morning when the captain asked, Fox-fire said, " No, but today we'll know. " They started. When they halted to rest, the captain said, " Now I want you to find out what is ahead of us. " The little boy said, " All right. " He had with him his leather pouch, and everything in it, *buowino'di*.<sup>5</sup> He took out the chipmunk skin and stroked it and spoke to it. " I want you to tell me what is ahead of us, what dangers. Go! " Then he [chipmunk] went. He came back and went straight into the boy's bosom and said, " It is dangerous. This captain will lose his head in two days, early in the afternoon. "

That same day they reached the place of fighting. They reached a big mountain, level on top. This side of the mountain the captain stopped. He would not fight until the following day. Lam'kisson said, " I am going to dance the war dance<sup>6</sup> on top of the mountain. " He went up there and danced. They fired at him, but they could not kill him. He came back and pulled out his shirt. The bottom of it bagged with shot which they fired at him and which did not go into him. He said to the captain, " My older brother (*'nsi's*), you can go now. " The captain went, he lost his head. The boy said, " They are going to come around us in the back. They have put on caribou feet (to make misleading tracks). " That day those Mohawks came round. The little boy told his company, " They are coming, but they wont see us. " As the Mohawks passed by, they lost their caribou feet. Then

1. Ground squirrel (Rand 1 : 161).

2. Cp. Speck 6 : 243, 251.

3. Pronounced Mohawkseo'.

4. Cp. Rand 1 : 144 n. 2; Speck 6 : 269. Among the Penobscot dreamers were often induced to accompany hunting or war parties in order to serve with their gifts of vision. It was only necessary for the dreamer to spend one night obtaining the answer that he desired.

5. His medicine bundle.

6. Nes'kawet. This is the chief's dance, translated here as " witch dance, " i. e., a war medicine dance.

Rand refers to the chiefs' dancing during the council at Chapel Island as *neshou-wadijik*. " They assert that during the ceremony the body of the dancer is impervious to a musket ball. " (Rand 1 : XXXI.)

the Micmacs got them. They put them on, and then they could go where they wanted. That's the end of it.

## II. THE INVISIBLE BOY.<sup>1</sup>

In a big, old Indian reservation,<sup>2</sup> there lived a boy and his sister with their father and mother. This boy no girl was ever able to see.<sup>3</sup> Every day the girls would do bead work, and they would go and try to see this boy. In one wigwam stayed three girls<sup>4</sup> who were beading every day, making pointed caps.

They had no mother, no father, they stayed with their grandmother. The youngest girl took a few beads of different kinds, and went into the woods. She peeled some bark off the trees. "I wish I had a dress like this," she said. She put little sticks where the beads should go, she smoked a little stick to make lines.<sup>5</sup> She gathered some leaves and buried the bark and the sticks under the cabin. She stayed all day till evening. When she went home, they asked her where she had been. "Playing up there with the beads you gave me." After three days she was thinking about the beads and the bark she buried up in the woods. She went there. When she took off the leaves she saw nice clothes there, and red braces. She turned it over in her mind whether she should take them home. "If I take them home perhaps they will take them away from me." She thought of the boy and the girl. "Perhaps that girl will dress me."

She went to that wigwam, "Please dress me," she said to boy's sister. "All right," she said, "you help me. First let us get new boughs for the floor, and water." The girl washed her hands and face for her, combed her long hair, put on her new clothes. "Now let's go out by the point to try and see my brother." Before this when girls came to try and see the boy, the boy's sister would say, "Do you see my brother coming? He has a canoe, he is crossing in his canoe." She would question every girl, no girl could see him. Now the two girls went to the point. The boy's sister asked, "Do you see my brother coming out on the other side? He has a big bundle of meat." — "Yes, I see your brother coming out on the other side." — "Well, what kind of a pack-strap has he across his chest?" — "He has a rainbow across his chest." — "Yes, you have seen him. Now he is going to be your husband. Now I am going to have you for my sister-in-law. Nobody else has seen him for a long time."

1. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris. Cp. Rand 1 : no. 12.

2. Mrs. Morris' regular translation for *u'dan*.

3. Cp. Speck 6 : 259.

4. Their family name was Chigiopch', Rope or Twine.

5. This refers, presumably, to etching on bark. See Speck 5 : Table of Ethnological Comparisons.

The boy came and said, "Sister." She opened a big moose hide. "Take out the big mantle edged with beads." They went into the wigwam, the boy's sister said to the girl, "Sit down. My brother will come in, that will be your husband." The other girls were watching outside. The boy went in. Everybody could see him now, they had not seen him since he was a little boy. They danced, big round dance, the man beating with a stick on bark for girls and men to dance to, because this boy who had never been seen before was seen now. They played all night and danced all night.

After the wedding they stayed there many years. They had a little baby. One day when the baby was about a year old, he was crying all day. There was a moose bone alongside the fire where they were cooking. The boy had told his sister, "Don't break the bones till I come home from hunting." The child was crying. The woman thought, "If I give some marrow to the child he may fall asleep and be quiet." She broke the bone to give to the child to suck out the grease to make him fall asleep. Her sister-in-law came in. "What are you cooking?" she asked. — "Cooking a bone for the baby. I want to put him to sleep. I cannot do my work." The girl cried and screeched, "What made you break that bone? Now your husband will break his leg." Bundle up the child. We will go. We will find out where he broke his leg." She put the baby on the cradle, put it on her back, they went out to look for the man. They found him. He was just crossing a little brook when his wife broke the bone, and he cut his leg. The man said to his wife, "Now we will part. Why did you not go by my sister's word when she told you not to break any bones?" The woman went back to her grandmother with her baby. When the boy got better, he and his sister went away, leaving that place. They went to another place where there were Indians. There the sister married. They were out in a canoe and that man went out to sea. Nobody saw him again.

That was the last end of him.

(Variant)<sup>2</sup>

By the door of the wigwam of Mowe'nemigusik'<sup>3</sup> stood a pine-tree... The bitch<sup>4</sup> (*elemudjickwech*<sup>5</sup>) said to herself, "He will come out

1. Cp. Speck 6: 251.

2. Informant, Mary Madeleine Newell Poulet. Mrs. Poulet narrated hastily and sketchily, knowing that her daughter had already told the story. Nevertheless, she has supplied portions untold by Mrs. Morris, perhaps forgotten by her.

3. Elui mohe'nemiat (cannot-see-him) (Mrs. Morris).

4. Such a slut or bad woman there is in every Reservation, commented Mrs. Morris.

5. Cp. Speck I: 66. Here *elEmudji'tckwetc* is referred to as an ill-omened creature, who spoiled Badger's luck when met going out of that door of the two-doored wig-

to urinate. I will watch." She stood by the pine-tree, her back against it, to wait for him to come out. That night she was frozen into the tree. The boy told his sister to go out and cut Elemudjichkwech out from the tree. After she was cut out some of the bark stuck to her back,<sup>1</sup> it looked like a cradle. "Look at Elemudjichkwech!" people said. "After one night at Mowe'nemigusik's she has a child!" This was their joke...

[When the moose leg bone was cut, Mowe'nemigusik' fell down into the brook as he was crossing it.] His sister says to his wife, "You should not have cut this bone. My poor brother has fallen somewhere. Let us go to look for him." His wife says to his sister, "Why didn't you let me know? I would not have done it"...

Mowe'nemigusik' says to his sister, "I am dying, cut off my right hand, put it in your pouch, it is powerful. Don't leave your pouch off anywhere, for anything"... His sister went to another encampment. The people there have a dance ring (*elnukwajik'kiotomiktasik*, Indian dance act, dance ring). The girl goes to the dance and forgets her pouch. The *elemudjichkwech* there sees the pouch and wonders what is tied up so hard in it. She opens it. Out jumps Mowe'nemigusik' and kills everybody.

## 12. THE DESERTED CHILDREN.<sup>2</sup>

There lived Partridge (*blau'wich*) and his wife. He was lazy and his old lady was bossy. She would tell him to go into the woods and get something for the children to eat. They were starving. When he could not get anything, he would take his knife and cut a piece off his back. That piece he would bring back and say to the old lady that the rest of the meat he had left behind in the woods. Nowadays Partridge has no meat on his back, he is very thin, because he cut himself that way.

Partridge Woman did not like her husband, the way he was. At last she thought, "I am going to leave my husband." She loved some one else, Crow or Loon, I forget which, but some other man. When her husband was out hunting she put her two little children in an old basket and tied them in. She picked out a little tree and bent down the top. She tied the basket to the top and let it fly up with the basket. The people were saying, "We better move away

wam which he always used. See p. 89. I infer the creature was a prostitute. At Lequille, however, *elemuji'chwech* was described by Lucy Pictou as a woman witch who was very fond of children and would steal them to take care of them. She saves children from every danger and finally puts them in the way of travellers who would take care of them. The children are none the worse for the experience. *Elemuji'chwech* looks like an ordinary old woman, in pointed cap and with her little pipe.

1. Cp. Speck 6 : 265.

2. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris. Cp. Rand 1 : no. 7.

where there are lots of stars and the night is bright, and where there are lots of caribou and different kinds of meat." Partridge Woman said, "Let nobody throw away any food that these children could get." (She wanted to kill them.) They started. Bear Woman (*muinesk*) said to Marten, "Before we leave, go up the tree and swing down those children." So Marten went up the tree and saved the children. He took them into the wigwam and made a fire for them. Then Marten and Bear Woman followed the other people, leaving the children behind. When Old Man Partridge came back in the evening he found them all gone but the children. He asked the children, "Where are they all?" — "All gone, *dada*." — "How did your mother go?" The children said, "She did not go by the door. She sneaked her head down and went out under the wigwam." So Partridge found her track and followed it. Now Old Woman Partridge was watching for her husband. When she saw him coming she set the dog on him. "Better kill him," she said, "I'll have him for my door blanket." <sup>1</sup> So they killed him.

The little children were living there, the little boy was about five, the little girl, four. She made a snare of moose string for him, and he would snare rabbits. She skinned the rabbits and cleaned them and cooked them. She saved the skins, until she had enough to make a rabbit blanket. Stormy weather was coming. They melted snow for water in bark dishes. Then the little boy broke a long branch of a tree and said, "Tonight I am going to stand up this stick outside and I am going to speak to the Moon <sup>2</sup> and ask him that I may be as tall as this stick in the morning." He stood the stick up and spoke to the Moon. In the morning when he woke up he was as tall as the stick. The little girl was surprised and glad. The boy was able now to hunt. "I wont snare rabbits any more," he said, "I will kill moose." In the evening he got a stick for his sister to put up outside so that she might ask the Moon to make her just as tall. So the little girl stood up the stick and said to the Moon, "I want to be as tall as this stick, like my brother." In the morning she was tall, like a girl twenty years old.

Now the people who had gone away were starving. So the boy tied a big bundle of moose meat and fat on his arrow and shot it to where Bear Woman was. When the arrow and bundle fell, Old Woman Bear heard the noise and sent Marten out to see. Marten got the bundle and brought it in and she cooked the meat. The other people smelled the meat cooking, and wondered how Bear Woman had got something to eat. Partridge Woman was so proud she never went into Bear Woman's wigwam, but this morning she came running up

1. Cp. Rand 1: 12, 46.

2. According to Rand 1: 47 the boy speaks to Keswolk, creator, perhaps a paraphrase, perhaps a substitution appropriate for a Christian missionary.



and said to Bear Woman, "Give me a little piece. Where did you get the meat?" Bear Woman said, "I got the meat from those children you left behind." Then all the people wanted to go back to where the children were. They all went back, but the children would not give them any good meat. The girl sent the boy out on the point to shoot a white animal.<sup>1</sup> The boy shot one and brought it back and cut up the meat and gave pieces of it to all the people. They were all poisoned and died.

### 13. JAY'S BEAK IS BURNED : FIRST PLANTS.<sup>2</sup>

Seven men were going along on a steep mountain. They came down the sheer side into a meadow. There was a great big lake, narrow though. They saw a very small island with a pole on it. To cross the lake, they had to stand on the island and pole the island to the other side.<sup>3</sup> They poled across and came to the wigwam of Skunk (*abichiluis*) Woman. She began to cook for them. She was fasting all the time. One fellow laughed at her. She started out with a *wisgondi*,<sup>4</sup> singing,

Gwegwamugwe                      mekgwasikek.

As far as I can see red clouds are coming, dangerously.

One of the men picked up his tomahawk and threw it and cut off a piece of her *wisgondi*. He picked it up. They said, "We'll go and see the good dancers on the other side of the island." The seven men started. No Indian had been able to go there. The dancers were wild people, they would kill people as soon as they saw them. The seven men were wondering how they could cross, when they saw somebody coming on the water. It was Muskrat (*Kigwesu*) "Look! Indians!" (*Ankam! Elnu'!*) — "Don't make any noise," they said to him. One fellow took some fat from the *wisgondi* and threw it to him. While he was eating, he was quiet (Muskrat likes anything fat.) When he finished it, he called out again, "Indians! Indians!" (He wanted to give them away.) They said to him, "You bring the canoe for us by sly [stealth], then we'll give you the rest." He swam to the other side, he brought the canoe. Jay said, "I'm going over to see them dance. It is a dark night, they won't see me." Muskrat said, "I will make holes in their canoes and bite into their paddles, I'll go and get a big stump, and raise it up. They'll think that it is a moose." Muskrat went and made holes in their canoes. Jay could not wait any longer,

1. Narrator could not remember its name. Its fur is good, but not its meat. In the tale as recorded by Rand it is a white bear, and there is more to the incident about it. White bear meat is poisonous (Rand 1 : 353).

2. Informant, Mary Madeleine Newell Poulet.

3. Cp. Rand 1 : 24-5.

4. A hide container in which hunters carried a supply of grease.

he crossed in the canoe. He went to a wigwam where they were dancing. When he got there he saw a large wigwam. He saw a little hole in the cover, he put his nose through, he saw nice girls sitting there. One woman said, "What is there? Is that an Indian's nose? I'll take a brand and burn it. If it is Indian, it will move." Jay was bound not to move, so his nose was all burned. He went back and the other fellows laughed at him.

Moonlight. One old lady said, "There's a moose over on the island." They all stopped dancing and went to get the moose. (That was Muskrat's trick.)

There at that place was a spring garden. That is why they kept people from going to that place. Two old women sat on either side of the door, with the keys in their pockets, guarding all the plants of the world. The seven men went there and took the keys from the old ladies. They went in and took plants of each kind. That's the time plants spread out from there. Before that no plants were out in the world. That is the time they started gardens. Then the men returned the same way they went.

*Kaya'duksikik.*

#### 14. LOON AND CROW GET MARRIED.<sup>1</sup>

Two families, Crow and Loon. Crow's son (*gaauchukwisel*) said, "I'm going to ask one of those Red-headed Woodpecker (*hawiel'his*) girls to marry me. I'm going to send one of the old men to ask for her." One evening one old man went there. He said, "Crow's son wants a girl from here." Loon's son said, "I was going to ask that girl to marry me." They said, "You still have a chance. There are three more girls in the family. You can have another." Loon's son said, "I'm going into that wigwam myself. I don't want that Crow boy to have that girl." He went into the wigwam. He said to the girl, "Don't you have that Crow boy." The girl said, "I cannot help it. I have to marry that boy." <sup>2</sup> Old man Woodpecker said that Loon's son could marry another of his daughters. So there were two girls going to get married, one to Crow's son, another to Loon's son. They said, "Now, boys, you get together the wedding baggage." Loon's stuff was trout, minnows, pin fish. He brought them, together with little shells, little clams, for the wedding stuff. "We'll have two separate weddings," said Loon boy, "my wedding is different from Crow's wedding." They had a good time. They had trees around the field. The women sat in a semi-circle inside, outside of them in a semi-circle, the men were sitting. The marriage couple had a big log,

1. Informant, Isabel Googoo Morris.

2. Cp. Rand 1: xxxi.

covered with moss, and flowers on the edge, for the supper table. Fish Hawk (*wismagawesu*) was cook. He had a bark dish with quill work on the edges for a tray. In it he put every kind of fish and passed it around to the people. They all had supper. Two men about forty years old had rattles, moose horns with crystals inside. They called out, "*Madam'ali'ahé ! Madam'ali'ahé !*" :

They started to sing, "*Hejigo ! Hejigo !*"

They started to dance, danced all night (just the same as at any other wedding.) They used muscle shells to drink from. In the morning the wedding was over. Everybody went home. They said, "Tomorrow night we'll go to Crow's wedding."

Old Crow told the young fellows to bring in old fish, old rotten things, and smelly things. Old woman Crow said, "I'll pick straw-berries." They said, "You go out, call the people." Now the wedding was all ready. The birds went there.<sup>2</sup> They could not stand the food. They could take only the berries. Old woman Crow said, "Good thing I got the berries." The birds said, "We're not hungry. We ate yesterday at Loon's wedding." This was the excuse they made. They danced all night.

They stayed there for some years. At last they moved away. That's as far as I know.

#### 15. JAY, ROBIN, AND RABBIT VISIT.<sup>3</sup>

Two birds' wigwams and a rabbit wigwam. Rabbit said, "I am going to Robin's wigwam to visit." In Robin's wigwam they had no grub. They sent the children out to Jay's wigwam for eels. Jay (*micha'guwich*) told Robin's little girl, "Your mother is laughing all summer, never gathering." They give her a few to take home.<sup>4</sup> Robin's little girl takes the eels home and they cook them for Rabbit. After supper Rabbit takes a big smoke and then he says, "I think it is time for me to go home now." Robin told Rabbit, "Well, I'll be visiting to your place tomorrow night, and you try to get me a supper of eels." So next evening Robin went to Rabbit's. Rabbit told the children to get some eels. Little Rabbit went to the brook, but

1. To the narrator this was equivalent to "Hurray for weddeners!"

2. Cp. the French Canadian term "*noces de corneilles*" for gatherings of crows (Speck 7 : 367).

3. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris. Cp. Speck 1 : 64-66 ; 52-54. Mrs. Morris' version of the bungling host is rather confused. Mrs. Poulet knew the story better, but I could not get her to tell it to me continuously because she knew I had already heard it.

4. Variant : Little Robin (*chip'jawich*) asks for the head of a fish, a *ta'minishbo* [old word for *po'namo*, English, tommyguts (Rand 2, tomcod) to make a pot of soup. The old woman said, "I won't give you anything. Your father hasn't worked, your mother just laughs." (Mrs. Poulet).

couldn't get any eels, went back home and said, "Father, I couldn't get any eels." Old Rabbit went out himself to look for supper. He went into the woods, and broke off some yellow birch twigs. Old Rabbit boiled them, made tea, and when Robin came, passed him tea, only tea. Robin said, "I gave you good supper the other night. This is only tea." — "Couldn't help it," said Rabbit, "you came too late."

Robin went to Jay's wigwam. Jay said, "You children get some supper." They went into a big dry tree, put in their noses and got some worms for Robin. Big supper, — mushrooms too. Jay said, "I am going to Robin's wigwam." The next night Jay visited Robin's wigwam. Robin undertook to get supper. He dug up dung, got some little round worms, turned up a mushroom and filled it with the little worms. They had a good supper. Robin told Jay. "Let us visit Rabbit's wigwam, see what kind of a supper he will give us." Rabbit was in the woods nearby and heard them. He said, "I am going to set the table tomorrow night for Robin and Jay." Rabbit brought a big mushroom fungus from a tree, on it he put his shits like little cakes, and from his water he made wine, pretty wine. That's the way he set the table for them.<sup>1</sup> *Kespiahduksetdik*.

#### 16. LOON AND WOODPECKER RACE.<sup>2</sup>

Two girls were coming up to the shore. Loon and Woodpecker (*hawiel'his*) were in two canoes and saw the girls. Loon said, "Let us race to the girls and the one who wins takes them." Loon came in first, he was laughing.<sup>3</sup> He put the girls in his canoe. Woodpecker was behind. He splashed water on Loon as Loon was landing. The girls said, "Loon is so glad to come ashore, he is pissing."

#### 17. THUNDER AND MOSQUITO.<sup>4</sup>

One time Thunder and Mosquito were talking together. Thunder said to Mosquito, "Where do you get all this blood? I work hard, but I can't find any." — "If I tell him," thought Mosquito, "he will kill all the people." So he says, "See that big forest there? I peck there at the trees." So Thunder says, "I'll have some of that, then."

1. Variant: Woodpecker has struck the tree with his nose, when Rabbit tries it it makes his nose bleed. (Mrs. Poulet)

2. Informant, Mary Madeline Newell Poulet.

3. The tale was prompted by our hearing the loon "laughing". "Loon has won his race," said Mrs. Poulet. "When Loon laughs it will be windy," said she and her daughter. In Western Nova Scotia old Matio or Matthew Pictou of Bear River told certain white trappers the same. *Flukus* was the word he used, and they thought by that he meant *flute* — "When Loon flukus, windy."

4. Informant, Lucy Pictou. This story was unfamiliar to Isabelle Googoo Morris.

He goes and brings up heavy clouds and lightning. He says, "Boys, get to work. Clap your wings and fire." The first thing they hit is a granite rock. "Boys, that ain't right. No blood in granite. Now try that great pine tree." So they tried the pine tree. They tore the poor pine tree from top to bottom. They found no blood. Thunder looked for Mosquito. "You told me a lie. We tore up that big pine tree, no blood there, ain't got pay back for my wind." — "Haste makes waste," said Mosquito. "Try that tree." A little animal was sitting under the tree, a porcupine. So Thunder got satisfaction, got blood from the porcupine. But when he compared the blood with the blood Mosquito had, it was not the same. "I think you are still lying," he said to Mosquito. "If I tell him the truth, he will kill all the people. I'll get nothing to eat," thought Mosquito. "Try the brook," he said. So Thunder tried the brook, and killed three or four fish. "Well, those are queer kinds of things to get blood out of." — "Wrong kind of fish," said Mosquito. "Try the ocean, big fish in the ocean." So Thunder tried the ocean, he got a porpoise. "Wrong kind of fish," said Mosquito. So Thunder turned Mosquito into a hail stone. Still he did not find blood. That is why these days only once in a great while we hear of thunder injuring people.

#### 18. GLUSKAP.

A number of incidents were related about Gluskap, "our *best* grandfather" <sup>1</sup> but no continuous narrative. In fact I doubt if sequence or adventure or continuity is associated with Gluskap in the minds of most people. They refer now to one anecdote, now to another; and one anecdote may suggest another, but the anecdotes do not thread or piece together as in a regular tale (*adug'wa'an*).<sup>2</sup>

##### a. *Gluskap transforms two girls.*<sup>3</sup>

Gluskap would walk over the water to Newfoundland, spearing eels. Two pretty girls said, "Now let us go and watch Gluskap going out to spear eels." Gluskap heard them, he can hear whatever you say, however far away. The girls were looking out of a stone window. He said, "You can stay there a while, watching me." <sup>4</sup> So there they

1. "Of whose existence few doubts are even yet entertained," wrote Rand, and this credulity continues. Even the sophisticated Mr. Peter Paul remarked, "I don't blame Gluskap for leaving us. We were disobedient and quarrelsome."

2. Also *sarawe*. (Here is an elusive sound — *sa'awe*, *sazawe*, *Lumahan sawawi*," "I am going to give you old stories," Mrs. Newell would say.)

3. Informant, Mary Madeline Newell Poulet. Cp. Speck 1: 59.

4. Variant: "Nemis Malig, older sister, little Mary," he said, "you will wait for me till I come back." This was at Cape Blomidon (Lucy Pictou). There is a song about this. Whenever Lucy sang it as a child, there was a storm, so her mother told her not to sing it.

still are,<sup>1</sup> bare-headed, with two strings of beads on, looking out of the window, waist high.<sup>2</sup>

#### b. *Gluskap and Beaver.*<sup>3</sup>

From Salt Mountain (*Wi'sik*)<sup>4</sup> Gluskap was chasing a beaver. The beaver made holes in Indian Island (*Elnuwe'e minigu*) trying to get under it.<sup>5</sup> He did get under, went to Elguanik, came out at Tewil (Grand Narrows). The rock Gluskap threw at Beaver became Little Island. The lesser of the two elevations of Indian Island was also made by the soil thrown by Gluskap.<sup>6</sup> From Salt Mountain Gluskap could make Indian Island in one step, i. e., stand with one foot on the mountain, the other on the island.

<sup>1</sup> Little Island is said to consist of a rock rising about ten feet out of the water. But as it is still under the spell of Gluskap (my term, the Morriszes used various paraphrases, e. g., "whatever Gluskap says is true") if anybody goes up on that rock, "trying out Gluskap's word," he feels as if he were held fast. Mrs. Morris's grandfather, Peter Newell, climbed this rock and there he was, "couldn't come down. Old lady had to push his eel spear up to him, got him down." He reported that the world had seemed very distant, far below him, out of reach.

#### c. *Gluskap's Grandmother.*

According to Mrs. Poulet, she was Bear Woman, and at Grandmother Mountain (*gomijagun'wu*) near Baddeck, she is turned to stone.<sup>7</sup>... Here is a stone which predicts storm. It gets wet before a storm.

#### d. *Gluskap's Moose Hunt.*<sup>8</sup>

This was at Scotch Bay, where he chased the moose down. Spense's Island is the kettle upside down in which he cooked the moose. His dog is there in stone too. And his broken canoe is turned to stone.

1. One fell off, ten years ago.

2. At *otō'dōnuk'* (Isabelle Googoo Morris).

3. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris. Heard from her grandfather, Peter Newell. Cp. Speck 1 : 60, Leland, 20-1.

4. The English name is from the fact (?) that the water out of the mountain is salty. The meaning of *wi'sik* was unknown to Mrs. Morris. To her it did not mean "cabin" (Speck 1 : 59).

5. Variant : Digby Gut was dug by Beaver to escape. "He had no time to go over the dam, went right through." (Lucy Pictou of Lequille, Nova Scotia)

6. Cp. Rand 1 : 236.

7. Cp. Rand 1 : 293, 451. There was also a reference to a distinctive personage, *Gōminawe'nu*, Grandmother of all, "as Gluskap is our grandfather."

8. Informant, Lucy Pictou. These incidents were given very fragmentarily, by several in the household. Cp. Rand 1 : 236-7, 292-3, Speck 1 : 60, 202-4.

## e. Offerings to Gluskap.

Gluskap's door is at St. Ann's.<sup>1</sup> There you would throw in some dry punk and a little fish for his fire and food. You say, "I wish you give me good luck." Gluskap does not want anybody to come inside. "If anybody wants anything, he can put something for Gluskap outside on stone." (Mrs. Poulet)

"When you go to see Gluskap, at Smoker', Cape North, you say, 'My dear grandfather, I just come on your door. I want you to help me.' You leave money inside door, piece of silver.<sup>2</sup> You take two or three stones away with you, that's your luck." (Mrs. Morris)

At Cape Dolphin, Big Bras d'Or, there is a door through the cliff, Gluskap's door. Outside, there is a stone like a table. Indians going hunting will leave on it tobacco and eels, to give them good luck. They do this today. (Stephen Nevin)

f. Seven Men visit Gluskap.<sup>3</sup>

There was seven men who went to try and see Gluskap at Smoker'. My grandfather's father was with them. They took one hundred bark torches. They went through the big stone door. They walked, and walked, until they burned fifty torches.<sup>4</sup> They could not find Gluskap so they agreed to come back. Gluskap was a witch. The stone door was open when they went in, it was more than half closed when they came back. They could just get through.

Ever since then, nobody has tried to get in to see Gluskap. It is not worth while to go in, because Gluskap is a witch.

One time a man said he was going to go in. That stone door was wide open then. It was a stormy night, he didn't know where he was going to stay. He found Gluskap and said, "Dear Grandfather, can I stay with you till morning?" In there was a lovely wigwam. Gluskap's grandmother was there. She was glad to see the man. She said, "You are the first stranger we have seen in this world. You can stay till morning." The old lady put on a bark pot and cooked some moose meat. In the morning his socks were all nearly dry. Gluskap went out with him, went half way, then the man came out to his boat.

The man's name was Joe Nuelich (little Newell).

g. Edunabes' visits Gluskap.<sup>5</sup>

One time Edunabes' was short of food. He said, "I'm going to visit

1. See Speck 5 : 146, 156.

2. Mrs. Morris was very positive that nowhere else are presents ever made to Gluskap.

3. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris. Heard from her grandfather, Peter Newell. The visit was made two hundred years ago, she speculated. Cp. Speck 1 : 59 n. 1.

4. Here there was a discussion between Mr. and Mrs. Morris about the actual distance covered, one mile they concluded.

5. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris.

Gluskap, perhaps I'll get some food there. I'm going tonight." He started to walk early in the morning. Late in the evening he got there. Gluskap was glad to see his friend. "You have come," he said. "Yes. I have come to see you." Gluskap said to his grandmother. "Cook something for him." "She said, "I'll cook some soup for him." — She had only one little pot. Edunobes' said, "That pot I'll finish in no time." The old lady cooked that much and she put her hand under the boughs and brought out a bark cup and two bark spoons. She said. "Take your soup." They finished their plates. Gluskap said, "Grandmother, put in a little more." — "All right," she said. She put in a little more. They ate that. She put in a little more. They ate that. The little pot kept filling up.<sup>1</sup> The old lady got tired serving those fellows. She told Marten to wait on them. She said, "I'm going to sleep." Marten put some more in for them until early in the morning he got tired. Then Gluskap himself took the spoon and kept giving food to his visitor until nearly daybreak. "Oh, I guess that's plenty," he said, "belly has not been filled for sometime." He said, "I'm going home tomorrow morning. I came only to see if you could give me a little fish." "All right, my brother," said Gluskap, "come down with me to the shore." When he got down to the shore, Gluskap said, "Now, Fish, I want you all to come in, all of you." Eels came in and all kinds of little fish, just as if somebody was driving them.

"No," said Edunabes'. "I don't want any little fish, I want a whale." The whale came in. Gluskap made some wither to bundle the whole whale. Edunabes' wondered, "How will I put it on my back?" The ground was soft with snow. He sank down to his knees. He crossed the mountain to where he lived. The small trees in his way were broken down by his bundle. The old lady heard him coming. "Perhaps that is Edunabes'," they said. They were all happy to see him. The next morning they made a lot of tallow out of the whale.

The years passed. Gluskap said, "My friend never comes to see me any more." He moved to a starry place, Gloweguwia'. Plenty people there, plenty moose, foxes, bears, deer.

#### 19. CHRIST CREATES : GLUSKAP GIVES RULES.<sup>2</sup>

The time that Christ made the world, it was dark, so he made the stars. It was not bright enough then, so he made the moon. Brighter, but not like day, he made the sun then. He put his own shadow on to the water of the bay, so it would rise into the sky to be the sun. He made a man then, took the earth and made a man. The earth was

1. Cp. Rand 1 : 24, 35.

2. Informant, Stephen Nevin. Cp. Speck 1 : 60.



black, when he got the man to walk, he was dark. This man went hunting all the time. He gave him a bow and arrow, to shoot with. One time he saw this man was getting lonesome. He went and made another man. He got white clay, and this man was a white man. His hair was red.

Man-made-first,<sup>1</sup> God was speaking to him, saying, "That is your own, will be with you all the time." Second-man had a sack, with papers in it. He was named Hadam.<sup>2</sup> They went along. One day they saw an island in the bay. Man-made-first would go ahead all the time. He said, "We'll go out to the island. Man-made-first walked along on top of the water. He said to the other, "Wherever I put my foot, you put your foot." Second-man said, "Why does he say that? I am just as much of a man as he." So he put his foot down in other places and sank down in the water. Man-made-first said, "You will have to go back now. From the people who come from you, sin will come." One evening he heard somebody talking to him, "You go now and give these people the rules. Tell them how to get along. Tell them in the family girls must go out one door, and boys out the other door (two doors to wigwam then). No courting then. If a boy was standing there, and a girl spoke to him, and he answered her, they were married right there. At that time they were good people. They obeyed their father and mother, wouldn't answer one word back. If they answered back, they would cut their tongue, or, if they wouldn't listen to them, they would cut their ears off, clean off.<sup>3</sup> If people didn't follow Gluskap's rules, they would kill them, and burn them.

Whenever they saw the new moon they had prayers. What they asked for, suppose a moose, they would get.

One time they were going fishing at night. Somebody said, "Tomorrow whatever fish come to the shore you can get them. According to how you get them, they will taste." This was the first time the eels came in. Next day they got the eels. They liked them. They asked Gluskap for whatever they wanted and he would ask God to give it to them.

He left them on the island and went to another place. He found another tribe of people with a different language. He stayed there again five or six years to give them rules, to show them how to work and to hunt.

He had his grandmother with him and a little boy, Abistaneuch<sup>4</sup>...

1. Understood to be Gluskap, see below.

2. Both Nevin and Mrs. Morris add or drop the *h*, Cockney fashion.

3. Cp. Rand 1 : 296.

4. Here the narrator showed much hesitation. There was more to this part of the story, he said, but he could not translate, it was too hard. He was unaware that I had heard from others the stories about Marten and Gluskap's grandmother, etc.,

He left them and went to the west. We believe he is living yet in this world. He'll stand as long as the world stands. The last people he lived with he told he was not going back to rule them. He told them that sometime they would get religion.

*Variant.<sup>1</sup>*

After God-child was born from Virgin Mary Christmas night, there was no light, only one star. God-child said, "Not enough light." He made the moon. Our Saviour thinks, "My children not satisfied yet." Then he put up the sun. That's the time the sun was made.

20. COLLOQUIES BETWEEN THE FIRST PRIEST AND THE INDIANS.<sup>2</sup>

When the priests' first came 'most all the Indians were witches. Some were willing to be christened, some were unwilling. They asked the priest. "What is christening for?" — "If you are not christened, you are lost for good." — "Lost, in the woods?" — "No, in hell." — "Where is hell?" — "Black place, fire there burns the soul." — "How do you go there, by road?" — "No, your soul goes there." — "Where is my soul?" — "You might sicken and die. After you die, you might see your soul." — "How can a soul go out from the birch-bark cover around the dead body, tightly bound?" — "You should dig a hole and put the dead in it." — "That would be even harder to get out of, couldn't go anywhere then." — "Yes, you could go to Heaven." — "Heaven? what is Heaven?" — "Nice band [of music] in Heaven, nice berries there." — "How go there?" — "If you do not fight, do not talk bad, you can go there. If you murder, steal, you will go to Hell, for your sin." — "Sin? What is sin?" They knew *nothing*.

Finally, very few refused to be christened, and afterwards, as the priest wanted, to come to confessing. But three men would not go to be christened, among them the biggest witch of them all. He was very much against the priests. He said, "No Heaven, no Hell. When you die, you gone, can't speak." He was the worst fellow of all. He was about forty-five. Old lady [i.e. his wife] coaxed him. "Better go, get christen', like the rest." At last he went. "What name do you like?" they asked him. "Best name, the Lord." The priest said, "Nobody can have that name, only one Lord. What other name?" —

and his reserve was an illustration of the common experience of a narrator who feels that he can not get across a point of view so alien to his listener's.

1. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris. Between Gluskap and sun, moon, or star Mrs Morris was very positive there was no connection whatsoever.

2. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris.

3. In another connection the name of the first priest was given as Musisantel. The name of the second priest was Musidelord.

"I'll be named the Devil." — "No, you can't have that name." — "Well, I'll be named Swallow (*tum'hatolnes*)." — "No. You can't have that name. That's a bird's name." — "I have proposed three names. You refuse them all. I am going home." — "No, you can't go." Then the friend he went hunting with said he would give him a name — Gabriö (Gabriel). "All right," he agreed to that, "that's a nice Indian name."

He was a heavy<sup>1</sup> witch, he had a bag of little bone animals. If he wanted anybody to be sick he sent an animal to him, if he wanted you well, he sent an animal to you. They wanted to take away his bag (*bu'owino'di*, i.e. the whole outfit.) "All right," he said, "since I am going to be christened you can take my *bu'owino'di* to the priest." The priest told some men, "Tie this bag with rope, put hooks on it and great big stones. Put it in a canoe, go to the deepest water and sink the bag, so it never comes back to him." Two men did this, they sunk the bag in deep water, deeper than their long poles. The man was lonesome after he lost his bag. He took his pipe and smoked. He thought, "Sometimes my bag did me good. When I asked him to send me moose down here, moose came." — The old woman said, "No, God Almighty did not want that." He took a big smoke.<sup>2</sup> In the morning the bag was under his head, it had come back. The old lady went to tell the priest. "That bag you fixed he's got it under his head this morning." — "Well, well, well! very queer that bag came back. The Devil brought it back," said the priest. "Tell the man to bring it to me himself." She told her husband. "What does he want it for? The bag is all right. It was christened as well as myself. It wont hurt anybody any more." — "It will," said the old lady. Well, at last he carried the bag to the priest. The priest said, "Come, kiss this bible, promise to give up the bag for good." — "Didn't you christen it yesterday? I will take it to Heaven with me." — "No, you must give up that bag for good." — "What will you give me for that?" — "Nothing, but I will send you to Heaven, if you're a good old man and don't hurt anybody. But that bag you've got to give up." He took off his cap, got down on his knees. The priest closed the bible with a slam and said, "You've got to give up the bag for good." — "All right." — "Have you got the canoe ready?" — "Yes." — "Well, I am going along this time. Tie up the bag, fasten *three* stones to it this time," So in the deepest water they could find they sank um. Last end. That bag never came back to him.<sup>3</sup> Ever since that folks have been christened, praying, paying Indian taxes.

1. This adjective is applied to witches also by Mrs. Morris' Scotch neighbors.

2. There is some suggestion of magic here. Cp. Speck 6: 257; Rand 1: 207. See p. 87.

3. Cp. Hagar 2: 173.

21. WHY THERE ARE NO PORCUPINES IN CAPE BRETON.<sup>1</sup>

One time the French had a priest in their village and a man [Frenchman] got mad with the priest and took a porcupine and beat the priest with it. The priest prayed for no more porcupines to be in Cape Breton.<sup>2</sup> The priest had the power to send away the porcupines. Porcupines would not live if they were brought, would not live five hours. Some years ago Gabriel Mosi [Moses], a man from Tragerty, brought some little porcupines to the Island [Chapel Island] while we were here to show the children. They had never seen porcupines. In twenty-four hours all these little porcupines were dead.

22. MAN IN THE MOON.<sup>3</sup>

A man was picking chips on Sunday, so they put him in the moon where you see him with his carrying basket.

23. CHIEF JAMES PETER (SAH BIEL SAHMO).<sup>4</sup>

He lived at Windsor, once a year he came down this way [Lequille.] Our father here knew him. He was a *bu'owin*.<sup>5</sup> He could twist a clay pipe around his hat, he could squeeze a large bowl, china or clay, into

1. Informants, Isabelle Googoo Morris and Mary Madeline Newell Poulet. Cp. similar tradition recorded by Dr. Speck (1 : 69) which was what prompted me to ask about the lack of porcupines.

2. Always pronounced Gibberton by Mrs. Morris.

3. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris.

4. Informants, Lucy and James Pictou. Cp. Speck 6 : 266 n. 2.

5. For other references to shamanism, see pp. 60, 75-6, 91, 95, 97.

"There used to be plenty of witches," said Mrs. Morris. "They could go under water [as well as walk on water, see pp. 85, 89.] [Cp. Speck 6 : 268 n. 1] and underground *fast, fast*." They could control weather. One rainy day in our Chapel Island wigwam a woman visitor said, "If I was a *bu'owin* I would stop the rain." (Cp. Rand 1 : p. XLII.) Over this *joke* there was much laughter, and more when she added, "You better witch the rain away." — "I don't know how," said Mrs. Morris. For analogously humorous reference in daily life, compare Speck 6 : 234.

"Heavy witches used bones," i. e. of animals, and they were able to send an animal to cause sickness or to cure it. Otherwise the animal helper or messenger was unfamiliar to Mrs. Morris. In no. 10, told by Mrs. Poulet, the animal helper appears conspicuously. In no. 11, and its variant several attributes of the *bu'owin* appear : invisibility, the power to make something stick to a person (here rationalized), suffering when the animal helper suffers. But I got the impression from the narrators, certainly from Mrs. Morris, that these attributes were not familiar as shamanistic attributes, they were merely a part of this particular tale. This was true also of the little birds in the magical box of Pilip (See p. 105).

Lucy Pictou referred to animal helpers as fetiches, but was vague about them. She said that the *bu'owin* did his feats — walking on water, going fast, sinking deep into stone — when he was trying persons out or when he was mad (angry).

a small one, then make it big again. Once he stopped a windmill, grabbed hold of one of the wings. The mill owner begged him to let his mill run again, and gave him milk and cheese... Once a man from Sydney built a dam on the river at Windsor. They couldn't get any fish. Sah Biel asked the man to make a way for the fish. No, he couldn't be bothered. So Sah Biel got seven men. One he sent down under the apron of the dam, on to the key log to hitch a rope (one inch rope), and drive in a peevie. On one side of the dam he drove down a pointed stick, another, on top of the dam. They pulled out the key log, they didn't have to pull hard. There is no dam yet on the river. No dam can stay there, bridges, yes, but no dam, any dam would be flooded away.<sup>1</sup>

#### 24. INTERTRIBAL WAR AND PEACE.<sup>2</sup>

One hundred years ago San Sosef (John Joseph) went with six men to Kanawagik (at Montreal) to make peace with those witches. They were called *Gwedich*<sup>3</sup> or when they came here fighting, *Auwisku*.

They made agreement. They had long beads, they read them, Montreal beads, Cape Breton beads. I could never understand that. They are very particular about listening to that<sup>4</sup> but another woman and I stood in the store back of court house camp<sup>5</sup> last year and we listened.

#### 25. MOON CHIEF.<sup>6</sup>

There was an old man who could not go hunting any more. When he was young he could get grub *any* time, moose, caribou. Now it was winter, all the grub was out. There was a big snow bank alongside the door. "Oh my!" said the old man, "what are we going to do now?" He told the old lady to see if *Tep'kunnuset Sarahmo*<sup>7</sup> (Moon Chief) was out. "Yes, Moon Chief is there," she said. The old man went out. He said, "Oh my friend, how are you tonight? We here are not very well off. We are short on grub. Will you help me? You know what kind of a hunter I was when I was young. I could shoot moose and caribou, and chase them, too. Will you help me? I want a moose right here alongside the door." The old lady called

1. Cp. the view that Gluskap controlled the rivers, Speck 3 : 190.

2. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris.

3. Cp. Rand 1 : 126, 223 ; Speck 5 : 107.

4. She is referring to the non-admission of women.

5. Grand wigwam in Chapel Island where the chiefs etc. assemble.

6. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris.

7. This is a very general term, applied to chiefs, to God (see p. 90, n. 3), to rich white people. "It is like Musi (Monsieur) or Mister." In fact the translation given at first was "Mr. Moon."

out from inside, "What are you saying out there?" — "I am speaking to my friend Moon."

At sunrise the old lady got up, and opened the door, and there was a big moose lying by the snow bank. The old man was sound asleep. She woke him up. He took his bow and shot an arrow through the moose's ear and another through his heart. That is how he got grace from Moon. So everybody says if you ask Moon for something and ask properly, you will get it. In asking you must not think I am going to *try* to get it; you must not *try*,<sup>1</sup> you must just feel that you are bound to get it.

## 26. MIGUMWE'SU STORIES.

### a. *Jim Pictou meets a Migumwé'su.*

Thirty years ago, I was eighteen, when one day in the woods I saw the shadow of a woman, awful pretty woman. She couldn't speak to me, I couldn't speak to her. After that, for two or three years, what ever I worked for I got, very easily. If I was fishing, I got lots of fish, plenty animals in my traps.<sup>2</sup> Then I saw her again, in the woods, beckoning to me. If I follow her then, I be following her still. I went to the priest, to cut myself off, not to see her.<sup>3</sup>

### b.

Listening to Jim Pictou's story was his sister, Mrs. John Paul, who said that her husband had also encountered a *migumwé'su*, a woman in a red dress and wearing a pointed beaded cap, old-style woman's cap. She was a very pretty woman. Mrs. Paul added that *migumwé'su* were very old, thousands of years old. They travel in the woods. Among trees trappers are apt to see them. Men see women *migumwé'su*, and women see men *migumwé'su*.

### c.<sup>4</sup>

There was a girl trapper who was always seeing a man in the woods, a *migumwé'su*. This *migumwé'su's* sister took pity on the girl trapper, so in the place of her brother she showed herself to the girl. She invited the girl to visit them, for just one night. The girl went for one night. When she returned home she found she had been gone just one year.<sup>5</sup> She said that it was beautiful country there. She said, "The

1. Coué anew!

2. Cp. Leland, 297.

3. Cp. Rand 1 : 94 n. 1.

4. Informant, Lucy Pictou. She heard the story as an experience of a girl at Lequille.

5. Cp. Rand 1 : 95, 97.

young man there was the one I had been seeing. But the old lady never called me daughter-in-law because I came with her daughter. Had I come with her son she would have called me daughter-in-law and I would have had to stay '... We went to a dance. The girl gave me some beautiful clothes to wear." This what she told her people. They were all very much surprised. She brought some bead work back with her.

d.<sup>2</sup>

My father met them, *migumwesu*, one time. He said, "We were at Shōtīgō, moose-hunting with two fellows. I found a track, tiny snow-shoe track, size of finger joint, long distance between prints. I made two steps, then didn't know anything. When I came to, I was sitting up in a big birch tree with no limbs, sitting there with my gun. I fired off my gun, the two fellows came, thought I had killed a moose. They saw me up in the tree. 'How you come there?' — 'Don't know.' They cut a limb, and hooked it up to where I was, and I slid down."

*Migumwesu* are in the big woods. If you meet them, they might give you a little knife, saying you would have good luck. Awful queer, just like *wehris* (fairies).

### 27. A WOMAN MARRIES THE HORNED SNAKE.<sup>3</sup>

A family living near us had an only daughter. She was proud, so proud she would not sit where any one else sat, and she made her toilet apart from others. Any boy who came to court her she turned down. An old man said to her father, "Be careful. Unless you make her marry the next man who comes, there will be misfortune." This day she went after water to the spring. She took the bark bucket (*buch'kaju*) with her. She dipped, she looked into the water, there she saw a beautiful man sitting cross-legged with folded arms. Her heart went to him. He smiled at her, he got out of the water and carried the bucket home for her. The old lady called him son-in-law,<sup>4</sup> so they were man and wife.

They had a son. Now he said to her, "Let us go to my home. My parents would like to see my child." They all went to the lake. There he ordered his wife to take the clothes off the child. He said,

1. Cp. Rand 1 : 23, 54.

2. Informant Mary Madeleine Newell Poulet.

3. Informant, Lucy Pictou. Heard from her stepfather, Mr. Francis, of Bot'lodek, Cape Breton. He was also called Mieuse (Moose) because his great-grandfather captured moose easily, with a knife. (This is a reference, I think, to hunt shamanism.)

4. Cp. Rand 1 : XXXI.

"Goodbye, people, don't look for us." They became two horn snakes (*jibichka'*) and a little snake and went into the water. From that day they never saw them again.

That is what pride will do.

#### 28. HAMAJA'LU.<sup>1</sup>

These are very small beings, no larger than two finger-joints. There are thousands of them who live along the shore. Water-worn, pitted stones are associated with them,<sup>2</sup> "they have chewed in them, picked in them." Once when some men landed on shore for a short time, before they took to their boat again they saw a model of themselves and their boat made in stones by these *hamaja'lu*. They work very fast.

St. Patrick,<sup>3</sup> they say, drove away some of these *hamaja'lu*.

#### 29. WI'KULAMUJ.<sup>4</sup>

a.

These supernatural beings are about four feet tall. They can see at a distance, "as far as from here [Whycocomagh Reservation] to Salt Mountain." When she was a little girl, Isabelle Googoo saw one out on the bay one day in a dory with her grandfather. She saw him on Salt Mountain. "'Look at that little fellow climbing on the stone, on the rock wall,' I said to my grandfather. 'Don't mind him, that's a witch,' said grandfather."

b.

Her step-father, Mieuse, told Lucy Pictou that he had seen *wi'gu-la'dēmuj* in Cape Breton, on a bare mountain on a large round rock. On top of this was another rock on which were the musicians. Below they danced. They had birch torches. An old man and old woman talked to him, telling him there was no way to get up to them. They were fairies, thought Lucy Pictou.

#### 30. THE ANCESTOR OF THE SYLLIBOY FAMILY.<sup>5</sup>

One time some people were living by the river. Their children

1. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris.

2. Are the *hamaja'lu*, rather than the *migumwe'su*, to be identified with the Passamaquoddy *oonahgemessük*? (Leland, 18, 82).

3. We were standing, at the moment, on the shore of St. Patrick's Bay, having landed like the men in the anecdote for a few minutes, and I had just picked up a *hamaja'lu* stone.

4. Cp. Rand 1 : 118, 367, 432; Hagar 2 : 170-171.

5. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris. Cp. Rand 1 : no. 44.



would catch trout. Bear came down off the top of the mountain and sneaked up to the children. He took one of the little boys to carry him to his own children. The little boy screeched, still the bear carried him away. He closed his door with brush so the little boy could not get out. The little boy was hungry. Bear gave him some mice. He couldn't eat them. Bear gave him some nuts, he ate them. Bear gave him some blue-berries, he ate them. So the boy could live. Bear Woman nursed him well.

Men went hunting for the little fellow. Nobody knew where he was. He was away two months... There were smelts in the brook. Bear brought some smelts from the brook. The little boy did not know how to eat them. Bear cleaned the smelts, and put them out in the sun to dry, and brought them in to the little boy... At last they heard squealing at the brook. They saw the little boy was there and two little bears getting smelts. A woman saw them, she was out getting boughs for her wigwam. She went home and told them. Men took their guns and shot the bears. The little boy cried. The little boy's hair was growing just like bear hair. They asked him, "Where did you sleep?" — "Among the bears. They kept me warm." — "What did you eat?" — "Nuts, berries, fish."

This little boy grew up very big and awful strong. He was the grandfather [ancestor] of the Sylliboys. We call them Bear folks (*muinawi' tuk' wetagut*, his relatives belong to Bear.)<sup>1</sup>

Our grandfather told us this story so we would not go far into the woods in the spring. We'fraid always.

### 31. TWO DREAMS.<sup>2</sup>

These were related by Mrs. Poulet, one as her own, one as told her by the dreamer, Louise Freeman, who died about fifty years ago. Louise Freeman was a "strong witch." She worked very little, but in a half hour she got a lot of work done, basket work, quill work. She got a lot of black cloth and red cloth, seven, eight, twenty-five pieces. All this, in Mrs. Poulet's mind, as a result of the following dream :

#### a.

I dreamed I took my little boy Stephen and went into a great big wigwam, moose-hide covered. One old lady inside camp and one little fellow, Abistaneuch (Marten). Old lady said, "Come in, sit down. What do you want?" — "Oh, I got a notion to come and

1. Mrs. Morris knew of no other family about which there was any such animal tale.

2. For the significance of dreams, see Rand 1 : 225.

see Brother Gluskap. " — " Oh, he's gone over to Newfoundland, " said the old lady. She said to Marten, " Get something to eat. " He opened the bundle and took out some moose meat, gave me a little piece, gave my little boy a little piece. " Sorry Gluskap is away, " the old lady said. " I can give you what you want, but not as much as if Gluskap were here. " I dreamed then that she gave me a piece of black cloth, half-inch square, and a piece of red cloth, half-inch square. She said, " Put them in your pouch (*nujapodi*). " I dreamed she gave me also a little knife. " When you go out for roots, use this knife, " she said ; " roots you get will cure anyone. " Then I dreamed I came back to the canoe. My old man was there. He asked, " How far Gluskap live ? " — " Not very far. I am bring this little piece of moose to you. " When I gave this to my old man, I woke up.

## b.

Mrs. Poulet's own dream was of an old woman who came to her, " old woman with white hair. She said, ' Grandchild (*nujij*), I will tell you where are hidden my knives and beads and pipe. Take three steps from your door, find a little hollow, and then a mound, and another, little hollow. Dig there. ' So I told my old man, he did not believe me. I told Stephen Nevin. He went and dug and found stone knives and a stone pipe, that stone pipe he showed you. This was at Little Narrows. "

## 32. ISABELLE REMINISCES.

When I was five ' we moved from wigwam into log cabin, over at the Point where they made maple sugar. The logs of the cabin were chinked with moss. Canvas door. Steven Paul, a man with a crooked back, had a mink trap. One day he set it in the doorway of the cabin. We children so 'fraid of it. That how I 'member when we moved into the cabin. I 'member, too, how hard this cabin floor was, we used to boughs. 'Member too when they brought in the stove. They told us, " Now, children, don't move, this cow will jump at you. " Called it little black heifer, would not go near it, so 'fraid, didn't use it for a fortnight.

When I first 'member I was staying with my uncle (*klamuksis*) (Mother's brother ? Yes. Nobody would think this meant father's brother<sup>2</sup>) and uncle's wife (*nugumich*<sup>3</sup>) and grandfather, (*nisgami'ch*)

1. As Mrs. Morris is forty-six, this was forty-one years ago, and corresponds to the statement of a Scotchman who said that about forty years ago there were no frame houses, and only a few log cabins.

2. As there is no distinction in terms the implication may lie in the use of the verb.

3. Note application of grandmother term to mother's brother's wife. Cp. Speck 2 : 146 n. 1.

and older sister (*nəmis*) and our older brother (*ensisineh'*) and cousins (*'nkusinin*). My father (*nuch'*) had died, my mother (*'nkich*) married again. My step-father (*nisgamich*) kept moving around, just like a gypsy.

My grandmother (*'ngumich*) was blind, with nothing to do but talk old stories. She was still living when I got married, at eighteen. My husband (*kisigu*) and I went to Sydney,<sup>1</sup> there one year. When I was in the family way, we moved back to the cabin. I had a little baby (*mijwajij*). That's the time my grandmother died and my mother came back and took our house and I got out. After Mary Ann came Mary Ellen, Mary Bridget, Rosie, Joseph, Leo, Eddie, Nancy, Ina Claire, five daughters (*'ntusk'*) and three sons (*'nkwish'*). Mary Bridget married and I got one grandchild (*nujij*).

### 33. MARY BRIDGET'S COURTSHIP.<sup>2</sup>

From time she fifteen, three years, a boy from Middle River (Hiensi or Waramek') been coming in to see Mary Bridget Saturday nights, understood they marry. When she eighteen, one day she says to me she has something on her mind, want to talk about: I didn't think much about it. Then Mary Bridget told me a fellow from Kallamagunk been coaxing her one year to marry him. "What about that boy from Middle River?" I said to her. I was mad to see her break agreement. "Well, you out my hand," I said to her. I didn't say anything more, *not one word*. I didn't speak to Mr. Morris about it. I just keep still. Week later, one night, Grand Chief came in. "Who's boss in this house?" Grand Chief asks me. "Mr. Morris is boss."<sup>3</sup> — "Well, Morris," says Grand Chief, "I not come in to see you yourself, I am for special business. That boy from Kallamagunk wants to marry your girl, Mary Bridget." Mr. Morris, he surprised, tell me to call Mary Bridget. She and that fellow were in another room, playing cards. So I call her in. "Is this so, Mary Bridget?" asks Mr. Morris. Mary Bridget didn't say a thing. He asked her again. She didn't say anything. Mr. Morris and the chief talked, talked, but Mary Bridget wouldn't answer, just stand there, she laughing a little, but wouldn't say a thing. "Well, Mary Bridget," Chief say at last, "say one word. If you want to marry

1. Stephen Morris belonged in the Sydney Reservation.

2. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris.

3. He deferred a good deal, however, to his wife's judgment, and he admired her cleverness. Now and again he would reprimand her eagerness in talk, and she took it meekly.

One evening Mrs. Morris asked Mr. Peter Paul and me why the men always went first, "always go out of door first, walk first, sit up ahead in chapel?... Why are they always boss of house?"

him, you got to be churched." So Mary Bridget say she told me how the fellow coaxed her and she wanted to marry him, and I said she was out my hand. Mr. Morris mad, too. "You can marry him," he says, "but you have only yourself to blame if he's not a good man for you and gives you bad life." So they was married. Big feast here, lots of people. . . .

Have a nice house now at Kallamagunk and a little baby. I more fond that little baby than my own children. I like my son-in-law, too. But I feel sorry for that other fellow, my goodness, when I told him Mary Bridget going to marry. He just fall away. . . . My goodness! I miss Mary Bridget. She good girl, keep this house clean, clean floor, clean walls, work hard, awful good girl, that Mary Bridget.

#### 34. HALI'MT IS COURTED AND CAUGHT.<sup>1</sup>

Boy was named Hali'mt, the girls would try to speak with him, he wouldn't speak to them. Girl named Abchejuch, meaning small, wee woman, was fishing through the ice. She caught a little trout. As it was jumping about (*hali'mt*) on the ice along came the boy, he kicked the fish. "What's this?" he asked. "That's you, Hali'mt, quick and smart like you." — "Like you, too, Abchejuch" (meaning that it was small), said the boy. "All right, now you'll have to come to my wigwam. I'll have you for my wife." The girl went back to her mother, she said, "Hali'mt spoke to me." Her mother said, "All right. You can go to his wigwam."

#### 35. RED PAINT PEOPLE<sup>2</sup> (MEGWE' JIKJIK)<sup>3</sup>

Long ago there were men hunting moose, living far out in the woods, not near the shore at all, living at ponds in the woods. Those were Red folks. Men<sup>4</sup> hunting moose came to the pond, and could not go around it. They saw one wigwam.<sup>5</sup> They saw one Red fellow come out with his wife and baby. The Red people had canoes of moose hide,<sup>6</sup> with double paddle. The Red man went towards his canoe, to cross to where the hunters were hiding. One hunter said, "What will we do to them now? — I am going to shoot into the air to scare

1. Informants, Mary Madeline Newell Poulet and Isabelle Googoo Morris. Mrs. Morris called the girl Mali'munik (Mali, Mary. The meaning of the second part of the name was not understood).

2. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris.

3. Cp. Speck 5 : 18.

4. These were Micmac, living at Klulwasil (Mrs Morris) or Klulwasisk (Mr. Morris), Newfoundland (Ta'am').

5. Cp. Speck 5 : 48.

6. Cp. Speck 5 : 33.

them." The others said. " You better not, those people are witches (*buowina*), they might do something to us." — " I don't care," said the man, " I'm going to shoot into the air." — " As soon as the Red fellow put down his bow he shot into the air. The Red man and woman were so frightened they dropped down into the deep moss. After they felt a little better, they sat up and felt themselves all over. The man threw the little baby over his back and jumped, jumped like deer, not like us. He and the woman went jumping away off.<sup>1</sup> The fellows in hiding came out to look at the leather canoe. They looked into it and saw a leather bag. They opened it. It was full of little bone animals, deer, moose, fox, wild-cat, every animal that goes in the woods. One man said, " You better leave that bag alone." They looked at the wigwam. It was round, set up with sticks, very close with no birch bark cover. There were no boughs on the ground, only little holes to lie in,<sup>2</sup> three holes there, for man, woman, and baby. There were plenty of hides (There was nothing to sit on, no chair, no log, they must have been like monkeys, wasn't that funny?) One man said, " I'm going to take this bag." — " No, don't take it. Dear knows what it will do to you." He took it and they all left, they went along quickly, perhaps there were more of these Red people. They went sneaking along. About five miles away they found another camp. They sneaked up to the door, they opened the door and said, " Gweh ! " In there were a girl and a middle-aged woman. They grabbed them and took them away with them to their homes: The woman's breasts were full of milk.<sup>3</sup> (Must have been another wigwam there, where her baby was.) She was crying, crying every day. The people used them well. They could not understand one word they said. One day the two women went up the brook and found some soft red stones. In the evening the older woman mixed the red stones<sup>4</sup> (*wioj*) with grease (beaver castor, *kobit wigau*) and put the red paint<sup>5</sup> on her face and hands and all over her body. They combed their hair with stone combs, and made two braids hanging in front. . . . After three moons they said, " Now we'll put questions to the women. Wonder what their names ? " One fellow coaxed them, he asked, " What your name ? " — " Sinum " (Wild Goose), one said. The other said, " Blauwich " (Partridge.) The girl became sick, she was so lonesome. The boys who stole them found everything running short, they were in hard lines. The Red folks had bewitched them for stealing the two women. One old man told them, " You better take the women back. " When the girl got better, they took them back:

1. Cp. Speck 5 : 51.

2. Cp. Speck 5 : 21, 44.

3. Cp. Speck 5 : 50, 53.

4. Cp. Speck 5 : 51.

5. Lucy Pictou opined that the " Megweejjik " used a vegetable pigment.



36.<sup>1</sup> THE WOMAN WITHOUT HANDS.<sup>2</sup>

Long ago there was a king's town. This king loved his wife, thought of nothing else in this world. They had a family of two sons and three daughters. One girl looked just like her mother, and the king loved that one. At last the queen was sick and died. The king was awfully sad. He thought, "I will not marry until I get a woman who looks like my wife."

In a couple of years he wanted to get married. He went around the town, nobody looked like his wife at all. He went all around the country, nobody looked like his wife. The king thought, "How would it do if I married my daughter?" This he kept thinking about for a year. He was a rich king, he had a servant girl. He told the servant girl, "Today I want you to make a dinner for me and for one of my daughters, for nobody else." They got the dinner. At the table he asked his daughter to marry him. She said, "Oh father! I am your daughter. God has never allowed a father to marry his daughter." — "You will have to marry me, else I will kill you, and you will die like your mother." — "All right," said the girl, "You'll have to kill me before I marry you." The king said, "I am going to send two officers to kill you. Tomorrow I am going to have your heart for my dinner." The girl told the servant boy, "When the officers come, you let me know."

When they came he let her know. The girl went into the barn and told the officers, "You kill that little pig there and take the heart to my father." They killed the pig and saved the heart for the king's dinner. They hid the girl in a box of oats. They told the king, "We have killed the girl." Now the king never went into the kitchen. The servant girl cooked the heart for the king's dinner. The king would not eat anything salted. So the girl told the servant girl, "You salt my heart well, so my father can not eat it." The servant girl took the order, because that was the girl's last words. She salted the heart well. At dinner time the king had all the family to dinner. They were missing the girl and asking, "Where is our sister?" The king said, "Your sister was killed today, at nine o'clock,<sup>3</sup> I am

1. All the following tales are of French or negro provenience. There is little or no uncertainty among story tellers as to what stories are European and what Indian, in marked contrast, for example, to Pueblo Indian story tellers who frequently do not recognise their stories as "Mexican".

*Sa'kis' we'nuch*, long ago French, was Mary Doucet Newell's reference to her French tales.

2. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris. Heard from grandmother, Mary Doucet Newell. The story seems always to be referred to as "Madeline." The name and the abandonment incident suggest comparison with the legend noted in Speck 5: 153.

3. *Kiskadibu'yet*, see p. 59, n. 9.

eating her heart for dinner." They cried, they told their father they would not listen to him any more.

Madeline (that was the girl's name) ' stayed all day in the box of oats. At dark she left. She went, went. She hid in the sluices at the road side when she saw anybody. She went into the woods. She couldn't find anything to eat until at last she picked some berries. After she had picked all the berries she left that place. She prayed as hard as she could for something to eat. She came to a place where white maples were growing. There she saw a lot of different kinds of flowers. She was surprised. " What a pretty garden ! The prettiest garden I ever saw. I wonder to whom it belongs. " She couldn't find any road or any tracks. " This will be my garden, " she thought and she stayed there over night. In the morning there was no breakfast for her. She held up both hands, praying for something to eat. She saw a lady coming towards her, all in white, with a very small dish. " There is your breakfast, " said the lady. She began to eat, but she could not come to the end of the food in the dish.<sup>2</sup> Then she started to leave the garden. At the end of it was a rose-bush and she broke off a little white rose. She went on, but after a while she found herself back at the place where she had broken off the rose. She heard somebody saying, " You can't leave here until you put back that little flower. " She loved the little flower, but she put it back. Then she saw the same lady coming again with her dinner. She said to her, " You must not go away. Aren't you well off here ? I gave you breakfast and here is dinner and I will bring you supper. " — " Well, I will stay, " she said. So she stayed there, three months, taking care of the flowers. She was happy there.

There was a king's son who went hunting all the time. He came into these woods and he found the girl. She was the nicest looking girl he had ever seen. " Well, well, how do you get along here, child ? " he asked her. She said, " I get along very well here. " This boy stayed all day with her. That day nobody brought her dinner. At last the boy left. He kept thinking of her, he would go to see her the next morning. The next day he came again. She said to him, " You must not stay at dinner-time. I can not get dinner while you are here. " He went away, he lay watching, but he could not see how she got her dinner. Next day he said, " I'll go earlier to see how she gets breakfast. " But she already had breakfast when he got there. Again she sent him away. The third day when he came he said, " I want you to marry me. " But the girl would not go with him. She was well off in the garden, since the angel brought her food.

1. Not giving the personal name until the story is well advanced is a characteristic feature, which Rand also noticed. Cp. Rand I : 47.

2. Cp. p. 88.

The boy went home, but he could not forget her, she was so pretty.

In a week he went back. He coaxed her, and coaxed her, and at last he coaxed her into going with him. There was a garden too at his father king's house. The king's son went into the kitchen and told his mother he had a girl with him to work in the garden. She had put mud over her face and hands. "Why did you bring such a looking girl?" they asked him. He told them he loved her and was going to marry her. They begged him not to marry her; but he said he was going to. He said he would buy some clothes for her. They gave her a room to dress in. She had her own little parcel of clothes. In her room she prayed for a silver basin and for a towel never used. She got them. Then she dressed herself, she was the prettiest girl in town. They got married and everybody was happy.

Her husband was away on war ships all the time. He sent letters to his wife and she to him. Somebody on the way opened these letters and changed them, gave bad stories to him about her and bad stories to her about him. Now the lady gave birth to twins, boy twins, one with a star on his right hand, the other with a moon.<sup>1</sup> Their mother wrote to her husband about them and the nice marks on their hands. They changed the latter, and said she had given birth to a little pig and a little dog. When the king's son got the letter he answered, "Keep them, we can't help it. God Almighty sent them." Again they changed the letter to "Those little children, put them into the fire, I don't want to see them. And cut off my wife's hands." So they cut off her hands, but they did not burn the children. Madeline said to her mother-in-law, "Tie the children to my breast." Then she left with them tied to her. She came to a brook. It was hard for her to drink, as she stooped down one of the children fell into the water. She tried to catch him, and there was her hand just a sound as ever. Again she stooped to drink, and the other child fell and she tried to catch him and her other hand was back in its place. Then she got out her prayer-book and gave thanks to God. She went on, and she found a nice little house, where she thought she had better stay with her children.

Now the king's son came home. His father met him on the wharf and told him, "Your wife has run away with the children. She would not kill them." So the king's son said he was going away to find his family. He hunted for his wife about four years. One morning she saw him coming. She was frightened, she thought he came to kill the children. So she told them to sit down on either side of her. She said,

1. This is probably a Micmac reference (see p. 94); although a gold star on the forehead figures in the European tales.



"When you see your tather coming in, kneel down, crawl up to him and kiss his foot<sup>1</sup> and thank him for coming." When he went in, he took off his hat to her. Then the two boys crawled up to him and kissed his foot. She stood up and shook his hand and kissed him. He was sorry for what had happened. Then she told him to pray to God, to pray, pray, all the time. And so they prayed and at last the house went up into the sky, with all the family.

37. MAGIC FLIGHT.<sup>2</sup>

Pilip and his two brothers went hunting. They went different ways, shot different things. While Pilip is hunting he finds a house, a nice house in the woods, nice girls there. He spends his time with the girls in their lumbermen's place. He doesn't bring much game home with him. He always comes home later than the other fellows. One day they wonder why he is so late. At last they ask Pilip, "Where were you last night?" Pilip does not answer them. One night Pilip didn't come home at all. He stayed there in that house. The girl gave Pilip a *lapieleh/wi* box,<sup>3</sup> "So you won't forget me any more," she said. She told Pilip, "Don't open the box until you are seeing hard times. If anybody chases you, say 'I'm going to be a tree, or squirrel, or bird.' That's the time to open the box." Pilip thinks, "My brothers must be worried about me. Better go home."

He left, but he went farther down the mountain, and at last he didn't know where he was going. He was lost. He came to a little log house, inside he finds a pretty girl, very striking-looking, and an old lady. "Well, my son-in-law (*ntlusuk*) where did you come from?" the old lady asked. — "Quite a piece away, I am lost." — "No, you are not lost. You have come to see my daughter. You will have a good home here." The girl liked Pilip. (That's the time Pilip was mistaken. He didn't know the devil had a log house anywhere in this world.) Fine looking girl this.

In the evening the old man came — short, with wide shoulders, and awful dark. The old lady said to him, "Well, we have a son-in-law, today." Pilip slept that night with this girl. The old man said, "I have to go out hunting, I'll give you a little job. Take this basket<sup>4</sup> (*biganahsi*) I want you to clean that pond before night, and harrow it, and sow it with wheat before I come." Pilip was scared. He worked hard dipping water with the basket. The girl came out to him with dinner. She told him, "Well, Pilip, you never can drain this

1. Just as is done now, for a saint. Cp. Rand 1 : 230.

2. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris.

3. Cp. Rand 1 : 8, 10.

4. With round bottom.

little pond. That is what my father (*nuch'*) does with every husband I get. Take your dinner." The girl went back home and brought a dipper covered with gold and a little pick. She dipped out the water. She sent the water away altogether. (Devil's daughter can do as well as her father.) She said, "Water, I want you to run off altogether." The water went away in two hours' time. The girl said, "You go get three bushels of wheat." Pilip went to the log house, and brought out the wheat. They sowed it, and they were through at four o'clock. At five o'clock, he harrowed it, the Devil would be back at half past six. They watched the grain grow up, before six o'clock the grain grew up that far (indicating two finger joints). At half past six the Devil came. He was smiling. This was the first man who could dry up that pond. "You done fine," he said.

Next morning, the Devil went away again on some business, he never said what he did. Near by was a big hill, before he went he brought one old dull hoe, and a pick, and gave them to Pilip. "Well, Pilip, I want you to level down that hill, and sow buckwheat, this time." — "My goodness," thought Pilip, "I cannot run away, the Devil will catch me." He started to dig, he got scared, near eleven o'clock. At noon the woman came with his dinner. She brought a gold pick and a rake. She told Pilip, "You can never level down that mountain. Wait for me, sit down one side." She struck one blow on the mountain, and said, "Level yourself, mountain, I want to sow that buckwheat before father comes." She gave Pilip a little book to read. Now they sow buckwheat, the buckwheat grows well. At five o'clock, she says, "Now we'll go down. You chop wood, and I'll make supper." Pilip took the ax, chopped wood, the girl made supper. The father came home, he could see the mountain all leveled, the buckwheat five inches high. He said, "Well done, Pilip, I didn't expect you could level that hill."

Every evening they played cards, Pilip and his wife, in their little bed-room. In the morning the Devil told Pilip, "I want you to do another job. There is a high black pole two hundred feet, I got a fellow up there. At ten o'clock, he will fall down. I want you to put his body back, just as it was, and pick up all the parts." Pilip said, "I'll do it." Pilip went to the black pole, the man fell down. He was pretty well smashed, fingers in all directions, legs off, head away over there. The girl thought, "Pilip will never manage this." She went with the dinner earlier than before. She said, "I'll help you to put everything back. I'll fix one arm, the right arm, you fix the left." Pilip put on the little finger wrong side out. There it stuck. He didn't tell his wife about it, they went home. She told Pilip to saw some big logs with a cross saw.

In the evening her father came home, looking very dull (after that fall.) The old lady said, "What makes you look so dull?" — "Oh,

I caught cold." Pilip had something on his mind. He watched him. When he saw the old man eating, he saw that his finger was turned wrong side out. Pilip left the table. The girl said, "Why don't you eat?" — He said, "I don't feel like eating." He went out and sat down on the bench where he had been sawing logs. He thinks, "That's the fellow we were fixing today." After she did the dishes, the girl went out to the fellow. She asked, "What's on your mind?" — "I am thinking that the man we fixed was your father." — "So he is." — "Well, I think I'll go away tonight." The girl said, "I'll go, too. If you go away alone, my father will catch you." — "How?" — "He has got a pair of boots lined with gold, very fast. My mother has a pair, too." — "Well, we'll go." — "What shall we do? Our mother is watching us, she is afraid that we'll run away." They went in their bed-room to play cards. The girl stole the boots, she put one pair on Pilip, one pair on herself. Now she spoke to the cards, "We're going to run away, but don't you let on when we go." The girl's name is Katherine. "If my mother says, 'Katherine, stop playing,' you cards speak to my mother, say, 'We're going to finish this game.'"

They left, after a while the old lady called, "Katherine, are you playing yet?" — "Yes." — "Time for you to come to bed." — "Just finish this game, mother (*Kidju*)." (Cards speaking now). The old lady heard the cards still playing, "You hear me, stop playing." — "Well, we've started another game, don't mind us. Go to sleep, mother." — About one o'clock she hears the cards still. "Ain't you going to bed yet?" — "No, not yet." The old lady gets mad, she gets up, she opens the door, sees the cards jumping, nobody there. She saw their tracks, she came in screeching. She shook the old man, "Get up! Get up! our children have gone away." The Devil got up, he told her, "Get me my gold boots." She went to get them, they were gone. "Why didn't you look after these children? We have lost them now." The old lady and Devil ran out after them.

The girl told Pilip, "They are chasing us, now, they are coming, I can see them, they are going to catch us." Now Pilip thought of his little box, in which was a little bird, sitting one side, another little bird on the other side.<sup>1</sup> He said, "I want my wife to be standing as a little birch tree on one side of the pond, and myself on the other side of the pond as a little pine tree." There they stood, birch tree and pine tree. The Devil thought, "Now I will catch them." The tracks went up to the birch tree and to the pine tree. The old lady said, "Where did they go?" — "I cannot see their tracks at all." — "They are not here." So they went back crying, about five miles.

1. We may have here, I suggest, a curious instance of convergence, the European magic box and the Algonkin shamanistic outfit combined, both "helpers in trouble" (Speck 6: 251)

The old lady turned around and could see them going again, their girl and Pilip. They went back after them. When they were five miles away, the girl said, "They are coming." Pilip opened his box again. "I want to be a big birch tree and I want my wife to be sitting up in the tree as a partridge." When the devils got there they saw only a big birch tree and a partridge. They lost the tracks. They went two miles around, searching for the tracks, but they could see nothing but the tree and the partridge. It was nearly four o'clock in the morning. They went back home again, crying.

They looked back and saw them running again towards Pilip's land. The Devil and the old lady went back after them, chasing them as hard as they could. They went faster, this was the last trip. They went at full speed. Now they were coming to Pilip's boundary line. His wife dropped down, Pilip grabbed her and threw her over the line. The Devil could not go over that line. They went back, crying.

Pilip said, "Now we're all right, we'll walk along. We're not very far from my house." They found the house, Pilip's people were good people. The old lady saw Pilip coming, with a woman, a good looking woman. "This is my wife," he said. The old lady said, "Don't you go away any more." They were happy there, they stayed there over a year. They had a nice little boy (the Devil's daughter had never been christened.) "What will be the baby's name?" — "John." "All right, call him John." The day came for the baby to be christened. "Who is going to stand for the baby?" The old man and the old woman, Pilip and the baby's mother. The priest sprinkled holy water. The baby and the baby's mother *went*, devil people.

### 38. THE TWO BASKET MAKERS AND THE BLIND KING.<sup>1</sup>

These two men were joined together,<sup>2</sup> hunting together, working together since they were little boys. They were both cripples. They were making weed rod brooms to sell in the town. One fellow went in to sell, the other fellow with the more crooked back stayed home. He thought, "My friend has more money than I. He sells more brooms than he says and keeps the money." So he said to his friend, "I think you have more money than I." — "Well, you can go into town yourself to sell." So he went down to town to sell those brooms himself. He got some money and was going back. On his way, at Red Bank, the bank swallows (*bugwalis'*) were singing,

Monday, Tuesday,<sup>3</sup>

1. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris. Cp. Rand 1, no 14.

2. See p. 110, n. 1.

3. When Mrs. Poulet referred to this tale, or the Morris boys, they called it "Monday Tuesday."

Monday, Tuesday,  
 Look at that fellow.  
 He's got Monday, Tuesday, on his back.

He says, " That's a nice song, Birds, that you have. " The birds ask, " Will you dance to that song ? " — " Yes, if you pay me right. " — " How much do you want ? " — " If you take that bone off my back, I'll dance for you. " — " All right, we'll take that bone off your back if you dance. We'll make you straight. We have never seen a fellow like you dance. " So they sang,

Monday, Tuesday,  
 Monday, Tuesday,  
 Look at that fellow.  
 Monday, Tuesday.

He danced two hours until he got tired. Then the big bird came out, the doctor (*malbalewit*). He just took that bone off, passed his hand over the boy's back, and it straightened up. He said, " Birds, thank you very much. Now I'm going home with a straight back. Good thing I met you. " The birds told him not to tell anybody how they had cured him.

When he got home, the other cripple said, " How did you get a straight back ? " — " I cannot tell you. " The other fellow began to coax his friend to tell him how he was cured. At last this fellow thought he had better tell him, so he, too, could go down to town, sell the brooms, and on his way back get cured. So he said, " When I was coming back I met the bank swallows. They were singing, they asked me to dance for them. After I danced their doctor took the bone off my back. " The other cripple worked smartly this week to make brooms to sell, and to get a straight back. Saturday he went to town to sell them. His friend told him, " When you go down, don't pay attention to the birds, but when you come back, tell them you will dance for them if they straighten your back. "

He went down, he hurried to sell all his brooms. He came back, he got to Red Bank, the same birds were there, going in and out of their holes. One bird said, " Another man is coming with a big hump on his back. " " Will you dance for us ? " they asked. " Yes, if you cure me, I'll dance for you. " — " How do you want to get cured ? " — " Straighten my back. " — " If you'll dance ' Tuesday Wednesday ', we'll sing for you. " — " All right, I'll dance. " The birds sang,

Tuesday, Wednesday,  
 Tuesday, Wednesday.

The boss (*alsusit*) of these birds said, " Pay the fellow. Doctor, what did you do with that bone ? " The doctor put the bone he had

taken out from the other cripple over the back of this one, which was more crooked now than before. The birds said, " We are very sorry we could not keep this bone, we had to give it to somebody. "

He went home, and told his friend. He says, " We'll leave this place. Let's go somewhere where you might get your back straightened. " He wants to cheer him up so he will not be too downhearted. So they bundle up their tools, knives, and things, and grub. At that time there were hardly any roads. " How shall we go ? " — " South, " he told his friend. They walked, walked ; at dark, they built a little shelter camp (*anabiga'n*). They stayed there over night. Next day they came to a road, a clear road. They walked until they came to some big trees, oaks (*mimkwamusi*). They saw a lot of sawdust on the ground. " We better stop here for the night. " Well, they stopped there, they made tea. ' Twas in the summer, dark about ten o'clock. He told his friend, " We better go up a tree to sleep, nice air there. " About midnight they hear somebody squealing on the road. " Now we're going to get killed this time. " — " No, only people passing, they don't know we're up here. " One fellow was very much afraid. They watched. About thirty men came, robbers, bringing two sheep, and a great big pot and turnips and potatoes. The sheep were already cleaned, they chopped them up, put them into the pot, made the soup. There were two bosses,<sup>1</sup> the other fellows told the bosses to go up into the tree to rest. When they go up this tree they notice somebody up there besides themselves. They do not let on, but they know who it is. One boss says, " What do you do with a fellow with a broken back ? " — " Oh, you hunt him out, you drop him down. " — " If there was another, one with a straight back, what would you do with him ? " — " If he is fit for work, leave him alone. " So they take the cripple fellow and drop him down, kill him.

Now one boss says to the other, " I want you to give me a story, a doctor's story, I would like to know how a person gets cured when he is blind. Nice to know that, hard to take out cataract. " — " No, not hard, no, that is not hard. At the king's place, I met a lot of blind folks, and cured them in no time. " — " How ? " — " I found a pure white horse, with not a single black hair, and got a cowboy to ride him, run him hard around town, so he sweated hard, frothed. I took the froth, put it in a cloth, put it over the eyes, keeping it there three days. " — " What did you do then ? " — " Took a silver basin, nice soap that won't hurt the eyes, nice towel, never used before, all the starch washed out, pure cotton, took warm water, washed the eyes. Pulled down the blinds, no light, dried his face, told him, ' Open your eyes. ' Then that person could see you just as plain, even if blind twenty years. " While they were speaking of blind folks, din-

1. Two head men in partnership, *ma'kumelemtijik* ; two chums, *tabutijik*.

ner was cooked. They called them down. They ate their dinner. They had a big bag for their money. They shared up the money they had been stealing, everybody got his share. They went away again.

The cripple who was cured was alone now. He got down and made some tea. He was not happy because of his friend. "I'm going away," he said. "I'll never come back this road again." He walked all day, in the evening he came to the king's town, plenty warships, schooners, big harbor, pretty place where he came out. Where should he go now, just a big city, he didn't have much money. He didn't want to go into a big house, he saw a little house where French people lived. He asked them could he stay there a few days and chop wood. "Yes, you can stay and help around the house." In a couple of days the story spread that a stranger was there. The king had said, "If any stranger comes, you let me know." The king was blind for twenty-two years. He had not seen his warships, or his town or his children. The policeman came, the king sent word, "I want to see that stranger." The policeman said, "Stranger, the king wants to see you." He asked the policeman, "I wonder why he wants to see me, only a poor man." — "The king is a very kind man, he wants you to visit him." So he fixed himself a little cleaner and tidier. The policeman went in and told the king, "King, I brought that stranger here." He shook hands with the king. "What way are you from?" — "North way." — "How far?" He told the king how many days he had walked.

"In the town there did you ever see anybody blind?" — "Not often." — "Did you ever cure people of blindness?" — "Not ever." — "Have you any medicine?" He thought, I better try the medicine the robbers told of... "Well, I'll do my best for you, king. Tomorrow morning I'll pick out in your stable all the white horses there without a black hair." He went to the stable, he picked a horse, white, white, he got a soldier to ride him, and to run him hard until the sweat poured off. He said to the soldier, "As soon as the horse sweats, come where I am waiting." He got a cheesecloth and made a plaster. When he went into the room of the king, he put the plaster to his eyes and said to him, "I am leaving this plaster on your eyes, don't touch it for three days." The king was very willing, he was getting tired of being blind.

He left that medicine on for three days. In three days, the man went and told the serving girl, "Now you bring me a silver basin, and gold-rimmed eye-glasses." He took that plaster off the king's eyes, washed his eyes in warm water with the best soap going, he dried his face nicely, brought a looking-glass. He said, "Open your eyes very gently." He wiped that cataract right off. The king looked into the glass, he saw himself in the glass, he said, "This is the first time in twenty-two years I have seen my face." He said to the king, "Now

close your eyes again." He put him back to bed. He went out to the shore and got a bag full of alder leaves.<sup>1</sup> He said to the girl, " You bring me some cold water, cold as ice, no dust in it." He soaked these leaves in the water, and put the leaves on the king's forehead. " You leave them on till morning. I'll come about nine o'clock. " The king was very glad. He came about nine o'clock, and saw the king. He took off the leaves and told him to open his eyes again.

He told the king to stay in this dark room for a week. The king said, " Come back. I'll pay you well. " In a fortnight the king was just as well as when he was eighteen. The man came back in a fortnight. The king gave him money for clothes and asked him to go around town with him. He said, " I haven't seen my town for years. " Great sports all day ! Bands ! Here this poor man was driving with the king. The king said, " I am going to pay you now, one shovel of gold, two of silver, and one steamer. Come down to the wharf and choose whichever steamer you want, and I'll give you men of my town to take you wherever you want to go. " He made a bargain with the king to run a warship for him. He was killed in the war.

### 39. THE LITTLE FISHERMAN.<sup>2</sup>

(EPDIDELAPEH'SI).

One time there was a king living in a big town with lots of people. He was a rich king, had lots of warships. Living on the edge of the town were some poor people in a little log house. The mother died, and the father died, and the boy was living with his grandmother and grandfather. He was a pretty boy. He worked around the town every day for their living. One day he went into the woods, hauling wood for their fire. He was a big boy then. He met a man. He said, " You chop that log there, " a big log alongside the road, " and I will help you put it on your sled. " He had a little hand sled. He chopped the log in the middle, the old man helped him put it on the sled. The old man said, " I am going to put you in good wish on account of the way you look after you grandmother and grandfather. Anything you wish will be turned to you [come your way]. " — " All right, grandfather, " said the boy, " I hope you will do that for me. We have a hard living. " The old man said, " You take up that little chip. I give you strong power with that chip. Keep it in your bosom in a little pocket. " The boy said, " Good bye (*adio*), " to the old man.

1. Red alder leaves soaked in vinegar are the best cure for headache.

2. Informant. Bella Googoo Morris. Heard from her grandmother, Mary Doucet Newell. Mrs. Morris did not know the meaning of the name, but Mrs. Poulet translated it as " *Le Petit Pêcheur*. " Cp. Rand 1 : no. 85.

The tale was familiar to Mr. Morris who had heard it " at his home. " " All Indians know about Epdidelapehsi, " said Mrs. Morris.



The boy went home and told his grandfather, "I am going to set the net to-night." He had a little dory. In the morning the net was full of fish. He saw something shining in the water, like silver. He got three silver fish, shining fish, also a lot of trout. He went off to town, where the first house was the king's, to sell fish. The king had one only daughter who went out only at special times. The boy went through the kitchen way, asked them if they wanted fish. The girl up-stairs saw the boy going by, she was at the window in a three story house. She knew everybody in town by name. She raised the window, "What have you, there, Epdidelapeh'si?" He took off his cap, "I have some silver fish." — "Take those silver fish around to the kitchen where the cook is, and then come to my door." So Epdidelapeh'si left the fish at the kitchen and went around to her door. She met him there and gave him a big pile of money, one thousand dollars.

He went home, he told his grandfather, "I am going to set my nets again. This king lady said, 'Bring me more fish this week. If you get any more pretty ones like those, be sure to bring them. I will give you another purse.'" Next morning, Epdidelapeh'si got more fish, half a dozen more shining ones and a basket full of other kinds. The lady told him, "You go around the same as the other day to my door, I'll be there." So Epdidelapeh'si went to her door. She said, "I am going to give you gold now, three pounds of gold. I like you, boy. I am going to ask you something. Will you agree to what I am going to ask you?" — "I do not know, mistress. I will try to, since you are the king's daughter." — "Well, Epdidelapeh'si, I want you to marry me." — "No, I cannot marry you, I am too poor. I do not expect to marry a king's daughter." She says, "No, you are not too poor. You have to marry me when I ask you." — He says, "I might get killed because you want me to marry you." — "No, I will make a plan." — "What are you going to do?" She says, "Come up-stairs, I will let you know." She took off her gold ring. "Now, my boy, I give you this for love. I want to be married in three weeks from now. I will tell my mother and father I want to marry any one whose ring fits my finger, whoever it is, blacksmith, sailor, no matter how poor he is, nor what his color." He took the ring and hid it in his pocket, he didn't show it to anybody.

In a week she went down-stairs to the king's dinner — she used to eat up-stairs. Before eating, she told her father and mother, "Dear father and mother, I wish to be married in a fortnight." The king asked, "Who are you going to have, dear? Another king's son?" — "No, father, I don't know, but it will be whoever brings a gold ring to fit my finger, him I will have. Do you notify all the people." So the king put out notices in all the towns. Lots of people came, big schooners, steamers, four king's sons, officers, Niggers, Chinese, and

they all went into the hall. There the girl was at nine o'clock in the morning to try to fit on the rings. She tried on rings, rings, rings, no ring would fit her. Epdidelapeh'si stood at the door, too poor to take a seat. When she had tried on all the rings, of the rich folks and the poor, at last she asked, "Epdidelapeh'si, have you got a ring?" — "Yes." When the young lady put on his ring, it fitted her. "That's the first ring that fits me," she said, "What a nice ring, I love it. Whoever owns this ring I am going to have for a husband." When the girl's mother knew she was going to marry this poor fellow she put her head down, the king himself was glad when he saw his daughter's choice. She took the boy up to her room.

The king told the boy, "Do you know what you have to do? You see that old vessel lying in there at the wharf. Put a new bottom on that old vessel and get new ropes and make new sails. Load it up with old iron junk, old broken dishes, pick up anything in town, blocks, forges, horse-shoes, tins, old rotten bones, load all that on that vessel." All the officers were around the house, going to kill the boy when he came out. The girl said, "If anyone kills him, there will be a big war." Nobody could kill him. Well, he got carpenters, made everything new, loaded up the vessel. The lady said, "I will tell you what island to go to, where nobody lives but mice." He went on his vessel, had enough sailors, enough grub.

He came to the island. The rats, mice, rabbits, all came out to meet him. They told him, "Throw out your rope on the wharf." The rats, mice and rabbits pulled up the vessel and emptied it. They loaded it up with silver and gold, they took the vessel to the factory of silver and gold, and painted it all over with gold, made it all shining. They gave brass buttons to all the sailors. Then they sent him home.

A fortnight later, one morning, far out they saw a shining vessel. The king said, "I see a vessel shining, perhaps Epdidelapeh'si is coming back." The old lady was as sad as ever, but the king was glad. The boat was coming fast. "I will wait," said Epdidelapeh'si, "I will not take my breakfast." The boat went in to the king's wharf. The king said to his wife and daughter, "We will not take breakfast, we will go to the wharf." So there they were standing on the wharf. The first to come out was the cook. They thought he was the king. "The king is not up yet," he said, "When he comes out, breakfast will be ready on the vessel." As soon as he came out, his wife knew he was her husband, but she did not let on. First they had tumblers full of wine, they gave the king to drink first. As he drank, the big guns were fired off. Then they gave to the lady's mother to drink. No shot was fired while she was drinking. "Why is this?" she asked. "Because the king's wife did not want to have Epdidelapeh'si for her son-in-law, that's why." — "Are you the man?" — "Yes." Then they made joy over this. After breakfast they left, the lady stayed in the boat, she would not leave him any more.

Next morning the first thing they saw was a house alongside the king's house, a house shining all over. When they lay down the night before, it was in a little hen house. Epdidelapeh'si took out his little chip, and wished for a house, and to live forever and not to forget God. He wished to have a good house, good home, he prayed hard all night. The lady fell asleep. In the morning she saw a house of gold and silver. They heard somebody walking in the kitchen. He got up, put on his clothes. Everything they needed was in the house, one story house, but with nice rooms, dining-room, sitting-room, all fitted with gold, all kinds of grub. He told his wife, "You better get up, too." She said, "I cannot move, I am afraid we are living in a very bad room." — "No, dear, get up, it is a nice room." She opened her eyes, it was a first-classy room. She went into the dining-room for breakfast. After breakfast they went out in front. Epdidelapeh'si took out his book, and read a prayer, morning prayer. The king, when he got up, saw a nice shining house. "There are our children, we'll go and visit them, that's Epdidelapeh'si." They went, they could not get in, the house was so slippery with gold. They were sitting down below, they saw their daughter up above, they said, "How can we go up to see you?" — "We don't know." At last they saw the house move, angels up in the air put strings to the house. They pulled the house up into the air, the angels, to heaven.

That's the very last end.

#### 40. THREE BROTHERS-IN-LAW.<sup>1</sup>

The man was fond of whiskey. He had one little son, and three daughters, all nice girls. He was quite a rich man. He ruined himself by drink, sold all his horses and cattle, at last he had no money at all, spent it all. All he did was to walk around the streets of the town. At last he saw a man coming with a little barrel on a little hand cart. "What have you got?" — "Whiskey." — "What do you charge?" I got no money. Will you take on of my daughters for this barrel?" — "All right. I will go up to the house to see her." He liked her, she was the best looking girl of that place. He took her for the barrel of whiskey.

The old man used this stuff every day, every day he was full, full. He used up all this whiskey, then he would run around the town to get a drink somewhere. One morning early, he saw another fellow coming with a barrel. "There is another barrel for me, and I have more daughters." In this way, he sold the two other daughters for whiskey. The old lady was sorry about the girls. He didn't mind, long as he got good drinks.

1. Informant, Isabelle Googoo Morris. Heard in 1922 from Charles Young (Indian) of Hankkenish (? Antigonish) Co. Cp. Rand 1: no. 3.

The little boy was growing up. When he was twenty he asked his mother one time, "Have I any sisters?" — "Your popper sold them away for whiskey." — "Well, dear mother, I am going to look for my sisters. I am going to start today. I wont come back until I find all my sisters." He went to look for his sisters. He went along, he walked three days. The third day, in the morning, he saw two fellows on the road, talking very hard, some business in hand. He said to them, "What's wrong with you fellows this morning?" — "We have some property here we cannot settle." He saw nothing but a coat, pants, and high boots. "What is this property that you can't settle? Why is it of value?" — "If you put on the coat and pants nobody can see you. You become like air, clouds." — "What about the boots?" — "If you put on the boots you will be anywhere in a minute, as fast as that." — "Well, I had better divide for you. Stand out in front." So he put on the pants and coat, and could not be seen. He went away with the boots.

He said, "I want to be where my sisters are." First thing he knew he was standing by the door of his oldest sister. He took off the pants and coat and went into the house. The girl when she saw her brother was surprised and glad. "How did you come?" she said. "I told my mother I was going to find my sisters.... Where is my brother-in-law?" — "Out in the field." He looked out, it was near dinner-time. "There's your brother-in-law coming." He saw a great big sheep, with big horns. Before he came into the house he turned into a nice looking gentleman. He was glad to see the boy. "How did you come?" he said. The boy stayed there for three days. Then he said, "Now I am going to look for my other sisters." His brother-in-law said, "Well, my dear brother-in-law, how shall I help you? Take some wool off me. Whenever you are in hard case set a match to the wool and burn it, I'll be there."

He started, he put on the coat and pants and boots. He said, "Now I want to be at my second sister's." He got there in a minute's time. The lady was awfully glad to see her brother, "How did you come?" — "Oh, I have just come over. I have been to see our sister... Where is my brother-in-law?" — "He is over there at the big pond, with his folks there. He'll be here at dinner-time." At dinner-time they looked out. She said, "There's your brother-in-law." Coming towards them was a big wild goose. At the door he became a nice gentleman. He was awfully glad to see his brother-in-law. He spent three days there. At last he says, "I am going to see our youngest sister." As he was going, Wild Goose said to him, "Take one of my feathers. Whenever you are in hard lines, burn it. I will be there to help you out."

He put on the coat and pants and took the boots. In a minute he was at his last sister's. She was awfully glad to see her brother. "How

have you come ? ” — “ I have been to see our sisters. Where is my brother-in-law ? ” — “ He is away out to sea. ” — “ What is he doing ? ” — “ He is among his friends. If you want to see him, I'll call him. ” She went out, she blew a whistle, they saw a big fish blowing water up, a whale. When he came up to the wharf, he was a nice gentleman. He was awfully glad to see his brother-in-law. He stayed with them four days. As he was leaving, his brother-in-law said, “ Take some of my scales. Whenever you are in hard times, put them in water. I'll be there, I'll help you out. ” When he left he said, “ I am going to another town, to the king's town. ”

It was a big town, but everything looked very dull. He went into a little house, just one old lady there. He said, “ Grandmother, can I stay here a few days ? ” — “ Yes. ” — “ Why is it everything looks so dull here ? ” (I forgot to tell you this fellow had a bayonet) — “ A man takes away the people of this town. ” — “ How ? ” — “ Whenever a boy has a wedding, Got-no-soul<sup>1</sup> comes and steals the girl. Nobody knows where he takes all the women. ” He stays there three months. He sees the best looking woman of the town. He says to the old lady, “ Grandmother, I am going to get married to the best looking woman in town. ” — “ No, dear, don't marry her, you will lose her, you cannot stay with her a day. You will lose your wife. ” — “ I am going to try anyway. ” He asked if he could have the girl. “ Yes, ” they said, “ but you will lose her. ” Well, the girl loves the boy. At last they marry, big wedding. He watches her closely, loves her to death.

First thing he knows he loses his wife ; he cannot see her anywhere. Got-no-soul has taken her. He went to the old lady and told her, “ Well, Grandmother, I have lost my wife. ” She said, “ I told you you would not keep her. Everybody marrying here loses his wife. ” In the morning he put on his boots, took his bayonet, and said, “ I want to be at the door of Got-no-soul. ” So he was there, away out on a big island. His wife was sitting there. She said to him, “ You cannot take me back. See all these women, some old, some young, big house full of women, you cannot take me back. You will lose your life. ”

He went back to his grandmother. By God ! he got mad. He said to his grandmother he was going to kill that man. “ Dear child, you cannot kill him, that man has got no soul. ” — “ Well, ” he says, “ I am going to kill him. ” He put on his boots again. He said, “ I want to be where that man's soul is. ”<sup>2</sup> He took his bayonet. He

1. Mu'welijja'michwig, but this term was not given in connection with this story. Sahnus is the woman-stealer's name, writes Mrs. Morris.

2. The idea of the soul hidden away comes into the European story, but see, too, Rand 1 : 245.

was just flying, like an airship. There was another great big island, nothing there but stones, big pointed stones. Inside an archway was a big iron coffin, all in one piece. He looked at it, he did not know how he could take it back to his grandmother's. Now he thinks about his brother-in-law, the whale. He could bring the coffin out in the water. He put the scales into water, he saw three big whales coming, spouting. "Well, brother-in-law, what do you want this morning?" — "I am in hard case, I want you to take this coffin out to the town where I live." The three whales take the coffin out, they carry it in their mouths. They said, "You stand alongside, we'll take you, too." In an hour they got to that town, and put the coffin on dry ground. "How am I going to open it?" he thinks. He thinks about his other brother-in-law. He burns the wool, first thing he knows a big sheep is standing there. "What do you want?" — "I want you to break this coffin in half." — "If I break it, the soul will come out and we cannot catch it." — "I got another brother-in-law, Wild Goose." He burns the feather. Wild Goose comes, "What do you want?" — "My brother-in-law here is going to break this coffin in half, the soul of Got-no-soul is in here, I want to catch it." — "All right, I'll catch it." The big sheep drew back, he ran, he struck, the coffin right in the middle, it broke in half. The soul came out, Wild Goose flew and caught it. He took his bayonet and struck the head off. The head started to come back to the body, he took his bayonet again and smashed it. Now he made a big fire, he killed the soul then, he burned it into ashes, put them into a large bottle, the whales took it and sunk it away out in the sea, with big stones.

"Now you are going where Got-no-soul lives," he said to his three brothers-in-law. — "How are we going?" — "I will show you. Get on my back." He put on his boots, they went to the island where the women were. They were sitting in a small room with Got-no-soul. He took his bayonet, cut him, killed him, cut him up into little pieces. He told the women to put on a pot and they cooked the pieces. Got-no-soul would kill no more women. The women were glad, he opened the door. "Now, women, all of you go from here." They went back to the town, great time, bands out, because the women were all free. Everybody was glad to have his wife back. They paid him one thousand dollars. He stayed a long time there, then he told his wife, "My father and mother are in another town, I am going to take you where they are." They went there. He told his father and mother how he had seen his sisters, got his wife, and killed Got-no-soul.

He said to his father, "Don't ever sell children for whiskey again." He lived a rich man in their town.

That's as far as I know.

41. THE CLEVER THIEF.<sup>1</sup>

One fellow was a lazy boy. His mother worked every day in the town to get something to eat, scrubbing and washing dishes. She didn't make much, only enough to feed them day by day, that's all. One afternoon when she came home she didn't bring much. The boy was thinking all day what he would do. After she came home he said, "Well, you better go to the chapel and pray to God and ask him if he will let me be a good thief." So she started over and began to pray. The boy ran over ahead of her and went up into the gallery. After the old woman had prayed, she looked up and said, "Well, my God, will you let my boy be a good thief?" Somebody answered, "Yes." The boy ran out and got home before his mother. "What did God say?" he asked. "He said he would let you be a good thief."

Next morning the boy said to his mother, "I'm going to town." As he was in town loafing around, he saw a man with a lot of money and a good horse. He heard he was a good thief, a blackleg. The young fellow ran down to the woods and sat down waiting for this man to come. When he came by, he grabbed the horse by the bridle. He said, "If you don't give me some money, I'll kill you." The man laughed at him. "Did you ever do this work before?" he asked. — "No." — "This is not the way to do it. You wait for the man with a big stick, give him a blow and take his money." He opened his vest and showed his revolvers inside. He said, "I could have killed you, but I knew you were not up to this work." The boy took another turn in the woods, got a stick, met the same fellow coming along and knocked him down. He took all his money, his papers, his horse. When the man came to, he had nothing. The boy went home with lots of money and a new horse.

Next morning, he said to his mother, "You can go to the king and tell him, 'My boy is a very good thief.'" The old woman went over to see the king and told him, "My boy is a good thief."

"Well," said the king, "if he can steal my table at dinner time, I'll say he is a good thief." The old woman went home. The boy asked, "What did the king say?" "He said if you can steal his table at dinner time, he will call you a good thief." — "Well, mother, we never have had a king's table for ourselves, but we'll have one today." He went to the king's house. When he heard the dinner bell, he set fire to a hay stack and ran into the house to tell them. All ran out to put out the fire. He ran into the house, rolled up the dishes in

1. Informant, Steven Nevin of Whycocomagh. Aged 72 : His mother's father was a white man, a sailor in port. Possibly he heard the story from his neighbor, Steven Sillaboy. A Scotch farmer, Peter M'Kinnon, told me that old Sillaboy had "grown up" with his father, Peter M'Kinnon, Sr., now deceased, a great story teller.

the table-cloth, picked up the table and ran home. When they had put out the fire, they came into the house, there was nothing there, no dinner.

After that the old woman went over to the king's house. She asked the king, "Is my boy a good thief?" — "No," said the king. "I cannot say so yet, but I have a good horse. If he can steal it tonight, I'll call him a good thief." The old woman went home. "What did the king say?" asked the boy. "He said if you can steal his horse tonight, he'll call you a good thief." The boy went to town to buy two bottles. In one he put liquor, and morphine in the liquor; in the other he only put molasses and water. After dark he went to the stable. Two soldiers were there guarding the gate. He asked them, "What are you fellows doing here?" — "Waiting for a thief tonight." — "Will you let me help you?" — "Yes." Then he took out his bottle with the molasses and water and drank some. They wanted some. He gave them some from the other bottle and the two soldiers went to sleep.<sup>1</sup> He went on to the barn. Two more soldiers were there. "What are you doing?" he asked. "Watching for a thief tonight," they said. He gave these soldiers a drink, too, and they went to sleep. He went into the barn. There were two more soldiers, one on the horse's back, one holding the bridle. He gave them a drink, and they went to sleep. He got a fence pole. He tied it up on the scaffold and tied the soldier on the pole, as if he was riding. He took the horse and rode it home. Next morning when the king woke up, he went down to see the horse, he found the two fellows at the gate asleep. He gave them the whip to wake them up, The two fellows in the barn were asleep, he gave them the whip.

Now the old woman went over to see the king. She asked him, "Is my boy a good thief." — "No, I cannot call him yet a good thief, but I'm going to have a pair of oxen plowing today on the hillside with three men, one driving them, one holding the plow, one with a hoe. If he can steal the oxen from the men I will call him a good thief." The old woman went home and the boy said to her, "What did the king say?" She said, "He is going to have a pair of oxen plow on the hillside and if you can steal them away, he'll call you a good thief." The boy got five young rabbits and went out on the hillside. "What are you doing?" he said to the men plowing. They said, "We are plowing and watching out for a thief who will come here today." The boy dropped one of the little rabbits and then tried to catch him. The fellow with the hoe dropped his hoe and he also tried to catch the rabbit. Then the boy dropped all the rabbits and they all began to run after them. When they got down into a little wood the boy came back and took away the oxen.

1. Cp. Rand 1 : 385.



Next morning he told his mother to go the king. "Is he a good thief?" she asked the king. "No, I would not call him a good thief," said the king, "but if he can take the sheet from under me tonight, I'll call him a good thief." The old woman went home. "What did the king say?" asked the boy. She said, "If you can take the sheet from under him tonight, he'll call you a good thief."

The boy went into town and bought some nuts, beech nuts. He knew that this day a child had been buried. He went into the graveyard and took up the dead child and went over to the king's house. Tonight the king was watching with revolvers on the table. At midnight, he saw something looking up through the window. The boy was holding up the corpse. The king shot at it and heard it fall. The queen said, "What will people say if they find a corpse under the window?" So the king dressed himself and went out to get the corpse to take it to the graveyard. The door was open, the boy slipped in and threw the little nuts over the floor. The queen heard the noise and thought the rats were running over the floor and would eat the clothes, and she got up to chase the rats away. Then the boy came in and sat on the bed. When the queen came back, she asked, "Did you bury him?" — "Yes, I buried him." The queen got into bed, she smelled something, she said, "You brought something in on your shoes, better take the sheet out." He went away with the sheet. When the king got back, the queen asked him, "Where did you put the sheet?" The king said he never took it. He said, "Well, that was the thief."

Next morning the boy met the head thief. He said to him, would he take him. "Yes," said the head thief. One day the head man said to him, "I have seen a fat sheep tied up in the field. They are going to kill him. I am going to steal that sheep and anyone who steals that sheep from me, maybe I'll call him a good thief." That day the boy went to the shop and bought a pair of low shoes, a fit for that man. He filled one up with dirt and put it out on the road. The man came along with the sheep and found this shoe, this dirty shoe. He went on a little piece, and on the other side of the hill, he found the other shoe, brand new, it just fitted him. He left his sheep, he thought, "If I go back now to get the other shoe, I can wash it and have a good pair." The boy was hiding and ran out and took the sheep. When the thief came back, the sheep was not there, it was gone. When the boy got home, he told them to kill the sheep, and when the head thief came back there, the sheep was all dressed.

One night they told him, "We better go into town, I know a man there who has plenty of gold, a cupboard with plenty of silver in it, dishes, knives, forks." So they went that night and got into the house. Three of them got into the cupboard. Then the boy closed the door and hollered, "You have got three thieves in the cupboard." They got those three thieves, and he got clear.

42. THE SILLY.<sup>1</sup>

There were three brothers and their mother was sick, laid up for many years. The youngest brother, they take him to be silly, he was not silly, but kind of queer. The other brothers go all the time to work in the fields. They tell their brother, "You better get the old woman to wash our clothes." So he went and got a big round pot to boil. He took it to the bed. Between the pot and the bed, he placed a board. He put his mother on the board and slipped her down into the pot. After she was cooked in the water, he took her out, and took off her clothes, put on new clothes, and put her back into bed. Then he would keep going back into the room looking at his mother, and saying that she was feeling very well. When his brothers were returning, he saw them and met them and said, "Our mother is feeling very good since she got clean clothes on." [When they found her dead] they went and buried her, not to let on to anybody.

They had a small pig. The younger brother said, "We better kill the pig." They killed him, hung him outside, got him dressed. "When are you going to use this pig?" asked the younger brother. "We'll use him when the long days come." This fellow [the youngest brother] stopped home all the time. He would ask people passing, "Did you see anyone called Longday?" — They said, "No." Three fellows were passing. "What are your names?" he asked. One said, "Longday." — "Come along, sir. Here is a pig that belongs to you." When his brothers returned he told them, "Longday was here today and he went with the pig."

One day his brothers told him to go to town and get a tub of butter. He went to town and got a tub of butter. Very hot day. On his way back, he came to a pond where the mud was all cracked up. He said, "You are very sick." He opened the tub of butter, and began to rub the butter on the ground. When he came home they asked, "Did you bring the butter?" He said, "I got the butter, but on my way home I met a very sick person. I rubbed the butter on him."

The next day they told him to go get some molasses in a cask. Coming home in the wagon he passed a green house. The door was broken. "Grandmother," he said, "you are pretty hungry, you've got your mouth open." He knocked the head off the cask, and shoved the cask into the door. When he came home they asked, "Did you

1. Informant, Stephen Nevin. Cp. Rand 1 : no. 57 ; Speck 4 : no. 8. Isabelle Googoo Morris referred to this story as *Gulnachu*, the brothers' name. "Coolnajoo" is the name Rand gives the story. It was told him by Susan Christmas who had heard many of her stories from an old blind woman on Cape Breton. The old blind woman, as I have already suggested, may have been Mary Doucet Newell, the grandmother of Mrs. Morris.

bring the cask ? ” He said, “ No, I met our grandmother, she was very hungry, with her mouth open. I shoved the cask into it.”

Next day they told him to go town and buy a horse. He bought the horse and told the horse to go to their town. When he came home they asked, “ Did you bring the horse ? ” — No, I told him to come here. Hasn’t he come ? — “ No, ” they said. “ That wasn’t the way to do, you should have put a bridle on him and got on his back. ”

A few days after that, they said to him. “ You better go get a servant girl, so that all three of us can go out to work, and she can stay here to cook. ” He got the girl, he put the bridle on her and got on her back. She screeched and wouldn’t move. When he got home they asked, “ Did you get the girl ? ” — “ Yes, but she wouldn’t come. ” — “ What did you do with the girl ? ” “ I put the bridle on her and got on her back. ” — “ That wasn’t the way to do. You should have led her by the hand and given her a kiss every now and again. ”

The oldest fellow said to him, “ Go get a pig. ” He got the pig. He stretched out his hand and gave him a kiss. The pig screeched and kept snouting at his hand. “ You can go, ” he said to the pig. “ Go to your aunt’s. ” When he got home they asked, “ Did you get the pig ? ” — “ Yes, and he kept snouting at me and I told him he might go to his aunt’s. ”

One brother said to the other, “ We better leave this house. That fellow is going to ruin us. ” As they were leaving the house they said, “ Shut that door. ” He asked them, “ Shall I take off the door or shut it ? ” — “ Take it off. ” So he took it off and put it on his back. When they got a piece on the road they found a tree with a clearing at the bottom, as if people had been there. They climbed the tree, he took the door up with him. Robbers from the town came there, and began to count their money. He told his brothers his hands were getting tired. They said to him, “ Don’t let go. They will find us out. ” He said he had to let go. When the robbers saw something coming down, they said, “ The clouds are falling down. ” They left all their money and went off. They came down, took the money, and went home.

After they got home, the other fellows said they had a notion to kill their brother. They got a big sack, they took him, and put him into it to throw him into the falls. As they were going along they came to a little grog-shop. They left the sack outside, went in to get a drink. A Frenchman coming along stepped on the sack, he heard screeching. “ What is it ? ” he asked. “ I am going to get some money in the falls, ” said the fellow in the sack. The Frenchman coaxed him to let him go inside. He put him in, he said, “ Don’t let on you’re in the sack, they won’t take you. ” Well, they threw the sack into the falls. The man in the sack called out it was not him, but they didn’t hear him.

When their brother got home, he went into the chapel, dressed

himself in the priest's dress, lit the candles, rung the bell. The priest told the serving boy to see what was wrong in the church. He went in, he saw somebody at the altar. He told the priest. The priest went then, he entered the church, he kneeled on the floor, he began to pray. The man at the altar asked what he wanted. "Do you want to go to Heaven?" — "Yes." — "Go and get your money." He took all the priest's money, he put the priest into the sack. As he was carrying him along near the falls, he said to the priest, "Do you hear that noise? That's Purgatory." They went by a house where there was a frolic.<sup>1</sup> He said to the priest, "Do you hear the music? I'm going to the gate to ask St. Peter to let us in." He left the sack by the door, he went in, he took a little dance. Some people came out and opened the sack, and found the priest. "What's the matter?" they asked. "Oh, a person is taking me to Heaven."

Now he had a lot of money, he bought some cattle. Their uncle was a king. He went into the barn, took all the cattle, cut off their tails, stuck them in the mud. He ran into the house, said to the king, "Your cattle are all run into the ground." The king ran out. He grabbed the tails, and broke them all off.<sup>2</sup> The fellow got all the cattle and sold them.<sup>3</sup>

One morning he got a hen and bought a lot of eggs and put them in a barrel. He told their uncle, the king, that he had a hen that could lay a barrel of eggs every day. "Better sell me this hen," said the king. So the king bought her and took her home. She didn't lay any eggs. The king asked him why the hen didn't lay eggs. He said, "You didn't feed her right. Give her a lot of wheat, first soak it a little." The king did this, then the hen's crop burst and she died. "You didn't feed that hen right," he said to the king.

Next time he got a big pot and gathered up some stones, red stones, and put them in the pot. He got some switches and beat the water into a froth. He went to their uncle and said, "I got a good pot. It doesn't need any fire. You strike it with switches and it begins to boil." The king went and saw the pot. He wanted to buy it. The fellow asked him for a lot of money, so he gave him the money and took the pot home. He couldn't make the pot boil.

He went away. He bought a colt, a nice colt, small colt. He took it into the barn. It dropped every kind of money amongst the dung. He told the king, "My brother bought a colt that drops money in the dung." The king went and saw the money, he wanted to buy the colt. The king bought the colt, took it home, and it would not drop any

1. Scotch term for a party — husking frolic, chopping frolic, parties to husk corn, chop wood.

2. Cp. Speck 1 : 56.

3. This story of the cows' tails was familiar to Lucy Pictou, "French story."

money. The king said to his brothers, "Well, try to kill him this time."

They put him into a sack, took him out where the tide was low. Lying there, he heard the pigs coming. "Open this bag for me," he said to them, "I'll get clams for you to pay you." When his brothers came, he was back in the house. Says he, "I got a lot of money when the tide came in, picked up a lot of money."

They couldn't kill him. They told him, "You better get married." — "How can I get her?" he asked. They said, "Take a little stick, throw it to her. If she throws it back, she will want to talk to you." He got a big stick, he hit her with it, he killed her. He left the place altogether, went on a man-of-war ship. When they came into a town he went ashore. Well, that's the end of it, they didn't do him any more harm.

#### 43. BIG KLAS, LITTLE KLAS.<sup>1</sup>

Little Klas has his own grandmother, and Big Klas has his own grandmother. They live in separate families. They have their own horses. Some rich folks come to visit Big Klas. Little Klas wants to do some plowing. He goes to his neighbor, Big Klas, and asks him to loan him his horse, he says, "I want to plow." Big Klas lent him his horse. He went to the field and started to plow. Big Klas said to the rich folks visiting him, "Little Klas is plowing. Come with me to his field, we'll see him plowing." When Little Klas saw the people coming, as he drove his horses, he said, "Get up, my pair two team horses! Get up, my pair two team horses!" When Big Klas heard that, he said, "Don't drive the horses like that because one of them is mine. If you do that, I'll kill your horse." As the people were going away, Little Klas drove the horses again in the same way, and said, "Get up, my pair two team horses!" Big Klas didn't like to hear Little Klas saying "my pair of horses." He went and took his horse out of the team. He got mad and shot Little Klas' horse and took his horse home.

Little Klas couldn't do anything about it. He went and skinned his horse and said, "Something for me here yet, the hide is good." On one side of his barn he spread the hide to dry, he tacked it around. In about four days this skin was dry. Now when you pressed it down, you could hear it squealing-like. Little Klas went to Big Klas and said, "I skinned my horse. Loan me your horse, I want to take the hide into town to sell it." He put the horse hide in the wagon and carried it into town. When he got into the town, at the

1. Informant Joseph Morris, with his mother, Isabelle Googoo Morris, interpreting. Heard from William Googoo. See p. 128, n. 1.

first house,<sup>1</sup> he stopped his horse. He saw a man out at the barn, and he could look into the kitchen. This woman was jealous of her husband. She put some geese in the oven and some nice biscuits and pies in a little cupboard. She told the man in the kitchen, "I'll hide you in the wood box." She went upstairs. Her husband came out of the barn. He saw Little Klas by the door and said, "What have you there?" — "I am selling a fortune-teller this evening." — "Well, where is your fortune-teller? My wife is jealous of me, will you tell me a fortune?" Little Klas said, "Let's go into the house." He took his bag into the house. "Now tell me a fortune." — "I can tell you what things are in the house." Little Klas pressed his foot on the bag, the bag squealed, "The geese are nearly cooked in the oven. Your wife wont let you know about them. She's going to use them for another fellow." The man said, "Tell me some more." Little Klas tramped on the bag again. "Nice biscuits and pies in the cupboard." The man said, "Tell me some more." Little Klas tramped on the bag again. "Another man in your house." He tramped again. "The man is in your wood box." The man opened the box, kicked the man out. He went to the oven and found the geese nearly cooked. He said, "That's a very handy bag because it can tell me what happens each day. You better sell it to me." — "No," said Little Klas, "I wont sell the bag. I wont sell the bag for less than one hundred quarts of gold." — "All right," said the man, "we are rich, I'll give it to you."

Little Klas went home with his money. When he got home he took the horse to Big Klas, he said, "I sold that skin." — "For how much?" — "For one hundred quarts of gold." Big Klas said, "I am going to kill my horse. Let me take the gold and measure it, and see if it is what you say." Big Klas killed his horse and spread the skin on the barn for four or five days. He burned the carcass of the horse. He took his double team and went to town. Little Klas told him to holler, "Selling a horse skin for one hundred quarts of gold! Who wants to buy a skin, horse's skin, for one hundred quarts of gold?" A policeman came out and said to him, "You crazy thing! we'll give you sixty cents. Don't make any more noise around town. We'll 'rest you and put you in 'sylum." When Big Klas went home, he got mad and went into Little Klas' house. He said to him, "This is your last day, I'm going to kill you tonight. You got one hundred pounds of gold for your horse, I didn't get anything for mine. I'm going to kill you, and cut your hide off tonight." Little Klas didn't know what to do. He went into his grandmother's room, and he said, "Let's change tonight. You are tired of your bed-room

1. Possibly there is an implication here of the Micmac etiquette of stopping at the first wigwam you reach in the encampment.

and I am tired of my bed-room. Some robbers are coming tonight, I'll save you." The old lady got frightened. She slept in Little Klas' room and Little Klas slept in her room. At twelve o'clock at night Big Klas came there. He brought in his hatchet, and cut the head off, and he thought it was Little Klas.

In the morning Little Klas went into the stable of Big Klas. He said, "Some robbers came last night and killed my grandmother. I'm going to take my grandmother into town." He took some money in his pocket. He fixed up his grandmother as when she was alive. He put a little shawl around her neck. He went into the bar-room and left his grandmother sitting with the team. There were two fellows in the bar room. The bar-keeper said, "Little Klas, ask your grandmother if she don't want a drink." — "Go ask her yourself," said Little Klas, "she's awful deaf though, you push her and tell her to come in." So the bar-keeper went to ask her to come in. He pushed her, he said, "Old lady, you best come in and take a drink, too." The old lady would not speak, would not move. He pushed her harder and saw her head fall down. Little Klas jumped out, and said, "What did you do? You killed my grandmother." He cried hard and screeched. The bar-keeper said, "Don't say a word, I might get 'rested. We'll hide her, I'll pay you." He gave Little Klas a couple of hundred dollars. Little Klas went home, and said to Big Klas, "I sold that old lady for two hundred dollars. My God! there was no old ladies in that town at all." That same evening Big Klas killed his grandmother to sell her for two hundred dollars. Little Klas had told him, "When you go into town you holler again, 'I got to sell an old lady here for two hundred dollars.' " He hollered like this and they chased him out again. Big Klas got mad. He said to Little Klas, "Now you cannot 'scape, I'm going to put you in a bag and throw you in the brook." He thought, "If I kill him, I can take his money."

He put him in a great big bag. He could not get out. He tied the bag around, and put it on his back. There was a big bridge he was going to take him to. Before he got to this bridge, he saw a man mowing hay. He thought, "Well, I better call him to help me." He went up to see the man. The man said, "You better come in to have a cup of tea before you go down to the brook." Another old man was passing with a lot of cows to give them a drink in the brook. He saw the bag and he kicked it. He heard somebody screech, "Oh! you hurt me." — "Who is this?" — "Open the bag for me." — "What are you doing in there?" asked the man. Little Klas said, "While I was in here I got a lot of money. Everybody passing dropped in a little money. You try. You go in." Little Klas put the man in the bag, took his cows and drove them back to his own field. Big Klas came out, took the bag, put it on his back, dropped it into

the brook. He heard somebody screech, but he didn't care. He was glad to drown his brother in the brook. When he came home what did he see there but Little Klas around the barn with lots of cows. "By God! have you got back?" — "Yes, I have got back." — "Where did you get all that cattle?" — "Well, when you put me down the brook, I got them down there. You better get in the bag, too, you can get a lot of cows, like me." So Big Klas got into the bag, mail bag, canvas bag, and Little Klas swung him down off the bridge into the deep water. That was the last end of Big Klas.

44. PLAYING GODFATHER : STONE FOR AN APPLE :  
JUMPING THE FIRE : WAKES UP DISILLUSIONED.<sup>1</sup>

Red Fox and the Daigël<sup>2</sup> (Tiger) joined together, went hunting together. They were hunting maple sugar.<sup>3</sup> They cooked a barrel of maple sugar. This barrel they buried in the ground, saving it for winter. In the fall Daigël says, "We've got to hunt, when the storms come we'll use the maple sugar. Then we wont have to go out into the storm." So every morning Daigël goes out hunting moose. But Red Fox goes to steal the maple sugar. This day he comes back to the wigwam, and Daigël says, "Where you been today, hunting?" — "No, been in house, new baby there. I was standing for the little baby that was christened." — "What that child's name?" — "That child's name First." Next day Daigël was hunting moose again. When he came back he asked Red Fox where he had been that day. "Been in house, another baby." — "What name you standin'?" — "Middle." Well, another three days' time Red Fox goes out early in the morning. Daigël doesn't know where he is. Red Fox comes home, his belly full. Daigël asks him, "Where you been today?" — "I been at that place today, little baby born today." — "You stand for him?" — "Yes, I stand for him." — "What name?" — "Scraped-it-right-in-the-bottom." Well, Daigël suspicious now. "You've not finished our barrel?" He asked him again. Third time he asked him, "You've not finished our barrel?" Red Fox says, "No. I didn't

1. Informant, Leo Morris, boy of fourteen. Leo narrated in Micmac to his mother, Isabelle Googoo Morris, who translated into English. Leo heard the tale from William Googoo who died in Truro in 1918, aged 25. From 1911 to 1914 William Googoo was at Key West, Florida. It seems fairly certain that the first three incidents, which are familiar negro tales, were learned by W. Googoo in the South. The fourth incident is Micmac. Cf. Rand 1 : no. 54.

Other Negro stories, including Tar Baby, were unfamiliar to the Morris boys, as were riddles also.

2. Daigël (Leo himself came somewhat closer to sounding the word as Tiger) is like a big dog, explained I. G. M., "never seen about here."

3. Trees are cut about three feet from the ground. Into the cut is stuck a little stick, with a bark dish below for the drip.



touch the barrel. " Daigël says, " Well, you wait. I am going to look at the barrel in the morning. " Early in the morning Daigël went to see the barrel. My god! when he got there, barrel was empty. When he got back Red Fox was lying one side the fire in the wigwam. Red Fox, he jump and went out fast into the woods to hide. Daigël, he chased him.

When Red Fox he know Daigël was coming near, he gathered up some big stones and went up into a happle tree. Daigël, 'longside the tree, wants to run up. Red Fox said, " You better not come up, wait till I throw happles down to you. " He throws a nice happle down. Daigël ate it. When he finished it he wanted to go up the tree. " Wait, " says Red Fox, " I'll throw another one. Open your mouth. I'll throw the best happle to you. Open your mouth, close your eyes. " Red Fox took a large stone and fired it as hard as he could into Daigël's throat. While his friend was choking, Red Fox came down the tree and ran away.

Daigël got rid of the stone and began to chase Red Fox. When he was nearly catching Red Fox, Red Fox said to himself, " I wish [for] a little fire before Daigël comes up. " He started a fire, put wood on it, then Daigël came up. Red Fox said, " Don't touch me yet. We are going to play a little while. Let us jump over this fire. " Red Fox jumped over the fire, and back. " Now, Daigël, " he said, " you do like me. " Daigël jumped one way. As he was jumping back, Red Fox grabbed him by one foot so he fell into the fire and was singed. Fox ran away again.

Daigël ran after him, when he was nearly up to him, Fox wished for a big drain to jump over. So there was a big cut. Red Fox told Daigël, " We got to play here again, got to jump over this deep drain. . . Now you jump as I do. " Then Daigël jumped. When he wanted to jump back Red Fox caught him by the leg, and he fell into the cut.

When he got out Red Fox was far away. Daigël tried to smell out his track. He found his track and chased Red Fox. Red Fox, he said, " I wish [for] a great nice big house (something like hotel), rich folks' house. " When Daigël got there he found Red Fox walking up and down like a gentleman.<sup>1</sup> Red Fox said, " Where you been, so tired, poor fellow? I'm going to get the servant girls to give you a good supper. " He told the girls to give the gentleman a good supper. " You better go in for supper, " he said to Daigël. So Daigël ate supper. " Now we'll give you a good bed, " said Red Fox. They slept together. About four in the morning Red Fox gets up. Daigël is tired, he goes on sleeping. When he gets up, he finds it just a little shelter, not a hotel, only made like hotel by Red Fox's trick.

1. Cp. Speck 1 : 66.

He starts to catch Red Fox again. He nearly catches him as Red Fox is crossing a big mountain. Red Fox wishes again. "When I get down the mountain, I wish [for] a big harbour and big wharf." So it is. When he comes out the woods, he says, "I wish [for] a big man o' war ship ' alongside the wharf, plenty officers, plenty soldiers." When he got down there he was badly left, for the soldiers, when they saw him, began to chase him. When the Daigël came down, because he was wild and would tear you up, those fellows shot him, killed him. That was the last end of him. The soldiers took the Red Fox away on the man o' war ship, to have him for their dog.

#### 45. THREE CLEVER GUYS.<sup>2</sup>

Three fellows were hard up, in the woods. One said he would go into town and get groceries. "How will you get them with no money, only two cents?" He went into the shop. He told the merchant he came to pay him the two cents he owed him. He was passing by and remembered he owed him two cents. The merchant thought he was a very honest fellow. He asked, "Anything you want?" — "Well, I am living along way from here, you might trust me with a few things to take home." So he took three pounds of biscuits, a can of corned beef, two pounds of cooked ham, and a can of condensed coffee.

Now the second boy was out of shoes. He said, "I bet I can get a nice pair of shoes and rubbers. I'll go to the shoe shop, best in town. I'll call for the best shoes. Now you fellows will come in when you hear the noise I will make fitting my shoes on, on the floor. You come right up to me collecting the money you say I owe you. Act rough with me." So when he was fitting his shoes on, he banged on the floor and the other two came in and asked, "When are you going to pay that bill you owe?" — "What bill?" — "Ah, get off, don't bother me." He struck him and missed him. He made his escape, with those new shoes and rubbers on, and they chased him. The old clerk hollered, "Catch 'em! catch 'em!"

The third boy, he wanted to show how clever he was, too. He said, "I can get five pounds of cooked ham without your help and bring it right here, and sooner than you think." He went into the butcher shop opposite the church and glebe house. He said to the girl, "You know I am working for the priest right across the street. He sends me for five pounds of cooked ham. He did not have time to give me the money, he was so busy. But if you come along with me he will pay you." The girl she wrapped him five pounds of cooked ham and

1. Cp. Speck 1: 66.

2. Informant, Peter Paul of Sydney. Aged 25. The title is Mr. Paul's. Recorded in 1924 in Trinidad.

followed him across the street to the priest's house. "Wait for me here," said the boy, "I will see if the priest is ready to see you." He went into the house, said, "Father, my sister is waiting outside. She is half crazy, but sometimes she is in her senses. Today she is right minded, and would like to make her confession. Will you receive her, Father?" — "Poor girl!" said the priest, "tell her to come in." So he went out and told the girl the priest was ready to pay her. "Now, little girl," said the priest, "I am ready to hear your confession," — "Confession nothing," said the girl, "I want the money, that's what I came here for." — "Now, little girl, make your confession. Don't talk that way." — "Say, I want my money, I can't be waiting too long." So the priest knew she was crazy again. "Get out! Get out! you crazy thing," he said.

Well, those other boys decided to steal from a man his camel, and horse, and suit of clothes. So one goes up to the camel and unfastens the little bell around his neck and ties it around the tail of the horse, runs off with the camel. The other fellow tells the man he can catch the camel on the horse, so he takes the horse. The man is feeling sorry over losing his camel and his horse, when he meets the other boy and tells him of this loss. The boy says, "Oh, that is nothing, today I lost fifty thousand dollars in the river and I don't know to dive for it." — "I know how to dive," says the man. "What will you give me if I dive for it?" — "I will give you half." So the man takes off his clothes, and dives. The boy takes up the man's clothes and runs away with them.

#### 46. BIG TREES AND HIGH BUILDINGS.<sup>1</sup>

One man was telling another there were such big trees in California that an automobile had to make a big curve around them. Another man said buildings were so high in New York that one time a man who was caught in one in a fire thought he better wrap himself in a rubber mat and throw himself out the window. He began to bounce up and down and bounced one week. They had to shoot him because he was starving.

#### 47. ON A TRAIN.<sup>2</sup>

Man was travelling on a train. Closet door was locked. He had to defecate, so he defecated through the window, into a girl's face and

1. Informant, Peter Paul. Probably read in a newspaper.

2. Informant, Peter Paul. He told this story at much greater length in Micmac to Mr. and Mrs. Morris, to whom it seemed extremely funny. They all laughed over it like children. However, the narrator thought it should not be translated into English, "too rough;" but he agreed that Mrs. Morris translate it to me privately, as she did in a matter-of-fact way without any expression of disgust.

on her dress. She thought it was vomit, from a man with a large round face, snub-nosed, with a black mustache.

#### ON RIDDLES.

As Lucy Pictou and I talked, her husband Jim sat in the same room making baskets — her hands were crippled and he was learning the craft — and now and again contributing to our talk. Presently he began to sing :

Umpy Dumpy on de wall.  
Takes all de king's horses  
Put Umpy Dumpy on de wall again.

A girl present, Rosie Paul, an adopted daughter of Jim's sister, knew the riddle-song accurately in its usual riddle form.

Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall,  
Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.  
All the king's horses and all the king's men  
Cannot put Humpty Dumpty up again.

Rosie Paul had curling hair and was presumed of Negro as well as Indian descent.

Other riddles nobody knew. Lucy Pictou said that her mother in Bear River had told her that such things were from the Devil,<sup>1</sup> not to say them. When she brought them home from school, her mother said, "Only people who have got no souls say them and understand them." At Lequille and at Bear River Mr. Fauset was told in answer to his systematic enquiries of the Indians about riddles, "We don't know that kind of stuff," or "We don't use them;" "Riddles is an unspirited story, no foundation to it."

In view of the fact that riddles are popular among the Negro neighbors of the Indians of western Nova Scotia, the lack of interest in riddles on the part of the Indians there is a striking case of cultural rejection.

In Cape Breton, riddles were entirely unfamiliar to the Morris family. Peter Paul of Sydney knew one :

What goes up when it rains? Ans. Umbrella.

He stated very positively that riddles did not interest him, although the Irishman story (Paddy and Mike, to use his reference) he had taken to, and, as noted, the story of exaggeration of the comic supplement.

1. The same origin was attributed to the Rev. Rand's publications, of which Lucy Pictou knew. Was he not a Methodist clergyman? Devil books! Of their Catholic prayer-book the Rev. Rand in his turn had written, "It states things which are false in fact, and ruinous in tendency." (p. XL).

Peter Paul referred to *kehimandu*, great spirit, as "now Satan." (See Rand 2 : 225, Satan.)

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## NOTES AND QUERIES

WAMPANOAG INDIAN TALES.— These tales were recorded at Mashpee, a settlement of Wampanoag Indians on Cape Cod, and at Gay Head, Martha's Vineyard. A few of the Mashpee Indians, also, trace their descent to those Pequots who fled to Massachusetts after the Great Pequot War (1634-1637). These Indians live, like many other inhabitants of the Cape, on their income from fishing and from the cranberry bogs. English is the only language in use. The first tale was told by Chief Massipaug; tales 2-4 by Charles William Ryan of Gay Head; and tales 5-6 by Mrs. Rachel F. Ryan of Gay Head.

*The Pot of Gold.*

A Frenchman came to South Mashpee. One day the D  vil appeared before him in the woods, and showed him a kettle of gold. He offered it to him in return for his soul. The Frenchman sold himself to the Devil for the pot of gold. As soon as the Devil had disappeared, the Frenchman was frightened; he could not bear the thought of touching the money. He buried the pot of gold, and fled. The curse, however, had already come upon him, and within thirty days he died.

The kettle of gold remained buried in the woods. One day an Indian came that way holding his pointed money-stick.<sup>1</sup> Suddenly it bent downward, and he knew he had come to the place of buried treasure. He dug it up; but within thirty days that Indian died. So all the inhabitants of Mashpee discovered that the curse was still upon the hidden treasure, and no one wished to dig for it. This happened many years ago, and today only a few still know the site of the hidden treasure.

*The Devil's Bridge.*

Long ago two giants lived on Cape Cod, and one was good and one was bad. The bad one made himself so unpleasant that the good one, Moshop, took his wife Squant and his twelve beautiful daughters and fled with them to Martha's Vineyard. Moshop settled at the end of the Island where the Gay Head Indians live today. On the farthest point, in what is now known as the Devil's Den, he made his home. They had always plenty of food, for when they wanted more, Moshop stood by his door and caught whales by their tails. He threw these on the big out-door fireplace where there was always a fire burning. When they needed more wood Moshop took hold of a tree, pulled it up by the roots and threw it on the fire.

1. The Indians carry these little pointed sticks in their hands as they walk, in the belief that when they come to the site of buried gold, the stick will point downwards.

Moshop was often away from home. One day his wife was alone by the door, and the Devil came by. He told her that between sun-down and the time the cock crowed for dawn he could build a bridge from the place where the Coast Guard Station stands today to Cuttyhunk. Squant did not believe him. The Devil made a bet with her, and he said that if he succeeded, he was to have Moshop's soul. Squant was sure he could not succeed, and she accepted the terms of the wager.

At sun-down the Devil began to build the bridge. He picked up huge boulders in his apron. Hewas in such a hurry to take them to the part of the shore where his bridge must be built that a few of the boulders fell out, and you can see them today where the Devil dropped them. They are always known as the Devil's Boulders.

Squant saw that something must be done at once, for the Devil built his bridge with great rapidity. She took a candle, lighted it, and ran out to find her old rooster. She flicked it in front of his eyes, and he, thinking the dawn had come, crowed lustily. When the Devil heard this, he too thought the dawn had come, and he was so angry that he seized what he had built of the bridge and flung it out into the water where it is today, the cause of many shipwrecks.

Moshop and his family were hard-pressed by the people, and to save his daughters he turned them into "killers" (fishes like whales). He then took his wife around the point to Squibnocket, where the smoke of their fire may still be seen sometimes at twilight. He himself may be seen at midnight by one who has drunk heartily and is coming home through the woods. "Whether this is true or not, I cannot say, for I myself have never met him."

### *Sarah Spaniard and Foolish Margie.*

Sarah Spaniard saved her money so that she might have decent burial. Her grandson came home from sea; and not long afterwards Sarah Spaniard was found dead. People said her grandson had murdered her for her money.

They took him down to the village to be tried for murder. They took too Foolish Margie, the woman Sarah Spaniard had always taken care of. They took her in an ox-cart. When they came to the court, they told her she must give a truthful answer to all questions, and they put her on the stand.

They asked her, "Did you see this man kill Sarah Spaniard?"

She answered, "The ox that brought us down had but one horn."

They asked, "How came this woman to be killed?"

She said, "Where did you catch those great, big brass buttons, Boston?"

They told her that they did not wish to hear about ox-horns or brass buttons, but wanted to know how Sarah Spaniard came to be killed.

She replied, "Nebuchadnezzar had long claws."

They had to acquit the grandson as they could prove nothing by Foolish Margie. He went away to sea and never came back. It is said to this day that on certain misty nights, the old grandmother is to be seen wandering about the place where the deed was committed.

*A Ghost Story.*

One night at Gay Head, an Indian woman and her children were all alone in the house. The children were sound asleep in bed and the woman sat knitting by the fire-place. As is the custom today with many Indians, her door was standing open. The woman was sure she heard some one come to her door and went to see who it was. There was a sailor standing in the open doorway. The woman asked him what he wanted, and the sailor said he would like to come inside and get warm, because his clothes were wet and he felt chilly. The woman placed a chair by the fire and the sailor sat down in it.

The woman put another log on the fire, and as she sat there knitting and watching the fire, she noticed that she could see the fire right through his feet, for his feet were stuck out, so that they came between the woman and the fire, but that did not prevent her from seeing the blaze, just as if his feet were not there. This made her very much afraid, but she was a brave woman and said nothing, merely kept right on knitting. Finally the sailor turned to her and said,

“Do you want any money?”

She didn't answer at first, so he repeated his question, and then she replied, “Yes.”

The sailor told her that if she really wanted some, all that she would have to do, would be to go outdoors to the back of her house and there beside a rock she would find buried a kettleful of money. After he had given the Indian woman directions for finding that kettle, the sailor thanked her for her hospitality and went away.

The woman didn't go out at first, as she was very badly frightened. But after a while she thought she might as well go and see if there were any truth in what the sailor had told her. She took her hoe, went out doors and easily found the place the sailor had described. She began to dig, but every time that she stuck her hoe in the ground, her children who were sound asleep in bed would cry out as if they were in great pain. She rushed into the house every time that they cried, to see what was the matter with them, but she always found them just as she had left them. After this had happened several times, she decided to give up digging for that night, thinking she would try it again in the morning when it was bright daylight.

When morning came, she wondered if she had dreamed all this and went outdoors to the place where she had dug the night before. There was her hoe standing where she had left it, but somebody else had been there and finished digging while she was asleep, because there was a big, round hole. She looked in the hole and saw that some one had surely been there ahead of her and dug up that hidden treasure, so that she was too late after all.

Considering everything, perhaps she was not too late, because it may have been the Devil in disguise, who tempted her to see whether she cared more for her children than she did for gold.

*The Mother of the Kinky-haired Indians.*

Before white men came to Martha's Vineyard, the Indians were picking



berries at Duncan's Ridge. When they had finished, they went up on East-skysser Hill to feast, but one beautiful squaw was so busy picking that she stayed behind. When the people went to look for her, they found only her berry basket. They hung it on a tree, for they knew she would come for it.

Every year when they went to this place for berries, the basket was more and more decayed. At last, many years after, a strange woman came toward them as they feasted after the berry picking. She had kinky hair. She asked if they remembered the squaw who had been lost, and she said, "Take me to your chief." They took her to their chief, and she told her story:

As she picked berries, a black, black man with thick lips and kinky hair came toward her. He told her that his chief had a thorn in his side which caused him great pain. None of his people could remove it. He had sent to her for help as a Medicine Woman who could cure sickness by knowledge of herbs.

They went down a flight of stairs until they came to a land of fruits and flowers. The little man led her to his chief, and she removed the thorn. She stayed on among them, always thinking she would return to her people. One of the black men wished to marry her, but she went to the chief and asked only that she be allowed to return to her people. He gave her presents, and sent her back with the man who had brought her to that place. They went up the stairs, and when they had come to the place where she had left her basket, the black man took away her presents, and ran his hands through her long hair till it was kinky as his own.

When she had finished her story, the chief commanded them to cast her out. He prophesied that another race would come who would resemble this woman; he said that they would mix with the Indians and that this squaw would be the ancestor of many Kinky-haired Indians.

#### *The Foretelling of the Coming of the White Man.*

Before the coming of the white man, a great and wise chief lived at Indian Hill, between Eastskysser Hill and the beach hummock where Moshop and Ol'Squant live. On his death-bed he said that a strange white people would come to crowd out the red men, and that for a sign, after his death a great white whale would rise out of the witch pond below. That night he died and followed the fading glow of sunset to the Happy Hunting Grounds; and that night the great white whale rose from the witch pond. The old chief was buried on Indian Hill, and at its foot the Witch Pond may still be seen.

Roxbury, Mass.

MABEL FRANCES KNIGHT

## BOOK REVIEWS

The rotor-propelled vessel seems to be a reality. It is perhaps the last chapter in the story of the extinction of an important and romantic phase of our culture. At any rate the sailing vessel no longer plays an essential part in American life. For this reason Miss Joanna Colcord has performed a signal service to the study of folk literature in publishing her volume *Roll and Go*.<sup>1</sup>

It is a collection of the songs of American sailors. Many of the pieces (words and tunes) are recorded from the personal experience of the editor, who is the daughter of a sea-captain and accompanied her father on many voyages. To her empirical data Miss Colcord adds a spirit of research which has caused her to sort out and compare songs from many collections of American and British chanties. She has included only chanties sung by American sailors with a few early versions for purposes of comparison. One point she does not bring out quite clearly is the dependence of the American chanties upon tradition. That is to say, these are in the main the songs of English-speaking sailors everywhere. Extemporaneous lines there are, but essentially the old pattern is little changed; there is adaptation rather than invention.

The description of the way the chanties were sung, of the body motions accompanying them, and of their classification into Short-Drag, Halyard and Capstan Shanties, and Forecastle Songs are skilfully and vividly done. The discussion of the elements of simplicity, rhythm and brevity is also valuable. No one making a careful study of work songs should fail to consider the first three chapters of this book, and the student of ballads must needs consult the Forecastle Songs especially when discussing the distribution and origin of ballad.

Each of the nine beautiful illustrations of steady, graceful sea-going craft in Miss Colcord's book arouses emotions of romance and adventure which find vicarious satisfaction in Clark B. Firestone's *The Coasts of Illusion*.<sup>2</sup>

Mr. Firestone has made a tremendous compilation of notions held by the common people, a survey unrestricted by time or space. He has based his ideas and conclusions on the travel tale from the earliest known accounts to the time of Sir Walter Raleigh. This plan has led him so far afield that he has had to consider traditional and written records from time immemorial and from uncharted space. Among other subjects he discusses varied conceptions of the world order, innumerable fabulous actors (beasts of air, land and water, satyrs, pygmies and Amazons); lands and waters dreamed of and feared (Atlantis, Sargasso Sea, etc.) Upon a discussion of such subjects, skilfully abstracted and generalized, he bases his speculations as to how these ideas came to be, and among other things concludes :

1. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, 1924.
2. Harper and Brothers, N.Y., 1924.

1. That myths are extremely old and conservative. After they have become entrenched in a given society they change little.
2. That the introduction of scientific investigation or of intellectualism does not make people stop dreaming. They merely extend the boundaries of their illusions.
3. That myths and fables have few origins and are dispersed over wide territories by travellers of all kinds who are not wont to corroborate aural with empirical evidence. In this human trait there is very little difference between primitive and sophisticated man.
4. That the "fabric of illusion" is composed of imagination, of religious and magical elements which have given rise to symbolism of terror, of art, of the power of wish, and of the power of words, of which the two latter are the greatest.
5. That fear and selfishness are the only two things which have caused frustrations and cruelties.
6. That fancy and its attending errors are the reasons for all cultural advancement, especially of modern, but also of primitive, societies.
7. That modern science and intellectualism have not killed the desire for adventure and that illusion still plays its role and will continue to do so as long as man shall exist.

If Mr. Firestone were dogmatic we should be inclined to dispute his rather marked leaning toward G. Elliot Smith's too extreme theory of diffusion and toward Max Müller's exaggeration of the power of word and metaphor to originate myths. But since the author recognizes other possibilities for origins and is by implication an eclectic, we cannot but admire his lack of dogmatism.

So far *Coasts of Illusion* has been regarded from the scientific point of view and the following points may be added: In a book of this kind the Solar theory of origins, so popular and often so grossly overdone, might yield much that is appealing to the general public. But to the credit of the author, it is mentioned but casually in connection with various attempts to explain the Atlantis legend.

The American Indian myths which are used are accurate in general. There is perhaps too much stress laid upon the similarities between New and Old World deluge tales and not enough upon their differences.

There is a satisfactory bibliography, a feature too often omitted in books written for laymen.

From the point of view of the general reader the book offers much interesting information which has heretofore been unavailable because so widely scattered. The information is presented in an entertaining manner—the style is appealing and drawings by Ruth Hambidge as well as good reproductions of paintings add to the attractiveness of the volume. It is an unusually successful attempt to popularize science.

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NORWEGIAN FAIRY TALES from the collection of Asbjørnsen and Moe, translated by Helen and John Gade. American Scandinavian Foundation. New York, 1924.

No complete edition exists in English of the Asbjørnsen and Moe Norwegian collections similar to that in which Grimm's German *Märchen* have been given almost in full to English readers. For such a service we might well have looked to the Scandinavian Foundation. This new volume of selections is, however, welcome to a generation for whom Dasent, Thorpe and Braekstad are difficult of access. The form and typography are all that could be desired. The selection is excellent, and the translation retains the flavor of the homely vernacular in which the tales were first told. A good feature is the arrangement of the stories into five classes, including animal stories, local legends of the fisher-folk, wonder tales, and stories of saints and devils, with a miscellaneous group which describes encounters with supernatural beings. All are told with wit and liveliness and with extraordinary compression. The tales of the fisher-folk are the freshest and suggest a field for further research. Popular sayings, the number three, the troll and the troll-wife, the wicked step-mother, the Cinderella motive of the youngest, the ugliest, the stupidest, or the "widow's son" — all these elements so common in Scandinavian story here recur; but there are none of the magic mists leading into fairy-land such as belong to Magnusson's Icelandic collection.

There are minor elements of interest in each story. The Cinderella tale of *Kari Wooden skirt* unrolls into several versions of the familiar folk story as dexterously as Kari herself pulls tablecloth and eatables out of the ear of the friendly bull. Cinderella does not ordinarily, as here, to judge from Miss Cox's variants, live in a pig-sty. But in a version from West Finland she is disguised in the form of a pig; in a Russian (as in a Sicilian) version she wears pig-skin. So does the male "Cinderella" who is "sewed up in a pig-skin" in a Russian story; in another Russian variant he also hides in a pig-sty. In a negro story I heard in Jamaica, Cinderella was called "Hogstye Mary." In versions from Basse Bretagne and from Catalan and in a male version from Little Jerut, the Cinderella tends swine.

More significant is the "wooden skirt" element in the story, which seems to be a favorite with the Norwegians to judge from Miss Cox's citations. In a Wallachian version, the girl has a wooden mantle over her garments and the prince calls her his "wooden bride." In a story from Smyrna, a carpenter makes her a suit of wood in which she clothes herself and she is called "wooden Mary." In a story from Haute Bretagne collected by Sebillot, her dress is the "color of wood." In stories from the Aramaic, Jewish, and from Palermo (collected by Pittré), she hides in a chest. Straparolla hides her in a "wardrobe." In another Palermo story, she presents herself "in a tree-trunk." Miss Cox cites a Japanese story in which the dying mother places a wooden bowl over her daughter's head in order to hide her beauty. The point of the disguise seems to be to conceal the girl's loveliness until the true prince comes by. The curious idea of the wooden skirt seems to belong to the tree body in which, in so many versions of the story, the dead guardian befriends the girl or which acts as the depository of miraculous gifts. In a typical Cinderella variant, the prince finds the wandering princess in the branches of a tree into which she has climbed to escape pursuit.

All these Norse stories have a wide range. I have heard among Jamaica negroes the episode of the voice-testing which occurs in the *Fox as Shepherd*,

almost exactly in the same form although with a quite different setting. And the concluding episode of the *Widow's Son* occurs in the Hawaiian story of *Kalelealuaka and Keinoboomanawanui* of the Fornander collection, retold by Padraic Colum in his *Man who was bold in his Wish*.

It is regrettable that no notes accompany the tales, if only of the briefest, to place the stories and explain their relation to other Scandinavian folk-tales.

The Folk-lore Foundation, MARTHA WARREN BECKWITH.  
Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York.

FOLK-LORE FROM THE CAPE VERDE ISLANDS, by Elsie Clews Parsons. Cambridge, Mass., and New York. Published by The American Folk-Lore Society. G. E. Stechert & Co., New York, 1923. Two volumes (vol. I, xxv + 375 pages; vol. II, x + 267 pages).

This abundant and welcome collection of Portuguese-African folk-lore was brought together by Dr. Parsons during the summers of 1916 and 1917 from Portuguese Negro immigrants from the Cape Verde Islands residing in eastern Massachusetts, Rhode Island and the seaports of Connecticut. Most of the informants were from a colony at Newport. Dr. Parson's guide and interpreter, Mr. Gregorio Teixeira da Silva, was also from this colony.

Volume I consists of 133 folk-tales in English translation. The translations were made from the texts in the Portuguese dialect prepared by Mr. Silva from notes previously taken among the informants. The Portuguese texts of about two thirds of these tales (85 of them plus a few variants) are given in Volume II. In this volume are also published 183 proverbs and 292 riddles both in the original Portuguese dialect and in English translations.

The most important part of the material of the two volumes are the 133 folk-tales in English translation, published in Volume I. These give us a very good idea of the kind of folk-tales that are current among these peoples and are a very valuable contribution to the comparative study of folk-tales. As the editor tells us on page xiv of her introduction to Volume I the greater number of these tales are of European source, that is to say, Portuguese, although in many of them there is an evident African setting, and a few of them may be of purely African source. The editor also states that many of the animal tales seem to reveal less Portuguese influence than those where adventure is dominant. The reviewer is somewhat skeptical about this opinion for the reason that in the large Spanish collection brought from Spain in 1920, and which is now being published by Stanford University, the animal tales are as common, if not the more so, and exactly the same types are to be found as in the Cape Verde tales, for example, the tale of the stupid wolf who is always beaten by the other animals, the identification of the wolf and fox by names of persons, etc.<sup>1</sup> There is certainly one type, however, that is in all probability of purely African source, the tale of the wolf who is saddled and ridden by another animal. This tale appears commonly in the Porto Rican tales collected by Dr. Mason and seems to have a purely African setting.<sup>2</sup>

1. JAFL 34 : 127-142.

2. These have not been published yet. See JAFL 34 : 143-208 ; 35 : 1-61.

The majority of the wolf and nephew stories, however, may be a development of the wolf stories of Europe where the wolf always gets the worst of the bargain. These same tales have been found by Dr. Parsons in the Bahamas, and similar folk-tales are found, of course, in the old collections and in the Orient, for example. the animal stories of the *Hitopadesha* and *Pantchatantra*, so that the identification of their primitive type is not easy. The presence of a few apparently American Indian types in the Cape Verde collection is rather puzzling. No. 8, however, is European. See no. 8, below.

Since the folk-tales given in the Portuguese texts in Volume II are merely the original texts from which the English translations were made they are of little importance for the comparative study of folk-lore. Volume II, however, has the additional material of the proverbs and riddles, a very important part of the entire collection. The folk-tales given in the original dialects in Volume II, however, are of the greatest importance for Romance dialectology, a problem with which we are not concerned at the present moment. We must call the attention of Romance dialectologists, therefore, to this new and important material in one of the least-known Portuguese-African dialects that furnishes abundant material for an interesting study of an isolated, antiquated, and very much simplified modern Romance-African dialect. The phonetic, morphological and syntactical problems involved are of the greatest possible interest and importance. The four-page prologue to Volume II on orthography and phonetics by Miss Bensaude serves only to whet the appetite of the Romance dialectologist and tells us practically nothing of the salient features of these interesting dialects.

In the following notes we shall discuss more in detail some of the more important materials of *Folk-Lore from the Cape Verde Islands*.

The bibliographical material given by Dr. Parsons for each folk-tale is most complete and gives all the material necessary for definite comparative studies. A few very recent publications in the Spanish field should be added, some of which had not appeared when the Cape Verde material was prepared for publication. The most important of these are the following: *Cuentos Populares Españoles, recogidos de la tradición oral de España y publicados con una introducción y notas comparativas*, por Aurelio M. Espinosa, Stanford University Publications; Tomo I, 1923, Tomo II, 1924, Tomo III, now in press; Ramon A. Laval, *Cuentos Populares en Chile*, Santiago 1923-1924; S. de Saunière, *Cuentos populares araucanos y chilenos*, Santiago, 1918; Aurelio de Llano Roza de Ampudia, *Del Folklore Asturiano, Cuentos populares*, Madrid, 1924; C. Cabal, *Los cuentos tradicionales asturianos*, Madrid, 1924. In my own collection from Spain and in the work of Laval from Chile there are many important parallels to the tales from the Cape Verde Islands. This is additional evidence of the European character of the material.

No. 1. While Grimm no. 142 seems to be a fine version of a well defined type of this folk-tale, the equally well defined though somewhat different Hispanic type of *Los dos compadres* or *Los dos hermanos* that is generally joined to the more complicated picaresque tale is undoubtedly a special Hispanic elaboration. Of the variants given by Dr. Parsons in the foot-notes a few are surely of literary source while others betray their African setting. For additional comparative data see: *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares*

*Españolas*, vol. IV, Sevilla, 1884, pages 62-66; *Bulletin de Dialectologie Romano*, vol. IV, 1912, pages 111-112; a New Mexican version; *Cuentos Populares Españoles* (Espinosa), vol. II, nos. 172-176.

No. 2. This tale is certainly not characteristically European, although the idea of wolf being beaten is so general in European lore.

Nos. 3-7. These tales belong to the cycle that Dr. Parsons believes to be less under the influence of Portuguese culture than most other tales, and in general I agree with this opinion. No. 3, however, is certainly under European influence and may be of direct Portuguese source, while no. 7 is undoubtedly a European tale as may be seen from the bibliographical note of Dr. Parsons on page 15. There are also Spanish versions of the tale. See *Cuentos Populares Españoles*, vol. III (now in press), no. 205.

No. 8. This tale belongs to a special type of Hispanic picaresque tale that has a well defined character. See *Cuentos Populares Españoles*, vol. I, nos. 37 and 38, and vol. III (now in press), no. 192.

Nos. 12 and 13. While these tales belong to the John the Bear cycle, no. 13 is also related to the animal-transformation type, an oriental element that appears, of course, in many folk-tales. To the bibliographical materials add Pitre-Marino, *Archivio delle Tradizioni Popolari*, vol. III, Palermo, 1884, pages 538-540.

No. 17. See also *Cuentos Populares Españoles*, vol. I, no. 93.

Nos. 18 and 19. To the comparative notes add the numerous *Pedro de Urdemalas*, *Pedro el Malas*, and *Juan Bobo* tales of Hispanic source. See *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares Españolas*, vol. IV, pages 139-149; JAFL 27 : 221, *Cuentos Populares Españoles*, vol. III, nos. 163-171. In a footnote to page 56 Dr. Parsons says that a Fogo man suggested that tale no. 19 was based on a book "Bartoldino" that is widely read in the Cape Verde Islands, and refers to my note about this book in JAFL above cited. When I was in Spain in 1920 I secured a copy of this popular *libro de cordel*. It is the same that I had seen when a boy many years ago in Colorado. Anything like tale no. 19 of the Cape Verde collection, however, is not found in this little book, the complete title of which is *Bertoldo, Bertoldino y Cacaseno*, por C. Della Croce, Nueva traducción del italiano, Barcelona, no date (but it is a very modern print).

No. 22. This tale is also related to 18 and 19.

No. 23. A very fine example of a thoroughly European type of tale where repartee and wit are brought into play, and related to the riddle tales, also so characteristically European and Oriental. See *Cuentos Populares Españoles*, vol. I, nos. 1-4.

Nos. 24 and 25. As I have indicated already I believe that these tales may be of African origin. Their wide distribution in North and South America, however, as one may see from the bibliographical data given by Dr. Parsons on page 66, is a matter that has to be studied with great care before we can come to definite conclusions.

No. 26. Related also to the Hispanic picaresque cycle. See our remarks on nos. 18 and 19.

No. 27. This folk-tale may also be of African source. The skull that talks reminds one of the cave that talks (the snake in the cave) of the Mexican and New Mexican folk-tales. See JAFL 24 : 422.

Nos. 30 and 31. These are complicated types of European picaresque tales. The tar-baby incident is another proof of its European provenience. See no. 33.

No. 32. See also *Cuentos Populares Españoles*, vol. I, no. 13.

No. 33. Here we have a very fine version of one type of the *Tar-baby* story, which I have always maintained to be of European and ultimately Indian source. The bibliographical data given on page 95 are most complete and furnish enough materials for a complete study of the problem. Dr. Parsons had studied the problem before in *Folk-Lore*, vol. XXX, 1919, pages 227-234. The Portuguese versions from the Cape Verde Islands support fully the conclusions reached by Dr. Parsons in the above article, namely, that the tar-baby pattern may have travelled from India to Europe, and that it reached Africa from Portugal or Asia. At present we can say no more. How the original pattern came to be attached to the tale of the *Master Thief* and other tales can be clearly understood. That the *Jataka* story of the *Demon with the Matted Hair*, as suggested by Joseph Jacobs (*Indian Fairy Tales*, London, 1892, page 8) is the source of this much discussed tale is for me beyond all doubt. I have found myself a fine version of a European form of this tale in my trip to Spain in 1920, the tale of *Sansón*, no. 35 of *Cuentos Populares Españoles*, vol. I. Here a giant is caught by means of a tar-baby, the pattern being in reality a direct development of the oriental tale. The incident of the catching of an animal by means of tar (a fish composition in the Spanish tales) placed on a branch of a tree or on another animal is also found in other types of Spanish folk-tales. For examples see : Ramón Menéndez Pidal in *Romania*, vol. XXIX, pages 376-377 ; Aurelio de Llano Roza de Ampudia, *op. cit.*, pages, 28-31 ; *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares Españolas*, vol. I, pages 109-113. The conclusions of Dähnhardt in *Natursagen*, IV, pages 26-43, have to undergo important revision in view of the recent versions and the evidence that is derived from them.

Nos. 39 and 40. These tales are also good examples of European picaresque types. The episode of the buried tails is one common to many of the Hispanic versions.

No. 41. This is a version of the familiar tale where a coward or bravo accidentally kills a giant or dragon. See *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares Españolas*, vol. I, pages 121-125, and *Cuentos Populares Españoles*, vol. III (now in press) no. 194.

No. 43. To the bibliography of the tale add Ramón A. Laval, *Cuentos Populares en Chile*, *op. cit.*, pages 142-154.

No. 44. The large amount of song in this and other Cape Verde tales is indeed interesting. While this phenomenon is not unusual in Hispanic folk-tales, in some versions, as in the present case, it is quite important. In general it seems to be directed to the arousing of the emotions of the listeners, to make the incidents narrated in the story more real, more dramatic. Primitive folk-songs are used here with plain prose in order to remove from the listeners the monotonous atmosphere of ordinary story-telling. In Volume II Dr. Parsons has given us with the dialectic versions of the tales the music for the songs and jingles. This music is extremely interesting and it is characterized by its ballad-like movement and deep feeling. A study of all the music given in Volume II would give us interesting data on the



folk-music of the Cape Verde Islands. Here one would certainly hope to find a curious blending of European and African elements. The Negro may speak Portuguese but cannot disguise native articulation, native tone-color, native pitch and stress and other factors that constitute the complexity of sounds and silences that determine the real rhythm of speech and song. The music of tale no. 129 has all the characteristics of an old Hispanic ballad-melody.

No. 48. For a Spanish version of this tale see *Biblioteca de las Tradiciones Populares Españolas*, vol. I, pages 196-199.

No. 52. See *Cuentos Populares Españoles*, vol. II, nos. 122-124, for three long and very beautiful versions of this folk-tale. These tales seem to have a direct relation to certain Celtic folk-tales. The reviewer is studying this relation at present. He hopes to establish also a relation between these tales and many of the literary episodes of the chivalric tales of the Middle Ages, such as those of the Arthurian cycle and the fantastic incidents of the *Amadis de Gaula*.

No. 58. In *Cuentos Populares Españoles*, vol. II, nos. 99-106, we have a series of very complete and interesting versions of this European folk-tale, which in its long development through the centuries has even added elements of historical or semi-historical source. To the comparative bibliography given by Dr. Parsons should be added the following important works : Marcelino Menéndez y Pelayo, *Tratado de los Romances Viejos*, Tomo II, Madrid, 1906, pages 513-516 ; Herman Suchier, *Oeuvres poétiques de Philippe de Remi, Sire de Beaumanoir*, Paris, 1884, pages 29-36 ; and Rodolfo Lenz, *Un grupo de Consejas Chilenas*, in *Anales de la Universidad de Chile*, 1912, pages 96-150.

No. 59. See also JAFI 24 : 430-436.

Nos. 62 and 63. To the bibliographical references add JAFI 24 : 415-419.

No. 69. I have given a bibliography of the best-known versions of this accumulative tale and the general accumulative tale material in JAFI 27 : 222-227. Add Laval, *Cuentos populares en Chile*, pages 26-29.

Nos. 72-74. To the bibliography of the tale add JAFI 24 : 398-402.

No. 82. The meeting of a poor man with God here is a new element in the Cape Verde tales. This seems rather strange since in our *Cuentos populares Españoles* this incident is not unusual. In the fairy and enchantment tales of Vol. II the Virgin is frequently substituted for the traditional fairy or witch.

Nos 84 and 85. It is really remarkable to note the fidelity with which this tale has been preserved in an apparently fixed Hispanic form. Even the names *Paula*, *Paul*, *Panda*, etc., have not been changed in the numerous Portuguese and Spanish versions. In the following studies, especially the works of Lenz and Lehmann-Nitsche, additional versions are to be found, and also important and valuable criticism : Rodolfo Lenz, *Cuentos de adivinanzas corrientes en Chile*, *Anales de la Universidad de Chile*, 1912, pages 353-357 : Lehmann-Nitsche, *Adivinanzas Rioplatenses*, Buenos Aires, 1911, pages 445-459 ; *Cuentos populares Españoles*, vol. I, pages 41-43 ; Rodríguez Marín, *Cantos Populares Españoles*, vol. I, Sevilla, 1882, riddle no. 942 and pages 395 ff.

No. 92. Although this tale is related to the two that precede it, nos. 90

and 91, and Dr. Parsons has very properly grouped them together, in no. 92 we have an entirely new element, "man or woman." This is, of course, a well-known episode in the folk-lore of Europe and one that may have many times been based on historical fact. In the Spanish ballads it is a very popular episode. In the ballads of *La niña guerrera* the episode is elaborated into a beautiful ballad that is extremely popular and one that is yet preserved in the oral tradition of Spain. See Narciso Alonso Cortés, *Romances populares de Castilla*, Valladolid, 1906, pages 16-21. In the collection of ballads that I obtained for Menéndez Pidal in Spain in 1920 there is a very fine version of this one from Salas de los Infantes. I also obtained the music, which is a slow, semi-recitative, martial-like and plaintive melody. Dr. Parsons' variant, pages 286-287, is a good prose version of my ballad from Salas de los Infantes, in the heart of Old Castile. For a Sicilian version of this legend see Pitré-Marino, *Archivio delle Tradizioni Popolari*, vol. III, *op. cit.*, pages 365-369. An apparently more primitive version of the legend, one entirely in prose, and one that seems to be related to Medieval demonology and witchcraft is the curious tale of *El oricurno* of my *Cuentos Populares Españoles*, vol. II, no. 155.

No. 97. This folk-tale is an elaboration of the general European theme of no. 58.

No. 100. Add to the references *Cuentos Populares Españoles*, vol. III, nos. 227-232. The relay race is not unusual in the Spanish versions.

No. 113. This tale is probably of African source. The whole atmosphere of the story and the way it is narrated, the jingles, the music, and the repetitions belong with the so-called Negro "spirituals." Dr. Parsons seems to be of this opinion also.

Nos. 115-116. This interesting, though brief tale, for which Dr. Parsons does not give any parallels, is certainly related to the legend of the Young Cid who is tested for his valor by his father Diego Láinez. No. 116 is, especially, a very close parallel. The neglected son seems to be an echo of the legend that considers the Cid as not only the youngest son but also as the illegitimate son of the old Spanish legends. The whole ballad legend of how Diego Láinez, the father of the Cid, called his four sons in order to test their valor by biting their fingers, and how after the first three had wept and screamed, the youngest, who was the Cid and a bastard, threatened to kill the father, is really present in the Cape Verde folk-tale. It is also evident that the tale in question is related to the old ballad legend of the Cid and not to the later sixteenth century legends, for in these the father tests the valor of his sons by the more humane manner of pressing their fingers tightly with his hand and not by biting them.<sup>1</sup> See *Primavera y Flor de Romances* by Wolf-Hofmann, Berlin, 1856, ballad no. 28. The *Primavera y Flor* has been reprinted by Menéndez y Pelayo in his *Antología de poetas líricos castellanos*, vols. VIII and IX, Madrid, 1899, the edition ordinarily consulted by Hispanists. The complete version of the old ballad follows:

*Primavera y Flor, No. 28*

Ese buen Diego Láinez después que hubo yantado  
hablando está sobre mesa con sus hijos todos cuatro.

1. See Menéndez y Pelayo, *Tratado de los Romances Viejos*, *op. cit.*, page 346.

Los tres son de su mujer, pero el otro era bastardo,  
y aquel que bastardo era, era el buen Cid castellano.  
Las palabras que les dice son de hombre lastimado :  
— Hijos, mirad por la honra, que yo vivo deshonrado :  
porque quité una liebre a unos galgos que cazando  
hallé del conde famoso, llamado conde Lozano ;  
palabras sucias y viles me ha dicho y ultrajado.  
A vosotros toca, hijos, no a mí que soy anciano !  
Estas palabras diciendo, al mayor había tomado :  
queriendo hablarle en secreto, metiéndolo en un apartado ;  
tomóle el dedo en la boca, fuertemente le ha apretado ;  
con el gran dolor que siente un grito terrible ha echado.  
El padre le echara fuera, que nada le hubo hablado.  
A los dos metiera juntos, que de los tres han quedado,  
la misma prueba les hizo, el mismo grito habían dado.  
Al Cid metiera el postrero, que era el menor y bastardo.  
Tomóle el dedo en la boca, muy recio se lo ha apretado ;  
con el gran dolor que siente un bofetón le ha amagado.  
— Aflojad, padre, — le dijo, — si no, seré mal criado.  
El padre que aquesto vido, grandes abrazos le ha dado.  
— Ven acá tú, hijo mío, ven acá tú, hijo amado,  
a ti encomiendo mis armas, mis armas y aqueste cargo,  
que tú mates ese conde si quieres vivir honrado.  
El Cid calló y escuchólo, respuesta no le ha tornado.  
A cabo de pocos días el Cid al conde ha topado ;  
hablóle de esta manera, como varón esforzado ;  
— Nunca lo pensara, el conde, fuérades tan mal criado,  
que porque quitó una liebre mi padre a un vuestro galgo  
de palabras ni de obras fuese de vos denostado.  
¿ Cómo queredes que sea que tiene que ser vengado ?  
El conde tomóle a birlas ; el Cid presto se ha enojado ;  
apechugó con el conde, de puñaladas le ha dado.

No. 129. This is an interesting prose and verse version of an old Spanish ballad, and one that is very popular in modern tradition both in Spain and in America. For versions of the old ballad see *Primavera y Flor de Romances*, nos. 155 and 156, and Carolina Michaelis de Vasconcellos, *Estudios sobre o Romanceiro Peninsular*, in *Cultura Española*, Madrid, 1907-1909, pages 103-109. For modern versions and criticism see : Menéndez y Pelayo, *Antología de poetas líricos castellanos*, vol. IX, Madrid, 1899, pages 238-239 ; *Ibid.*, vol. X, pages 85-86 ; Ramón Menéndez Pidal, *Los romances tradicionales en América*, in *Cultura Española*, Madrid 1906, pages 75-80 ; Julio Vicuña Cifuentes, *Romances populares y vulgares*, Santiago, 1912, pages 43-58 ; Theophilo Braga, *Romanceiro Geral*, II, page 287 ; Espinosa, *Romancero Nuevomexicano*, *op. cit.*, no. 24 and notes, and *Romances de Puerto Rico*, *Revue Hispanique*, 1918, nos. 16-18 and notes.

Owing to the fact that this review is already longer than the ordinary I shall not attempt to review in detail the proverbs and riddles of Volume II, given both in English and in the original Portuguese dialects. Most of these materials are also of European source. Among the riddle the most interest-

ing are the riddle-tales. No. 290 really belongs with the longer riddle-tales, such as nos. 84 and 85 of volume I.

*Folk-Lore from the Cape Verde Islands* is one of the great modern contributions to folk-lore. All students of folk-lore should be deeply grateful to Dr. Parsons for her painstaking labors in bringing together these materials and for publishing them in such a methodical and attractive form, and also for the great wealth of bibliographical data that she has been able to give us under each folk-tale. And in their name the reviewer congratulates our distinguished American folklorist for her most welcome scholarly contribution to the science of folk-lore.

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## A STUDY OF FOLK SONG VARIANTS BASED ON FIELD WORK IN JAMAICA

BY HELEN H. ROBERTS.

It has long been a moot question which many anthropologists and students of folklore would like to have answered, "What are the laws which govern the diffusion of folk songs, and along what lines does variation occur in those songs that travel among people who have no written music?" A very wide-spread impression is that among American Indians, at least, where great care has been observed in training the memories of student-priests, story tellers, genealogists and the like, so that the lore of the tribe shall be transmitted accurately, and where complicated and exacting ceremonies are rather the rule than the exception, very little variation occurs, or that well-defined limits govern it when it is found.

Students of folklore have long been engaged in making large collections of tales, songs, riddles and proverbs, not only for the sake of the general interest involved and the discovery of universal principles underlying their creation, but for the added pleasure of being able in time to trace them to their original sources through the various fascinating adventures which have befallen them on their long, circuitous and whimsical wanderings. But as yet no one has tried to discover what are the limits of variation within a restricted, fairly homogeneous population, — what indeed are the ranges of fluctuation with even one individual. It has seemed to the writer that this should prove an important step in the understanding of the whole question and in the realization of what large changes can come about, almost overnight, in the transference of a song, even from one person to another.

It was with this thought in mind and with the hope of at least having something interesting to present, that the writer took advantage of the opportunity to make a field trip to the island of Jamaica during the winter of 1920-1921 under the auspices of the Folk-Lore Foundation of Vassar College. From some standpoints the place selected was particularly suitable for the study. It would have been better before the war, for up to that time the travel was mostly away from the island, at least as far as the negro element was concerned, and such outsiders as

came held aloof from the blacks. After the hostilities ceased, however, large contingents returned to their districts bringing with them all sorts of importations. In one quite remote region on a secluded road the writer heard a woman returning from market lustily singing the *Marseillaise* as correctly as most of us do, and even the back neighborhoods now boast a knowledge of American rag-time tunes. In spite of these signs of increased communication there are still districts where the people remain nearly as isolated and primitive as in the old days of slavery. These are the mountainous sections in the west and central parts of the island. The comparatively restricted travel of the masses (perhaps twenty miles is the limit for most individuals) causes one parish to be marked from another in numerous small ways. The most noticeable differences to us were in the types of homes, partly accounted for by the many varieties of climate on the island, little habits of dress, speech, etc., and the differences in the John Canoe ceremonies as practised in various parts, with the kinds of songs sung.

The simple-minded folk still delight in innumerable comic songs or *Jámal* as they call them, except where the missionaries or fanatic religious leaders among the blacks themselves have implanted a crusading spirit against all that is "temporal," whether it is harmless fun or the more savage and vulgar side of folk life which is not unique with the negro race. Fortunately for the purposes of this study, there were in most districts still enough "wicked" ones left who knew the old tunes and stories, and who delighted in their fun and in the re-telling and singing, particularly when a sixpence was the reward.

But in addition to the favorable features of primitiveness, comparative isolation, and the natural inclination to turn everything into song, from the sublime to the ridiculous, there was the difficult situation, which fortunately does not concern this particular phase of the study as much as the general topic of Jamaican song, in the fact that the original black population was drafted from many distinct tribes on the west coast of Africa and brought by the Spaniards to labor where there were still remnants of two Indian peoples, the Arawaks and the Caribs. Thus racial diversity is still clearly evident in the mixed physical characters of the people, except among the Maroons who are probably the least mixed owing to their pride of race and the fact that they hold aloof from practically all save market intercourse with other groups. They escaped to the hills during the trouble between the Spanish and English and have never been satisfactorily conquered.

In spots on the south and west coast are living the physical remnants of the Arawaks, now intermixed with negroes, but whose Indian features reveal their racial heritage. Around the old Spanish ports there are some Spanish negroes. These early mixtures have not, so far as can at present be ascertained, affected the music as it now exists, but occasional Spanish songs are heard which are more modern importations

from Cuba. In the interior, among the Maroons, however, a number of songs which are distinct in tonality and general character are sung with words which are now unintelligible to their singers, or at least they deny any knowledge of their meaning.

The strongest European influence discernible in secular music is the early Scotch and English from the middle of the seventeenth century on, while in religious songs Moody and Sankey and such hymns are the pattern where the hymns themselves are not actually taken over bodily. The chanties and old ballads are still sung with great enjoyment in some of the remote districts, and the flute players, some of whom are real masters of their instruments, play in the market places and at dances many old Scotch reels and lancers on native flutes manufactured from bamboo, patterned after the European types with six holes.<sup>1</sup>

The songs used in the present study had of necessity to be those known to the greatest number of people in the greatest number of districts. Little comic or Jámál songs composed about small incidents, of which the people make an innumerable supply and sing with the greatest enjoyment, proved to be the best suited, and in general were sought rather than hymns, a fact which brought to bear the disapproval of the more pious, until it was explained that we already had books of hymns at home. Nevertheless a large number of revival hymns were collected for another study, which were often strange mixtures of native conceptions.

Making light of a bad situation seems to be one of the chief occupations of the people when they are not ridiculing the ills of others, but this is not usually done unkindly and the victim of the satire apparently enjoys the fun as much as those who start it. If he does not, he hides his discomfiture until he can seek revenge in another song. All these have a strongly local character, as may be imagined, and a number are very ephemeral. Others, however, having taken the popular fancy, are very old.

1. Since the occupation of the island by the English large numbers of East Indians and Chinese have been imported as laborers, especially since the middle of the nineteenth century. The Chinese have penetrated to the remotest sections but only as individuals. They keep little rum shops here and there, and general stores. Some intermarry with the negroes, but on the whole they keep to themselves and do not seem to have grafted any of their culture or music on that of the negro masses. The coolies, as the East Indians are better known, number now about 20,000. Intermarriage between them and the negroes is becoming increasingly common. The two peoples and their cultures in certain districts will in a few more years become quite intermingled. This is already clearly evident in many little ways. It was noted in the manner of conducting ceremonies and festivals, to say nothing of the similarities between the Housé, an East Indian dance, and the John Canoe ceremony. It was also noticeable in the style of architecture employed, especially the decoration of doors, grill work, jalousied windows, etc. We did not, however, work where coolies had become very important factors in the community.

It soon became evident that in every district some knew a few of these old songs. After a fair general collection had been made, a search for duplicates was begun. It was interesting to see the relief on the faces of singers who feared their song would not be wanted because someone else had thought of it or had a chance to sing it first. It seemed strange to them that the same song would be accepted and paid for twice. The number of tunes that proved to be fairly old and established were not numerous. Two or three renditions of a song were often secured, but only in a few cases as many repetitions by different singers as were desirable for the study. Therefore no apology is made for their character or selection. Had more extended travel been possible or longer stops in some neighborhoods, a gradually growing friendship for and mingling with the peasantry would no doubt have brought to light many more singers able to give the same songs, and many more tunes which would have proved to be widely scattered. It is believed that enough are given here to establish a few definite facts concerning the problems which have been stated, especially taking into consideration the wide experience of observation acquired in noting, in addition, more than three hundred and fifty tunes in long hand and making seventy records, during which certain habits of performance were revealed time and again.

The study followed a double course, first in regard to variations in a single tune sung by the same singer, either in several renditions in close succession or at longer intervals, and second, in tracing the variations noted when the same song was taken from different persons and districts. It was quite difficult to find an opportunity for many renditions by a single singer at intervals, in most of the places selected for collecting, since the sojourns were limited, and the people who sang best or proved good informants often came long distances from homes in the bush to sing. Very heavy rains for weeks together made traveling awkward for the people as well as the collectors and it was often impossible to reach the same persons again and again. It was also noted that when the song became "souah to yo' mout'" as one singer expressed weariness in repetition, they did not care to continue and, being ignorant of the object, could not understand my desire to do so. Naturally the numerous repetitions required in noting a song by long hand, not only lack the spontaneity which comes with singing a tune over some twenty times in rapid succession for the joy of doing so and the mere pleasure of rolling forth the rhythms, but also are apt to bewilder the singer with the numerous interruptions and the starting over, thus occasioning opportunities for variations and mistakes. In this respect the negroes are like children. Concentration bores them. It is far better to record with the phonograph in some ways, but the transcribing from records is more difficult and one misses the opportunity to question and verify on the spot.



At revival meetings a hymn is sung over and over again with constantly increasing numbers joining in, until "it gets plenty powah" and the leader is tired, usually with the emotional strain as well as that on the vocal cords and breath, and signals a halt. The same procedure is followed at digging, ginger-peeling or brush-cutting matches, at wakes, at home about the work, everywhere. In fact, as one singer expressed it, "You can sing it clear down till the sun goes down the mountain."

It was possible to obtain some such continuous performances on the phonograph, for instance, *Bra Yebel an' Anansi*, a song belonging to one of the innumerable Anansi stories (1).

## I

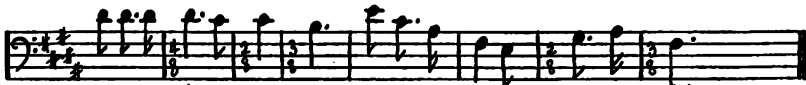
## Bra' Yebel An' Anansi

Varying renditions sung at one sitting by  
Alfred Williams, Maroon Town.

Record No. 1

♩: 142

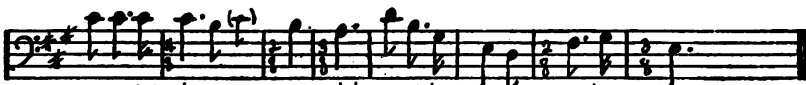
a  
ind.  
b.



1. b varies from a only where indicated by notes in parentheses.  
2. Pronounced "roon".

♩: 142

c, d  
and  
e



Rendition c differs from d in the 1<sup>st</sup> fifth measure, which was substituted for d. Both d and e renditions substitute c, second staff, second measure.

It will be seen that the variations are slight but that for each rendition they do exist. With the exception of the ballads and chanties the majority of Jamaican tunes are brief, so that if strict repetition were sought, the singers should have been able to accomplish it. A change in pitch such as occurs here between repetitions is unimportant. The lower was merely found to be more comfortable for loud singing. On the larger features the singer was fairly constant.

Another experiment was tried with *Fine Waitin' Bwa* (boy) (II) which is also a story song describing a boy who murdered his master but did not see the little bird (often pronounced *bud*) sitting in the tree

## II

**Fine Waitin' Bwa'!**  
Varying renditions sung at one sitting by  
Alfred Williams, Maroon town. C

Record No. 2.  
♩ = 120

*(recording - feed live)*

Fine wait-in' bwa! Fine wait-in' bwa! t'row him mas-sa in de well! Col-lie, Col-lie no'

see da lit-tle bird up-on tree so long. Col-lie, Col-lie na' see da lit-tle

bird up-on tree so long.

b and c

♩ = 102

Fine wait-in' bwa! Fine wait-in' bwa! t'row him mas-sa in-to de well! Car-lie, Car-lie no'

see da lit-tle bird sit up-on tree so long

In the c rendition the substitutions indicated in parentheses are made

**Fine Waitin' Bwa'!**  
(sung by Mrs. Williams)

♩ = 84

1.

Fine wait-in' bwa! Fine wait-in' bwa! t'row him mas-sa in-to a well!

Car-lie, Car-lie no ben see da lit-tle bird up-on tree so long.

witnessing the deed, which flew home and told his mistress. This is an old ballad derivative.<sup>1</sup>

It will be noted that the variations in this song are more marked than those in *Bra Yebel an' Anansi*. It is difficult rhythmically and melodically. Perhaps some allowance must also be made for the (to him) strange conditions under which the singer gave the song. Most informants were distracted by the horn and became less certain of themselves, especially in difficult passages. It will be observed that the variations are still of a minor nature, however, like small rhythmic changes which the mere matter of speed brings almost automatically. The same song was sung on another day by this informant's wife. Note the decided difference in metre and rhythm as well as some melodic variation. Her version also does not repeat the second half of the song, as did every rendition by her husband. In singing, this three, rather than four, division structure, sounds quite different, but since "doubling," as the people call it, is left so largely to the discretion of the individual singer, and any number of repetitions "mek it sweet," it will be seen that their notions of form are not very strict in this respect, although it might be possible to obtain from an examination of a large number of songs how many repetitions they unconsciously preferred. I have noted that in hymn tunes there is a decided preference for three statements of the same phrase followed by a fourth section which is different in text, melody and other respects, forming the complement.

With *Ya, Ya, Phinney Man* (*Hear, Hear, Phinney Man*) (III) a slightly different procedure was followed in recording. The song was first sung near Mr. Williams's home, where he gave it once.

Later four renditions were given in immediate succession on the phonograph, all intended by him to be exactly the same, but it is a question if at least example *b* is not influenced by the doubling custom, for when doubling occurs slight changes in the repetition seem to be the rule, — the result of a natural craving for balance as well as for variety. However, the singer stated distinctly of what the song consisted without being doubled and intended to sing it four times, each the same.

After more than half an hour of chat and the singing of other songs he was asked to give *Ya, Ya, Phinney Man* again. His growing ease or greater concentration may be reflected in the two exact renderings

1. The records were not always satisfactory since the people were quite unaccustomed to the phonograph. No one had ever seen one before. So great was their curiosity that it was almost impossible to keep them from pressing upon and shaking the table or chair on which the machine stood, or from singing too softly or too loudly. Such troubles all collectors will understand, and therefore the reason for the occasional uncertainties or bad spots in the records. The wearing of the wax cylinders during transcribing is another annoying difficulty which sometimes makes impossible the completion of a transcription.

## III

## Heah, heah, Phinney Man!

Varying renditions sung by  
Alfred Williams

J. 44

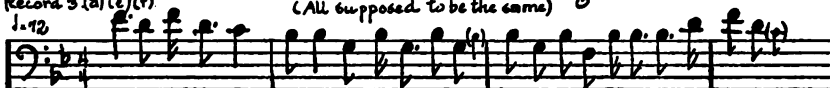


Heah, heah, Phinney man! Heah, ah, heah, Phinney man! No-bod-y heah Phinney man. Dick an' Dandy heah



Phin-ney man. No-bod-y heah Phinney man. Dick an' Dan-dy heah Phinney man.

Record 3 (a) (c) (f)

Four Renditions. Taken at one sitting. b-c  
(All supposed to be the same)f<sup>1</sup> and g<sup>1</sup>

Ya, ya Phinney man! Ya, ya, ya Phinney man! But no-bod-y ya Phinney man. Dick an' Dan-

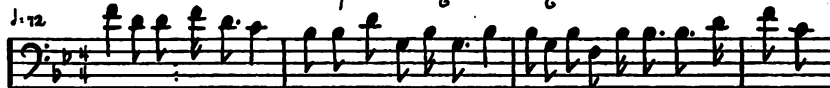


dy ya Phinney man. No-bod-y ya Phinney man. Dick an' Dan-dy ya Phinney man.

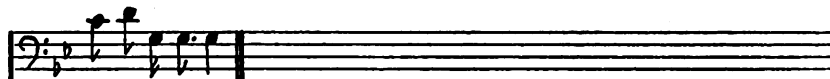
Renditions f and g substitute the quarter note, second measure, and the note c for d in the fourth. Only rendition g substitutes g for b flat in the fifth measure.

J. 12

c.



Ya, oh ya Phinney man! Ya, ya, oh ya Phinney man! No-bod-y ya Phinney man. Dick an' Dan-



dy ya Phinney man.

J. 12

d  
e

Ya, ya Phinney man! Ya, ya, oh ya Phinney man! No-bod-y ya Phinney man. Dick an' Dan-dy ya Phinney man.

Rendition e makes the substitutions only the first time. On the repeat it is the same as rendition d represented by the large notes  
 2. Renditions f and g were given after an interval of about 30 minutes.

IV

### Record 4

1.22

[illegible]

b

A musical score for the bass line of the song 'The Rose Tree'. The notation is on a single staff with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes. The lyrics 'The Rose Tree' are written below the staff.

[illegible]

ya Phinney man! No-bod-y ya gung gung. Ya, ying, ya yung, Phinney man!

case appropriate to the character. The negroes always take advantage of a dramatic situation and make the most of it. A simple song is known as the "thread of the tune" but it is seldom given in its bare outline, each individual preferring to add flourishes.

The first three examples (iv) show this type of conscious variation which almost amounts to extemporaneous composition, particularly in

## V

Two renditions, supposed to be identical  
and different from the previous  
(Sung by Williams after an interval of 30 minutes)

Record 4.  
J. 112

II a

Ya, ya Thin-ney man! Ya, oh, ya Thin-ney man! No-bod-y ya Thin-ney man. Poom, poom, oh Thin-ney man!

No-bod-y ya Thin-ney man. Oh, pum-pum Thin-ney man! No-bod-y ya Thin-ney man. Dick an' Dan-dy ya

Thin-ney man.

b

J. 112

Ya, ya Thin-ney man! Ya, ya, ya Thin-ney man! No-bod-y ya Thin-ney man, so no-bod-y ya

Thin-ney man. No-bod-y ya Thin-ney man. No-bod-y ya Thin-ney man.

this case. It will be seen that in making flourishes the variations are much greater in extent than those produced unconsciously. Each of the three renditions with flourishes was supposed to be different from the others, a point about which I reminded him as he was to start each time. After another half hour or more, he was asked to sing the song again (v) differently from any way he had given it so far, if he knew such a way, and to sing it that way twice. But these mental exertions were too much or else he misunderstood, for the variations between

## VI

## No One to Pity Poor Me

Three renditions at one sitting, by  
Alfred Williams (Maroon Town)



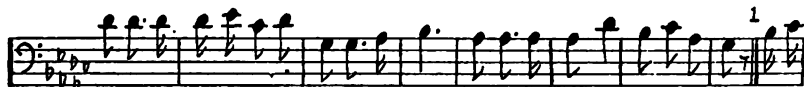
No one to pi-ty po' me, no one to say No one to help me out my dis-tress.



Mud-der-less an' fad-der-less an' no one to say. No one to help me out my dis-tress



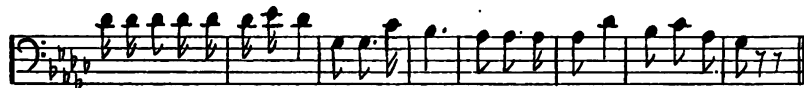
No one to pi-ty po' me, no one to say. No one to help me out my dis-tress



No one to pi-ty po' me, no one to say No one to help me out my dis-tress. Am a



fad-der-less, am a mud-der-less, no one to say. No one to help me out my dis-tress. Am a

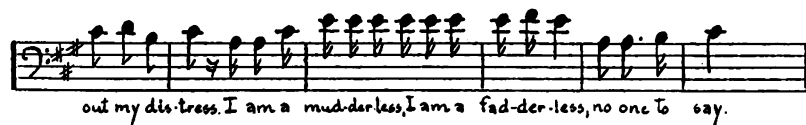
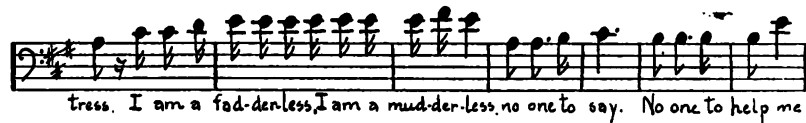
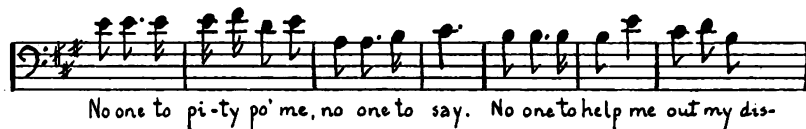
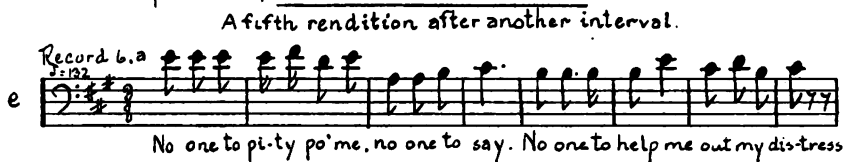
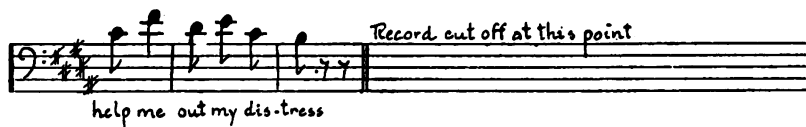


mud-der-less, am a fad-der-less, no one to say No one to help me out my dis-tress.

A fourth rendition after an interval



No one to pi-ty po' me, no one to say. No one to help me out my dis-



these last two repetitions is considerable, although the "thread" is still unchanged. From these and many other examples the conclusion has been almost inevitable that most of the people believe that having the thread of the tune unaltered is sufficient for identity. They know that the flourishes are different, and they may realize that they make other slight changes, but in their estimation the different renditions are still the same. Many do not, however, sense the small differences at all, nor do they pay much attention, so that a rough resemblance is all that



they appreciate. A few are capable of distinguishing minor differences and have declared that they do not affect the tune. Some have not the ability to distinguish musical sequences, and in giving a song as exactly the same will alter certain parts by a definite interval higher or lower. Probably this comes from their ready ability to sing in parts. No doubt all would become keener with training.

After *Ya, Ya, Phinney Man* Mr. William sang *No One To Pity Poor Me* three times in succession (vi).

The results show that the repetitions of parts are without rhyme or reason, either because he forgot, or because this point was relatively unimportant to him. Probably the *c* rendition is the more usual, as it is more characteristic of the style of the popular music. After an interval he sang the song again rendering *d*, but insufficient space remained on the record for its completion. Finally, after still further time had elapsed, a last rendition was obtained (*e*). Note its resemblance to the *c* rendition in the first set.

Another informant sang into the phonograph a number of repetitions of *Buckra Los' Him Sheep* (*buckra* being the term for white man). This song he knew well. (vii).

Possibly the *b* rendition should be considered as two, or this may be a simple case of doubling. Before the singer had gone very far he became quite confused as to who did really find the sheep. Anansi, who is mentioned here, is the spider hero of some West African tribes just as Brer rabbit was the story hero of some other tribes and has remained so among the blacks of our southern states. The Jamaican form of *pickaninny* is *pickny*. The five-four metre which prevails in this song is interesting and unusual in Jamaican music.

*De Ol' Man Song* or *Donkey Song* (viii) is sung everywhere. While located in Brownstown I attempted to have a girl sing it for me every day for a week. This proved a vain hope for she was very forgetful and often really pressed for time, since she worked at the inn. On one occasion she sang it three times to make up for lost days and then not for nearly a week, when she sang it twice.

There is also a rendition by her which was made nearly a month previous, before the song was discovered to be generally known. It is included in the set by different informants. (See xx) This shows more elasticity than the others and is shorter. On the whole, she was quite constant although there are enough changes in her renditions to start a different version. Were these examples of repetitions by one singer all the experience available upon which to base conclusions in regard to variation by individual singers in a single song, they would be far from adequate. But the same sort of fluctuations were noted again and again in repetitions while recording on the phonograph or in long hand vocal music or flute music. They were more frequently melodic fluctuations than rhythmic or metric, but generally of such small impor-

## VII

**Buckra Los' Him Sheep**  
 Seven varying renditions sung by  
 Charles William, Retirement

*J. 112*

**a**



Buck-ra los' two sheep. An-an-si go an' fin' dem. An-an-si bring dem, come back.



Pick-ny go an' fin' dem, and An-an-si bring dem, come back.

*J. 112*

**b**



Buck-ra los' two sheep. An-an-si go an' fin' dem. An-an-si bring dem, come back, an' An-an-si



bring dem, come back. Buck-ra los' two sheep. An-an-si go an' fin' dem. An-an-si bring dem,



come back. An' Pick-ny mek dem come back

*J. 112*

**c**



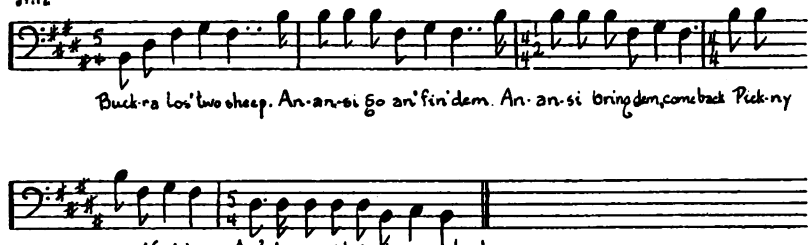
An-an-si los' two sheep. Buck-ra go an' fin' dem. An-an-si bring dem, come back, an'



Pick-ny go an' fin' dem

*J. 112*

d e

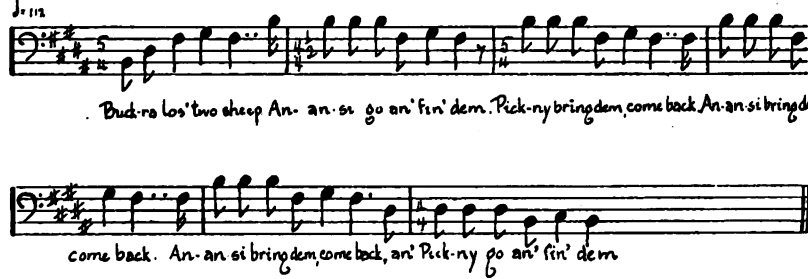


Buck-ra los' two sheep. An-an-si go an' fin' dem. An-an-si bring dem, come back Pick-ny go an' fin' dem. An' An-an-si bring dem, come back.

The e rendition is exactly like the d, except that the third and fourth measures are transposed and the second measure then has  $4\frac{1}{2}$  beats, the third and fifth 4 beats.

*J. 113*

f




Buck-ra los' two sheep An-an-si go an' fin' dem. Pick-ny bring dem, come back An-an-si bring dem come back. An-an-si bring dem, come back, an' Pick-ny go an' fin' dem

come back. An-an-si bring dem, come back, an' Pick-ny go an' fin' dem

*J. 114*

6



Buck-ra los' two sheep. An-an-si go an' fin' dem. An-an-si bring dem, come back. Pick-ny go an' fin' dem. An-an-si bring dem, come back. Pick-ny go an' fin' dem. An-an-si bring dem, come back. Pick-ny go an' fin' dem. An' An-an-si go an' fin' dem.

tance that, after noting many of them in small notation in the measures where they occurred, I finally ceased to take them down. For every song written in long hand, it was necessary to have the informant sing his song in sections. Usually, to aid his memory and to avoid confusing him, after bidding him stop, with a sign, while I wrote down all that memory would retain, he was allowed to begin afresh, going over that already written and "jining on" a bit more, as one more experienced informant told a newcomer. While the singer was reaching the point where I had left off, there was opportunity to verify what I had taken and to observe

## VIII

## Donkey Song

Sung by Elgetha McPherson

a. (Sung Feb. 14)

*J. 33*

You no hear-e wha'de ol' man say? "You mus'n' tie yo' donkey down dere, fo' de donkey do jump an'

bray, mek him bray, mek him bray; fo' de donkey do jump an' bray, mek him bray."

b. (sung Feb. 15) (c. d. e.) (sung Feb. 15) in succession)

*J. 33*

You no hear-e wha'de ol' man say? "You mus'n' tie yo' donkey down dere, fo' de donkey do jump an'

rail, mek him rail, mek him rail; fo' de donkey do jump an' rail, mek him rail"

f. (sung Feb. 24)

*J. 36*

You no hear-e wha'de ol' man say? "You mus'n' tie yo' donkey down dere, fo' de

don-key do jump an' rail, mek him rail, mek him rail; fo' de donkey do jump an' rail, mek him rail"

g. (sung Feb. 24)

*J. 33*

You no hear-e wha'de ol' man say? "You mus'n' tie yo' donkey down dere, fo' de donkey do jump an'

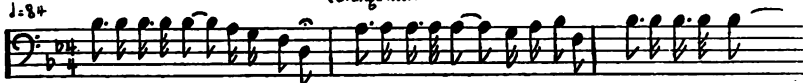


## IX

## Mudder Tracy

Sung by  
Emanuel Johnson, Brownstown  
(Orange Hill)

♩ = 8+



1. cassa va  
2. let

in what manner changes were made. It rarely happened that a repetition was made exactly even in the shortest songs, but IX and XI are examples of songs, which, even though containing complicated rhythms, were repeated exactly. Only one rendition is given here.

The flute players weave around the thread of their tunes so many embellishments that no two renditions are exactly alike, although the differences may consist only in the order in which certain flourishes are made in the course of the piece. It was possible to work at length with two very intelligent musicianly players, if they may be so described

when only self-taught and without a knowledge of notation. One in particular was so quick that he soon perceived the difficulties of writing out his rapid and rather complicated little tunes and by interested watching of the pencil and listening to the return whistling of the part already recorded, soon learned to point to about the place on the staff

## X

## Kneading Song

Sung by Calvin Emmine  
Browns Town (Orange Hill)

*J:72* *S:* \_\_\_\_\_

Lae' yeah June me da dig me co-co hole, dis yeah June me da rub down dough. Mel-em dal-ema' Ma-ti'

Fine

rub down dough. Mel-em skel-em! Mel-em skel-em!

Dal Sal Fine.

## XI

## June an' July

Sung by Calvin Emmine

*J:68*

Ten-dah-lee, ten-dah-lee, ten-dah-lee, ma Di-nah gal, Ten-dah-lee ma Di-nah gal!

*rit*

June an' July yo' 'pread yo' shawl a' do'm, ten-dah-lee ma Di-nah gal! Saw de breeze a blow an' Ah'

saw de rain, day fa, Ten-dah-lee ma Di-nah gal

1 Tenderly  
2 This is short for door-mout' (door mouth, doorway).

where there was a slight inaccuracy in transcribing or in my whistling, which fell short of ideal at times through inadvertence or design. He learned to drop a tune instantly when signalled and at a sign to continue, picked it up almost if not quite on the very note where he left it, even on the fraction of a beat, and went on without being the least disturbed. It would be rare to find such ability in white musicians with long training. He was a valuable informant as he seemed to grasp the

point of questions put to him without trying to make up answers to please me. No one would have been more capable of playing a part over exactly, yet this he seldom seemed to be able to do. The urge to embellish and play with the tune was greater than any to reproduce it exactly. I would whistle the two versions to him and emphasize the differences, which he readily perceived, but when asked which was correct he would laughingly reply that it made no difference if one had the thread. He said the flourishes were not the tune proper, which always, (or nearly always) remained the same, and so it did within limits that are rather difficult to define.

He then decided that the best way for me to get everything was for him to omit all flourishes, but I demurred at that. Realizing, however, that his embellishments were as ephemeral as the breezes themselves and that it was next to impossible to catch them all in long hand, or all the variations at a given point, I permitted myself a laxity in that, for the flute tunes, having one correct rendering of each "turn," I was content. The phonograph was then not available. Later, a number of his pieces were recorded on it and his delight knew no bounds when he discovered that the "little box" had had no difficulty in getting all the flourishes without interrupting him, and without missing one! But even the records show that he varied from rendition to rendition.

Therefore probably it may be said with truth that individual players and singers follow in the main a rather fixed form, each of his own, which might be called an individual habit-form, which, however, is modified slightly, either to suit a whim, to vary monotony, or unconsciously, in countless little ways, especially melodically, although rhythmic changes are also favored. It is easy to substitute a fifth for a third of the scale, or to make many other relatively unimportant changes, and a person bubbling over with melody, as most negroes are, with a strong creative instinct and no binding form, weaves in variations at every opportunity. The more clever the more pleasure they give. Much in rhythmic as well as melodic variation depends on the emotional or physical condition of the singer, and the general speed of the song also influences certain rhythmic patterns, such as the dotted eighth and sixteenth which in slower tempo are apt to become the quarter and eighth in a triplet. Given average conditions, however, most singers were fairly constant in tempo and pitch. The attention of the reader is called to this point in the different versions given not only by the same singer but by different singers. A certain tempo, especially, seems to belong with a certain song. The range is never great. Individual singers appear to possess both speed and pitch habits which I tested out on a number of occasions. Their pitch habits prevail over a number of songs, but speed will vary with the song sung, its general character, etc. It was noticeable, however, that the same song, even when varied in other particulars, was given at practically the same speed by the same informant again and again.

No great changes, such as an added idea in verse or melody, or a modulation, were introduced by single singers during repetitions, except in unusual cases with the very aged, or with singers whose memories were exceptionally impaired, or who were easily distracted and otherwise mentally deficient. In singing for long-hand recording, although informants were often confused at first, as their ease grew they nearly always discovered their own mistakes, when the song was sung to them, if the variations were much different from the way in which they were in the habit of singing, and voluntarily corrected themselves before finishing. Many would not undertake to sing a song they knew only imperfectly, preferring to summon someone who could do it better, even when they knew that they would have been paid for singing it themselves. There is no doubt but that much of the variation which does occur in the passing of songs from one person or district to another is the result of imperfect knowledge and a bridging of gaps by invention, whimsical local applications of names and incidents, forgetfulness and mishearing. The tendency of the negro to mishear is almost too well known to mention, but an example or two may be worth recording. The little plant known as the *siempre vive* has come to be known as the *single Bible*, *diaphragm* as *diagram*, *scratch* as *crutch*, all well calculated to start entirely different versions in songs.

Aside from this comparative constancy some individuals show a wide variation in melody and form because they lack musical hability. It would be a simple matter to find a corresponding number among ourselves. Oddly enough one such person was the song leader of one of the John Canoe companies, organizations which perform a heathen festival held during the Christmas holidays. She had a good memory for the words of songs and probably some other qualities which fitted her for such a position but they were not evident to us except her great superstition. She had very little musical perception and fluctuated greatly in some particulars although she displayed surprising constancy in others. In a song which she named, *Pass Me a' Road Don' 'Peak to Me*, (xii) for instance, when repeating the section she was very variable in the melody of the next-to-the-last measure, and even in words, yet she held with great persistence to the peculiar pitches in the third and fourth measures through some ten or more repetitions. It was this same girl who declared that the musical sequences in *Me Walk a Road Wid a Bread Basket* (xiii) were exactly the same tune.

In the matter of "doubling" and the point at which to begin or end a song there is the greatest leniency. It is largely a matter of mood with the singer or at least this was the impression gained from responses to questions. Repeatedly, in answer to inquiries everywhere as to whether one doubled this part or that and how many times, these were the types of replies taken in my note book: "You can change it aroun', you know, Missis, an' sing about the akee in de middle or at de en';"

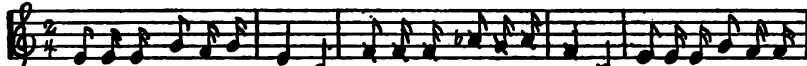


## XII

## Pass Me o' Road, Don' 'Peak to Me

Sung by Mary Campbell, Lacovia

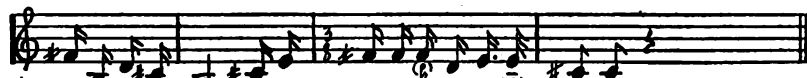
J=68



Pass me o' road, you no 'peak, oh! Pass me o' road, you no 'peak, oh! Pass me o' road, you no



'peak, oh gal, now be-cause de time so hard. -hard. Den you ting-a you will cot' yo' aunt-y!

E-do, e-do. e, e. e-do, e-do, e, e. e-do, e-do, e, e. gal, now be  
Refraincause de time so hard. Gal, you ting-a you will cot' yo' aunt-y!  
1 Think you will count

## XIII

## Me Walk a Road wid a Bread-Basket

John Canoe Song

Sung by Mary Campbell, Lacovia

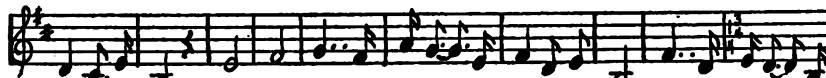
J=88



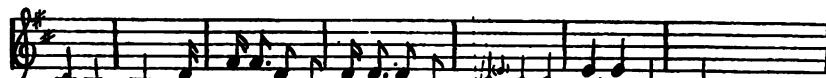
Me a walk a road wid yo' bread bas-ket Me a walk a road wid yo' bread bas-ket.



Me a walk a road wid yo' bread bas-ket. Oh, if yo' heah me dead, oh, come tak up Dal-fus!



E-e-do, e, e-do, e, e-do, e, e, e-do, e! E-e-do, e, e,



e, e-do! You heah it say "La Morris a tom-fool man. Now what him can do?"

" You can go on an' sing it roun' an' roun' " ; " You want it turn now ? " (meaning, Shall I repeat or change the phrases ?) ; " You can sing dis if you like two times ; two times is sweet " ; " Can go on an' on " ; " You can sing it up an' down, sing it anyway, you can tune it anywhere " ; " You can double it as many times as you want " ; " You can double it " ; " Double it as many time as you wish " ; " You can stop anywhere " ; etc.

On the other hand, a song was never dropped in the middle of a phrase but always at a well-sounding stopping place, although this was sometimes on the second degree of the scale, after the fashion of some old ballad tunes. Usually, too, whatever may have been the fancy of the singer in selecting certain parts to double, there was one which apparently was to him more suitable for closing, for he generally stopped with the same phrase. That this was vaguely recognized by many singers is shown in their own decision of what constituted the full song without doubling. Nearly always there was a definite beginning although cases were noted of uncertainty or indifference in this respect. Occasionally answers like the following were received : " Dis is bettah to end wid, but de odder is all right too " ; " It en's heah, widout de chorus " ; " You mus' stop heah fo' de fus' time, because dis is whe' de song en's in de story. Nex' time you can sing it all because Anansi did. " Story songs are apt to be definitely begun and ended. Now and then I was told that a song was not doubled and invariably it was a ballad fragment or some importation, but only rarely was such a statement made. All the foregoing remarks on variation refer to individual singers only.

The versions of *De Ol' Man Song*, otherwise the *Donkey Song*, (xiv to xxvi,) by various singers are given in the order in which they were obtained, thirteen in all, from four different sections of the island. Lacovia is about seventy miles from Brownstown by road and both places are fairly isolated as far as travel by the natives is concerned. In fact, they are typical back-country places, especially Orange Hill which lies a mile or two from Brownstown. Christiana is between Lacovia and Brownstown in the mountains of the interior, rather sophisticated, although nine miles from the railroad. It is more of a resort. Its market attracts people from long distances and it is the seat of the district court and the government's great wireless station. Whitehall is near Maroon Town, at least eleven miles from Lacovia and is one of the most isolated spots.

While the thread of the tune of *De Ol' Man Song* is the same in each case it will be seen that there are all kinds of variation in form, repetition of parts, melody, rhythm and words. Three informants gave more than one rendition. Since two sang into the phonograph it was more easy to secure repetitions than if the songs had been recorded on the spot in writing. Note the close resemblance of the examples, which characterizes these quick repetitions, as compared to the songs sung

XIV

De Ol' Man Song  
Sung by David Roche, Lacovia

J. 16



You no year-e wha'de ol' man say? "You mus'nat tie yo' don-key down dere, fo'de don-key dey



walk an' bray. Mek him bray, mek him bray fo'de don-key dey walk an' bray. Mek him bray, mek him bray."

XV

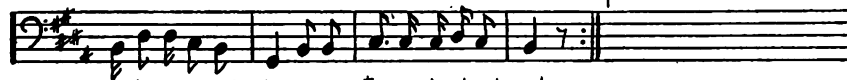
You No Yeare ?  
Sung by Hubert Millwood, Lacovia

J. 30



You no yeare wha'de ol' man said? "Ah mus'ri tie me don-key down dere, fo' fo'

Da capo



don-key do walk ahn bray, pa-pa, tie me don-key down dere, jach-ass a walk ahn bray, pa-pa, tie me don-key down dere."

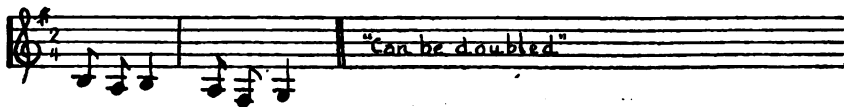
XVI

Donkey Song  
Sung by Ada Smith, Whitehall

J. 12



Yeare de ol' man say You bet-tah not tie yo' don-key down dere. Jack-ass a walk an' bray."



let him bray, let him bray.

## XVII

# Donkey Song

(You Heare Wha' De Ol' Man Say)  
Sung by Leonora Spark, Christiansa

Record 65 a, (b).

You no hear-e wha'de ol' man say?" Beg you no tie yo' don-key down dere. You no heare wha'de  
ol' man say? Beg you no tie yo' don-key down dere, fo' de don-key dey bite an' bray." Let him bray let him  
bray! Fo' de don-key dey bite an' bray." Let him bray. Let him bray!

## XVIII

# Hear-e Wha' De Ol' Man Said ?

Sung by Henry Senior, Christiansa

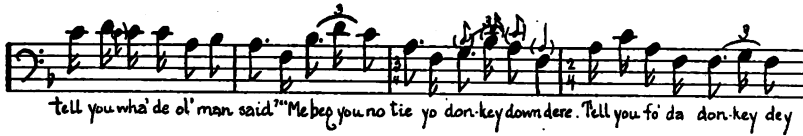
Record 46, b.

Shall me tell you wha'de ol' man said? Me beg you no tie yo' don-key down dere Yo' don-key dey  
roll an' jump, me beg you no tie yo' don-key down dere. Me tell you dat de don-key dey roll an' jump, me  
beg you no tie yo' don-key down dere."

Record 48 c, d

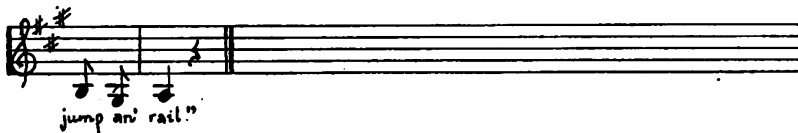
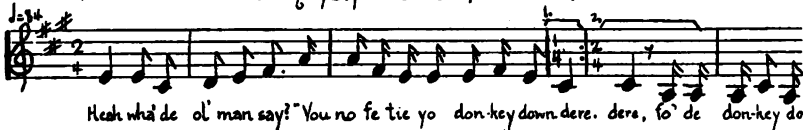
b  
(c)

Shall me tell you wha'de ol' man said? Me beg you no tie yo' don-key down dere. Shall me  
Hear-e



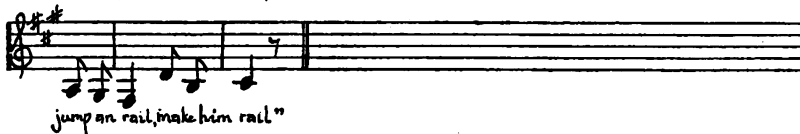
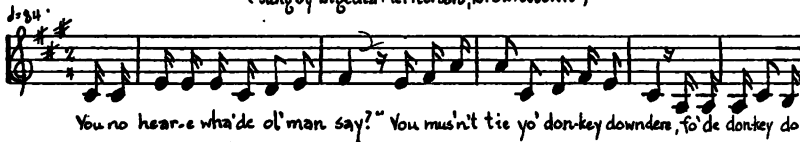
## XIX

Donkey Song  
(Sung by Ivy Lewis Grant, Brownstown)



## XX

Donkey Song  
(Sung by Elgetha McPherson, Brownstown)



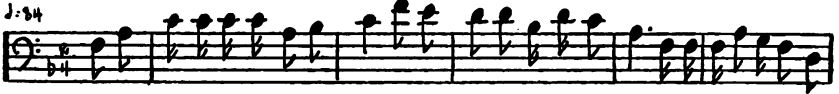
at greater intervals or by different singers. Perhaps the two renditions by Leonora Spark of Christiana are the best balanced, both in relation of parts and in melody. On the other hand the three repetitions by Robert Miller of Brownstown show decided differences in doubling, more perhaps than any other songs written out as they were sung. He was an inexperienced informant and no doubt singing in the slow manner necessary confused him.

A second Donkey Song was originally obtained from Lacovia, later

## XXI

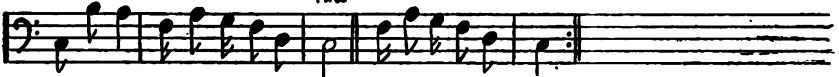
Donkey Song  
 Sung by Emanuel Johnson  
 Brownstown (Orange Hill)

J: 34



You no hear-e wha'de ol' man say? "No fe tie yo' don-key down dere, fo'de don-key dey jump an'

Fine

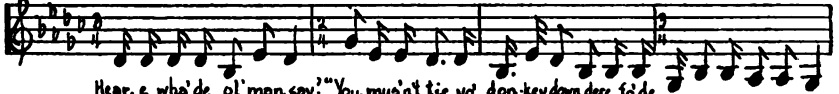


bray, ha, ha, don-key dey jump an' bray. Don-key dey jump an' bray."

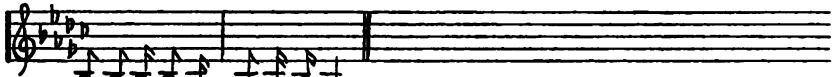
## XXII

Donkey Song.  
 (Sung by Guendolyn Berlin, Brownstown)

J: 38



Hear-e wha'de ol' man say? "You musn't tie yo' don-key down dere, fo'de don-key dey jump an' prance

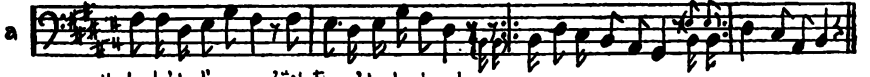


up an fahr-te shil- lino are de cos'."

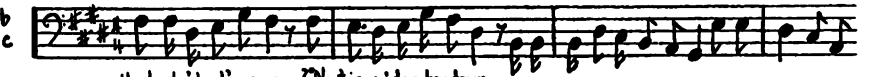
## XXIII

Donkey Song (Ol' Man Song)  
 Sung by Robert Miller (Brownstown)

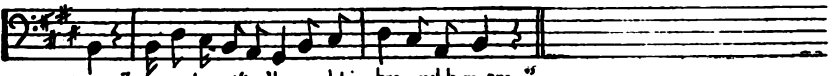
J: 33



Heah wha'de ol' man say? "No tie yo' don-key down dere Den a jack-ass dey walk an' bray, den a Mekhim bray, mek him bray"



Heah wha'de ol' man say? "No tie yo' don-key down dere. Den a jack-ass dey walk an' bray, mek him bray, mek him

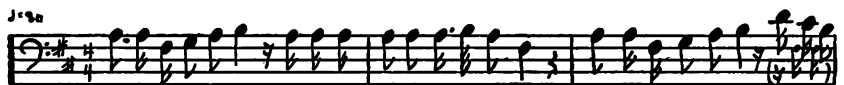


bray. Jack-ass dey walk an' bray mek him bray, mek him bray."

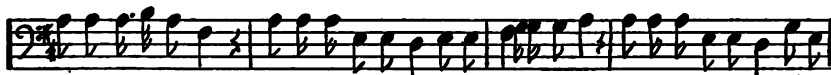
B and c renditions are identical except that b stops at the end of the fourth measure

## XXIV

Donkey Song<sup>1</sup>  
 Sung by George William, Brownstown

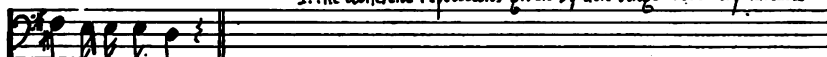


Heah wha'de ol' man say? "You mus'n' tie yo' don-key down dere." Heah wha'de ol' man say? You mus'n' - Mus'n'



tie yo' don-key down dere." Don-key dey jump an' bray." Lel him bray, shillin' an' cos'. Jack-zo-dey jump an' bray. Lel him

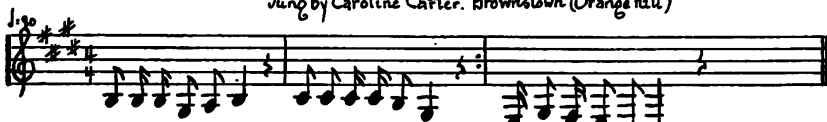
1. The different repetitions given by this singer were very variable



bray, shillin' an' cos'.

## XXV

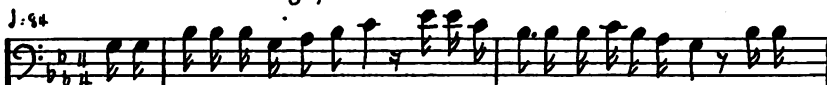
Donkey Song.  
 Sung by Caroline Carter, Brownstown (Orange Hill)



Heah wha'de ol' man say? "Tie yo' don-key down dere. Don-key dey roll an' jump."

## XXVI

Donkey Song  
 Sung by Calvin Emmitts, Brownstown (Orange Hill)



You no hear-e wha'de ol' man say? "You mus'n' tie yo' don-key 'pon de fence, fo' yo'



don-key will jump an' kick, an' a fahr-te, shil lin' are de cos'

## XXVII

Donkey Song  
 Sung by Margaret Dixon, Lacovia

*♩ = 1/4*

Bring de don-key to de wa-teh, El-vi-te-na, bring de don-key to de wa-teh! De on-ly

t'ing dat a don-key want is a yahd an' a half o' rope.

## XXVIII

Breeze a Blow  
 Sung by Ada Smith (Whitehall)

*♩ = 2*

Breeze a blow, de leaf a shake, me coat Ah go drop in a o-pin ring. Me don-key wani wa-teh

lead him, come. Me don-key wani wa-teh lead him, come!

## XXIX

Donkey Song  
 Sung by Lydia White, Christiana

*♩ = 7/8*

Don-key don' wan' no hat fe weah, mis-sa, me don-key don' want no hat All an' alldat a don-key want is a

Don-key don' wan' no frock fe weah, mis-sa, me don-key don' want no frock

yahd an' a half o' rope

## XXX

Me Donkey No Wan' No Shoe  
 Sung by Calvin Emma, Brownstown (Orange Hill)

*♩ = 6/8*

Me don-key no wan' no boots, neid der shoes no socks, de on-ly t'ing dat me don-key want is a piece o' rope an' a half a chain



## XXXI

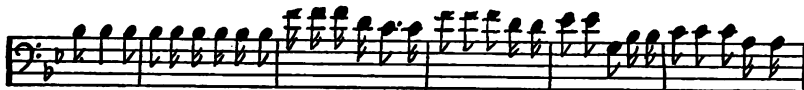
## Donkey No Wan No Shoes

Sung by Calvin Emmins Brownstown (Orange Hill)

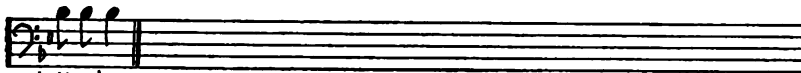
♩ 60



Bil kin no hab no min'. Bil kin no hab no min'. Bil kin let his law-ful married wife, live a bush wid



donkey Me don-key no wan no boot, neuder shoes nor seds, de on-ly ting dat me donkey wan' is a piece o' rope an' a



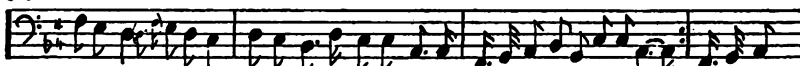
half a chain.

## XXXII

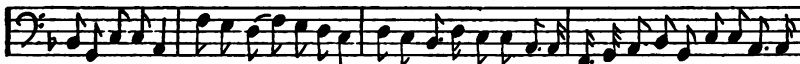
## Hol' Him, Joe.

Sung by Emanuel Johnson, Brownstown (Orange Hill)

♩ 80



Hol' him, Joe, hol' him, Joe, hol' him, Joe, me hol' him, Joe, Me donkey wan' watch hol' him, Joe  
Hol' him, Joe, me hol' him, Joe. Hol' him, Joe, me hol' him, Joe. Me donkey wan' watch, hol' him, boy. A time fe him



get he, hol' him, Joe Hol' him, Joe, hol' him, Joe, hol' him, Joe, you hol' him, Joe Me donkey wan' feed in, hol' him, Joe. A



time fe you gim it, hol' him Joe Den me hol' him, Joe, hol' him, Joe, you hol' him, Joe, you hol' him, Joe A



time fe you gim grass, hol' him, Joe. etc.

at Whitehall, Christiana and Brownstown (xxvii to xxxii). Except for the words, one would not know that the Whitehall version had any connection with that from Lacovia. Even taking the words into consideration, were these the only two examples, one would hesitate to class them together. They were obtained in response to inquiries for the first Donkey Song.

It is possible that the only connection for the Whitehall song is the version given by Emanuel Johnson of Orange Hill, Brownstown. (*Hol' him, Joe*, xxxii.) The Christiana example (xxix) is unquestionably allied to those from Lacovia and Brownstown. The great differences existing in these examples show how little intercourse there is between the three places which are separated, not so many miles as the crow flies, but as effectively as mountain barriers and long winding roads can make them. Christiana is actually not much more than ten miles from Brownstown in air line, but thirty-two by road. Two Brownstown examples were sung by the same boy. The first and shortest was attempted on the road first by another boy, who, because of embarrassment and a cold was unable to finish it and the other volunteered. The first youth was quite satisfied with the rendition, but that two singers did not always agree will be seen later. Calvin, after reflection, asked to be allowed to sing it again as he had forgotten part of it the first time. If Mr. Johnson's version belongs to the others, the person from whom he learned it preferred doubling to variety.

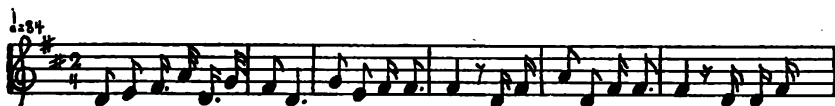
A song about the John Crow invariably provoked a laugh. It was very popular as a song of amusement and was very widely known, but each singer, according to his sense of humor, interpolated his own incidents. (xxxiii to xliii.)

The connection between John Crow and Cyam Crow, as many people call it, and the dead cow, lies in the fact that the John Crow is a species of buzzard or carrion crow which perches upon steeples, trees, roofs, etc., watching for food. As soon as it descries something dead, it swoops down majestically with a spread of its disproportionately huge wings. Its featherless red head, greedily curled talons and awkward gait make it appear exceedingly comical to many to whom the disgusting mode of its living seems a matter of course. Others consider it ill-omened. The song depicts the comic side, as most Jamaican topical songs do, and, as usual, a misfortune, in which greedy John Crow fell, rather than flew in his haste, and in so doing was hurt, or as the song says, broke his diaphragm, or wind, as it was explained. From this small incident has sprung all the train of happenings that may be found in the different versions, and doubtless many more. The nearest to the original version may perhaps be that taken from Mathilda Kerr at Whitehall. The Cockney English evident in the prefixing of the letter *h* before vowels is quite common among Jamaica negroes. Notice the word *h'eat*.

A most superficial study of these songs will reveal how they have been

XXXIII

John Crow  
 Sung by Mathilda Kerr, Harmony Hall.



John Crow fall in off a tree top, los' him di-a-gram.<sup>1</sup> Mis-sa Wright did ha' one co', an' Mis-sa



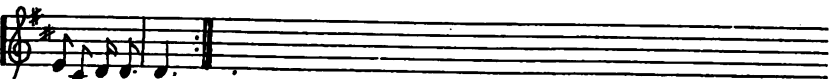
Wright did kill da co', an' John Crow fa' down off a tree top fe go heat de tripe.  
<sup>1</sup>diagram: diaphragm.

XXXIV

John Crow  
 Sung by Ada Smith, Whitehall



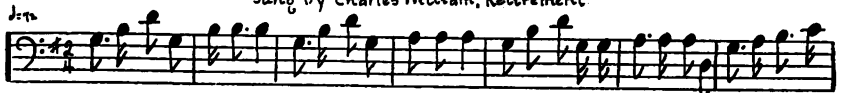
Mis-sa Wright ben ha' one cow, Mis-sa Wright ben kill de cow. But a John Crow tumble down off a tree top,  
 Mis-sa Wright ben go to shop, Mis-sa Wright ben buy a drink. But de John Crow tumble down out a dry tree.



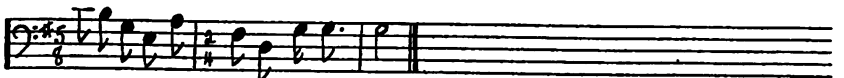
los' him di-a-gram.  
 los' him di-a-gram.

XXXV

John Crow  
 Sung by Charles William, Retirement



Mis-sa Wright did hab a cow Mis-sa Wright did kill da cow. Mis-sa Wright wouldn't cleand tripe, fo John Crow fall down



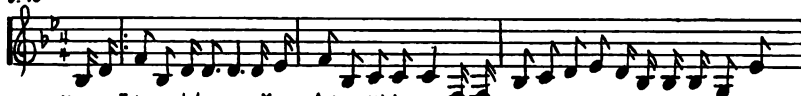
off a dry tree top, los' him di-a-gram.

## XXXVI

## John Crow

Sung by Lydia White, Christiana

J: 76



Mis- so John son hab one com. Mis- so A- kin kill do com. an' a John Crow fall down off a wil low tree, him  
firs' ben dyah, so, an' me firs' ben dyah, so.



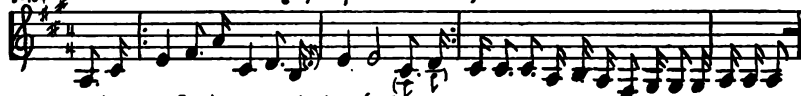
los' him di- a gram An' me los' him di- a gram. 1 firs' ben dyah. I was first there.

## XXXVII

## John Crow

Sung by Ivy Lewis Grant, Brownstown

J: 104



{ Eu- phy, run, Eu phy run, an' she los- é Eu- phy  
u- phy, John Crow fall down off a wil low tree, viv up me di- a- too! 1  
You fe

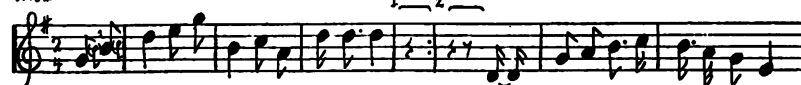
1 Vomit up my diaphragm

## XXXVIII

## John Crow

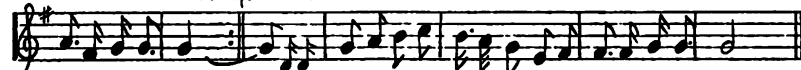
Sung by Agatha Christie, Brownstown

J: 10a



V.1 You no heah, you no heah, wha' dey done a' Kerr? Mis- so Sum- it' fall down off a u- phy?  
V.2 You no know, you no know wha' dey done a' Kerr? Miss Ber- tie take a long stick now

De Capo Coda



"Lowd, me di a too!"  
fo go dighum out. 4

Den a John Crow fall down off a tree top, viv up me di a - too!

1. Notes in parentheses are used on the repeat in each verse

2. Similitz Smith

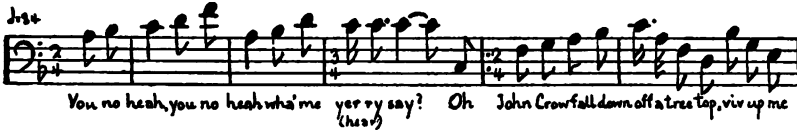
3. U- phy or ufy : a Jamaican word meaning piazza

4. That is, he fell so hard he penetrated the ground and had to be dug out

adapted to the whim of each singer and how the ridicule has changed locally. Harmony Hall, Whitehall and Retirement are not far apart, perhaps within a radius of three miles. The same church ministers to all three districts and the people see one another frequently. The thread

## XXXIX

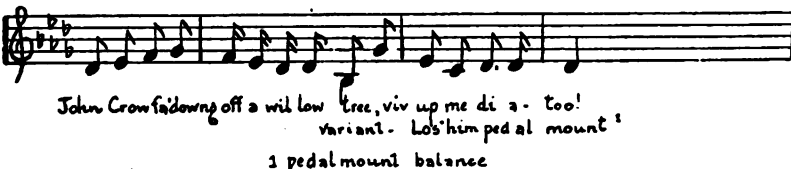
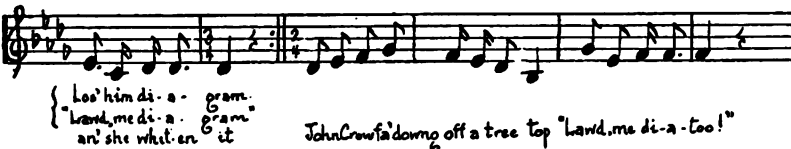
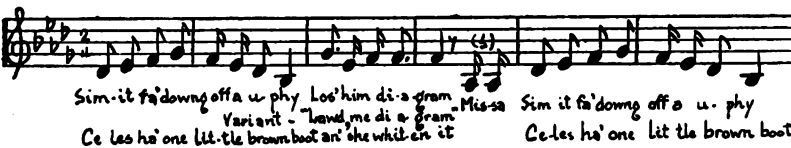
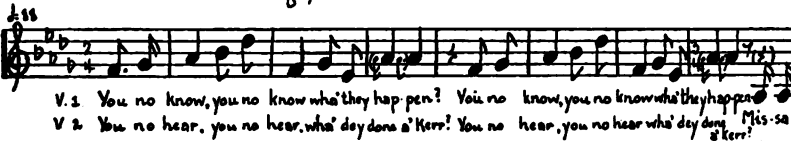
## John Crow

Sung by Emanuel Johnson, Brownstown  
(Orange Hill)

## XL

## John Crow

Sung by Adinah Mills, Brownstown



of the story, incidents and names are alike in these three versions, and the melodies show great similarity yet there are considerable differences between them. It need not be added, perhaps, that the individual singers in all cases were fairly constant in their own particular renditions.

The Christiana tune closely resembles that from Retirement. In the

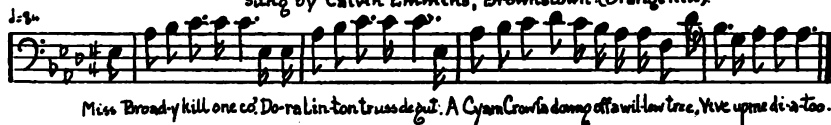
## XLI

*Cyam Crow (John Crow)*  
 Sung by Winifred Leach, Brownstown



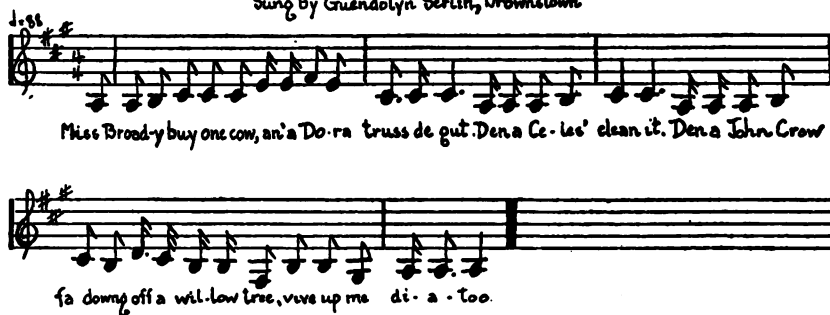
## XLII

*Cyam Crow (John Crow)*  
 Sung by Calvin Emmins, Brownstown (Orange Hill).



## XLIII

*John Crow*  
 Sung by Gwendolyn Gertin, Brownstown



former version the third musical phrase probably was not in the original but became engrafted to provide for an extra idea. Omitting this the two are quite similar, although the rhythm and the placing of accents are strongly distinguishing features. The second verse of the Christiana version is unique.

With the first Brownstown version by Ivy Grant come several new departures. The first two lines are entirely new both in ideas and in music. There was much vagueness about the word *euphy*. Some said

it was a girl's name, others a piazza, still others *you fe*, meaning *you in order to*. A piazza is commonly known as a *uphy* but in this connection its appearance conveys no sense. However, sense can never be entirely depended upon as a criterion, for nothing is better known than the negro's love of words strung together whether they form a logical sentence or not. If the song is compared with the two following, also Brownstown versions, it will be seen that the word *uphy* occurs in another connection, making perfect sense. (See the songs by Agatha Christie and Adinah Mills.) It is for this reason that doubt is cast on the word in the first versions, for probably there was some former connection between the two which is now lost. As a girl's name it is intelligible in Ivy Grant's version. *Fe* is a little word in constant usage with a number of meanings which may best be summed up as, *in order to*. Examples of its employment are as follows: *Fe go eat de tripe*, in order to go eat the tripe; *fe me a' ben go*, for I have gone; *fe me Jimmy*, for my Jenny; *he wen' fe get somet'ing*, he went to get something; *wa fe do?*, what can I do?, or what is to be done?; *how stiff fe cut*, how stiff it is to cut; *an' begin to count de date fe when de pod fe shed*; and begin to count the time until the pod will be ripe. *You fe*, as an interpretation in Ivy Grant's version is not altogether satisfactory, probably the least so.

The version by Agatha Christie has a melody very like that of Ivy Grant's, but observe the more extensive ideas and their logical sequence, which nevertheless are by no means to be taken as proof that hers is an earlier and therefore more correct form than that from Whitehall, although it is doubtless a more complete one from which Ivy Grant's or similar "cut" versions have been made. The John Crow idea in Agatha's version is merely a coda while in many others it forms the principal theme. It is interesting to note that the two informants were aunt and niece. Agatha, the aunt, was present when Ivy sang her song, and struck and sharply reproved her for not giving it correctly although it was evident that the child was giving it to the best of her knowledge and was markedly musical. Several other instances of quarreling over the correctness of versions occurred, which will be mentioned in their place.

Several examples may be compared with Agatha's since they are closely related. That by Emanuel Johnson is one, but note the change in the order of the lines and importance of ideas, as well as in parts repeated. Still different is the version by Adinah Mills. The new element about Celes's boots is odd, and probably a humorous local twist. It is possible that all these informants know one another for they are frequently to be found in the center of the village of Brownstown.

Strangely enough the last three examples resemble the Whitehall, Retirement and Christiana versions, but their differences, some of which they have in common, are sufficient to distinguish them. All three singers were less than eighteen years of age and probably had not

been to the places mentioned, nor were they acquainted with people from there. The two girls were near neighbors, but Calvin was from Orange Hill. Calvin and Emanuel Johnson were next-door neighbors, yet observe the differences in their versions.

It is worth noting that no matter how changed other parts became, in no instance was the John Crow incident lost, and that in all but two versions the last measure of the song (or two as the case may be) about the diagram, diatoo, petticoat, pedal mount, etc., is the same melodically. In one of the exceptions, by Agatha Christie, the measure in question occurs at the end of the repeated section.

Thus for this song at least it may be said that the humorous element and the relation of a misfortune turned into fun has been the most stable incident which appealed and travelled everywhere. This characteristic, as has been said, marks Jamaican compositions as a whole, and it might even be said, colors the social atmosphere the part under discussion. In the part under discussion, the accompanying music of the John Crow song is also very stable, especially the last two measures, a fact which may be partly accounted for by its distinct and definite melodic character, its simplicity and the exact rhythmic adjustment to the pronunciation of the words. Readily singable and striking melodic phrases will long outlive others.

Perhaps one of the oldest songs obtained for the present collection is given in Jekyll's "Jamaican Song and Story", p. 220,<sup>1</sup> as being an old-time tune and is purely of Jamaican manufacture. I have called it the Akee Song No. 1, since there were two Akee songs obtained. A note which Jekyll gives concerning the akee may not be amiss, as this is a fruit unfamiliar to nearly everyone, and in order to appreciate the full significance of the songs, descriptions of it may be justified.

"The akee, (*Cupania edulis*) pronounced acky, is a handsome tree producing something which one hardly knows whether to call a fruit or a vegetable. Besides the edible part, the beautiful scarlet capsule contains a substance which is poisonous. Deaths by misadventure through carelessness in its preparation for the table occur every year."

Dr. Frank Cundall, in his "Jamaica in 1920", gives the botanical name as *Blighia sapida*, and I have seen it elsewhere as *Cupania sapida*. The tree is indigenous to Africa, but grows luxuriantly in Jamaica. The fruit is exceedingly popular with the negroes and most Europeans soon acquire a taste for it. The capsule of which Jekyll speaks resembles a pear and is brilliant scarlet when ripe. It splits open into three segments lengthwise so that the fruit hangs open at the bottom, revealing a lining like pink, long-nap velvet, similar to the texture of the chestnut capsule lining. Within are three segments, bright yellow, the color of butter or

1. Walter Jekyll, *Jamaican Song and Story*, published for the British Folklore Society by David Nutt, London, W. C., 1907.



scrambled eggs, much more folded than walnut meats, rather more like brains, and when cooked they are not unlike brains in consistency, soft and rather oily, about the size of a man's thumb but not as long. On the end of each of the segments hangs a purple-black seed, in appearance very like an ox-heart cherry, but hard, and flat on one side. Such an attractive and striking array of colors is very tempting to children and adults alike, and many of the accidents are due to picking and eating the fruit before it has opened naturally. Only the yellow portion is cooked, preferably boiled, but sometimes fried, and when ready for the table it is difficult to distinguish between it and very fresh scrambled eggs in appearance. It has a slightly bitter flavor, and yet resembles nuts. The favorite combination is to serve with it salt fish.

The cause of the poison is a matter of dispute, but Europeans are of the opinion that it is a liquid which evaporates properly when the fruit opens naturally. Not evaporated, it is very deadly and the victim lives but a few hours and dies in agony. Eating this delicious food is always a hazard unless it is gathered and prepared by trustworthy hands. So many deaths occurred in one parish recently that the government ordered all the trees to be cut in that section, partly to settle a dispute as to whether it was really the akee that was at fault, or whether the deaths were due to an epidemic of an unknown nature.

The first akee song is that known to Jekyll, whose version is given first for the purpose of comparison with those gathered thirteen or more years later. (XLIV to LVI).

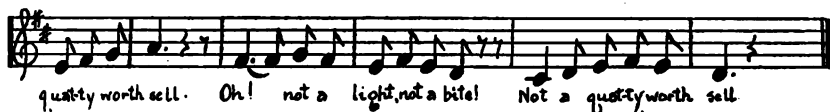
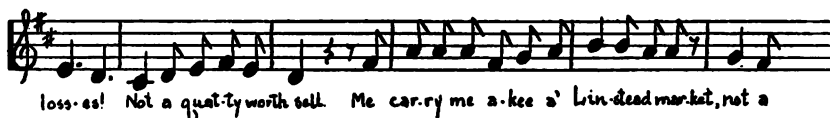
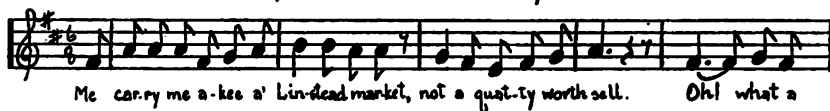
The version by Thomas Williams of Whitehall, called the Old Gabber, was the first obtained and it may be recalled that Whitehall is one of the most isolated regions. This is the only version that combines what are elsewhere two distinct songs. Whether or not this is near the original or a later combination of the two, is uncertain, although Mr. Williams is an old man and has known the song for years. Also Jekyll's work appears to have been done largely in the eastern part of the island which has long been the most densely populated by the whites and he may have secured only part of it. Nowhere else except in the Whitehall version is found the logical combination of ideas that the akee, (which probably did not sell in the first place on account of its doubtful quality) was taken home and made into soup, which was considered to be poisonous by the one who was supposed to eat it. The fact that the anotta is used to color the soup yellow, which would be its natural color if the akee were ripe, but would not be if it were green, is also significant. The anotta has a bright red seed which matures in a burr or pod on a shrub about the size of a hazel bush. The seeds are small and numerous and mixed with hot grease or boiled give a yellow dye varying in deepness of shade with the strength of the concoction. The seeds are frequently used in soups by native cooks, or the dye is applied to palm strands which are woven into baskets, together with green and white ones, so

## XLIV

## McCarry Me Akee a' Linstead Market

(Jekyll, Jamaican Song and Story, p. 19 Given as  
the fifth figure for dancing tunes)

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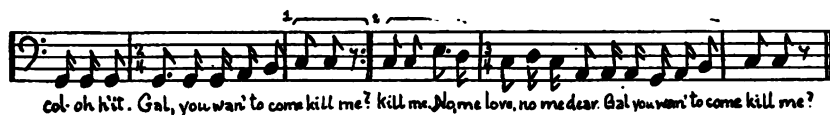
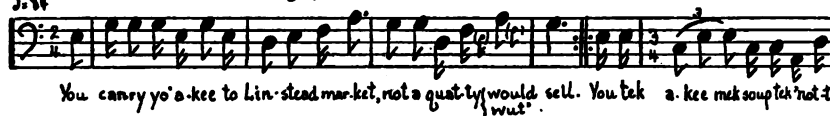


## XLV

## The Old Gabber

Sung by Thomas B. Williams, Whitehall.

J. 84

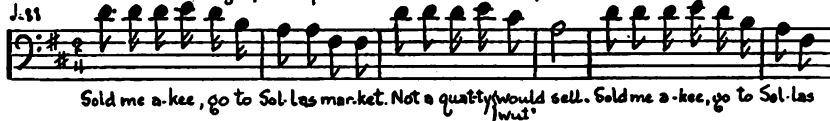


## XLVI

## You Carry Vo' Akee To Linstead Market

Sung by Philip Turner Smith and Henry Senter, Christians.

J. 81



## XLVII

## You Carry Yo' Akee To Sollas Market

Sung by Philip Turner Smith, Christians, one-half hour after previous song



Sold me a-kee go to Sol-las mar-ket, not a quastty would sell, so me take me a-kee, go to



Sol-las market, not a quastty would sell Whole a Sat-ur-day night, so not a light, not a bite.

## XLVIII

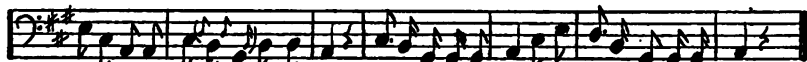
## You Carry Yo' Akee To Sollas Market

Sung by Philip Turner Smith, Christians, four days after previous song



Car-ry me lit-tle a-kee, go to Sol-las market not a quat-ty would sell, so me car-me a-kee go to  
Whole a Sat-ur-day night<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This phrase, as well as the notes in parentheses, was substituted on some repetitions.



Sol-las mar-ket, not a quat-ty would sell Whole a Sat-ur-day night, Miss-is not a light, not a bite.

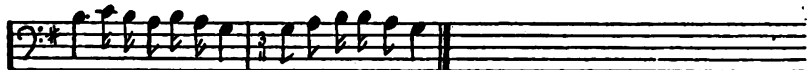
## XLIX

## Sen' Me Akee

Sung by Emanuel Johnson, Brownstown (Orange Hill)



Sen-me a-kee go to Kingston Sol-las, not a quat-ty would sell. Land, not a light, not a bite, what a Sat-ur-day night

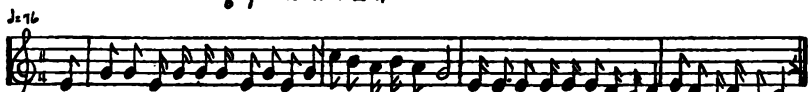


Land, not a light, not a bite, what a Sat-ur-day night!

## L

## Sen' Me Akee

Sung by Winifred Leach, Brownstown



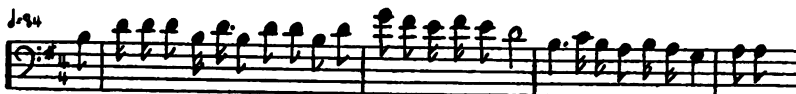
Me sen-me a-kee go to Kingston market, not a quat-ty would sell. Wo-e' not a light not a bite, what a Sat-ur-day night!

## LI

## Carry Me Akee

Sung by Richard Williams, Brownstown (Orange Hill)

J-94



Ah car-ry me a-kee to Sol-las market, not a quat-ty wut' sell! La, not a light, not a bite! What a



Sat-ur-day night! La, not a light, not a bite! What a Sat-ur-day night!

## LII

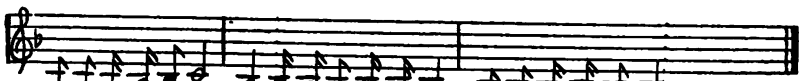
## Take Me Akee

Sung by Adinah Mills, Brownstown

J-94



Take me a-kee go to Sol-las mar-ket. Not a quat-ty wut' sell, Lord, not a light, not a bite!

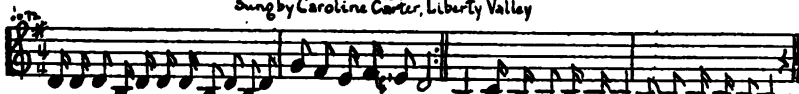


What a Sat-e-day night! Lord, not a light, not a bite! What a Sat-e-day night!

## LIII

## Akee

Sung by Caroline Carter, Liberty Valley

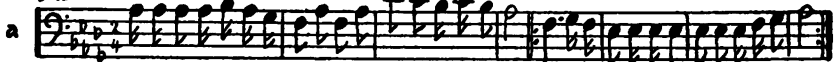
Car-ry me a-kee go to Kingston Sol-las. Not a quat-ty wut' sell (why, not a light, not a bite) whole a Sat-ur-day night  
(Awk (Lord))

## LIV

## Akee

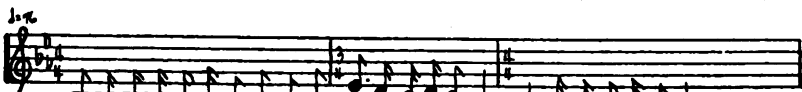
Sung by Calvin Emmons, Brownstown (Orange Hill)

J-94

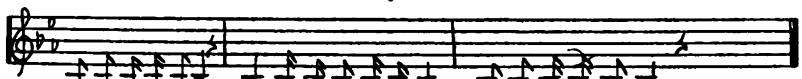


Car-ry me a-kee go to Sol-las market Not a quat-ty wut' sell! Land, what a night! Not a light! What a Sat-ur-day night!

b



Sen' me a-kee go to Kingston Sol-las, Not a quat-ty wut' sell! Land! not a light, not a bite!

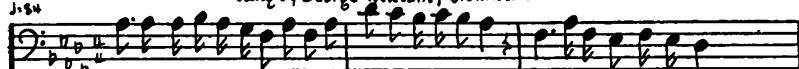


What a Sat-ur-day night! Land! not a light, not a bite! What a Sat-ur-day night!

that a very pretty effect is obtained. The commercial value of anotta rests in its use for coloring artificial butter.

The melodies of the two versions, Jekyll's and Williams', are similar

## LV

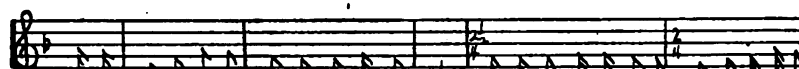
*Sung by George Williams, Brownstown*  
*A-kee*  
 J:54  
  
 Sen' me a-kee go to Sol-las market. Not a quat-ty wut' sell. Land, not a light, not a bite,

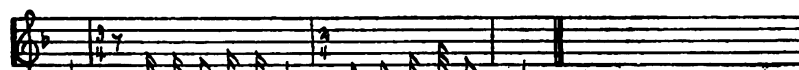
  
 not a shummy to-night Land, not a light, not a bite, not a Sat-ur-day night Come back Charle come back gal,

  
 Wa-teh cov-eh me eye! When me look 'pon Mah-di so, wa-teh cov-eh me eye

## LVI

*Sung by Leonora Spark, Christiana*  
*A-kee*  
 J:64  
 (b)  
  
 Me car-ry me a-kee, go to Sol-las market, not a quat-ty wut' sell. Me car-ry me a-kee

  
 go to Sol-las market not a quat-ty wut' sell! Whole a night, not a bite! (What a Sat-ur-day (On)

  
 night! Whole a night, not a bite, whole o' Sat-ur-day night.  
 (Not a bite, not a light.)

and most of the other tunes closely resemble them. In Father Phil's rendition, taken at Christiana, the desire that the akee should be sold was stronger than fact or contradiction in the song. Linstead is a town some distance from Kingston which has one of the largest and finest district markets. Sollas market is one of several in Kingston itself. I first heard

"Not a quatty *would* sell," the quatty being a penny-ha' penny. Later *would* was explained as *wut* (worth) as Jekyll has it. It was then too late to ascertain if the first cases were right, but at the time no correction was made when I sang *would* after writing the song, although informants were always asked to listen for mistakes and were generally interested in correcting them.

There was an opportunity to obtain several renditions in succession from Father Phil, a very odd little old man to whom every word seemed to suggest another tune. He was the village character or clown, a treasure house of songs, dances, "riggles" (riddles), and so on. Although he named his version "You carry yo' akee" he always sang "Carry me little akee" or "Sold me akee." It is possible that his first two attempts were influenced by singing with another informant and that his own style is reflected in the third rendition four days later when he was alone. His variability is not greater than that of many old people, and less than with most. On the whole it will be seen that he kept within much closer limits than various informants did with the Donkey or John Crow songs.

It is noticeable that the versions of this song by different informants are more nearly alike than those of the other songs, and the reader will readily observe the changes and similarities. That by George William combines the akee with another old song obtained from Father Phil and not secured elsewhere. Whether this is a well known combination due the inventiveness of some wag, or merely a vagary of George's, it is impossible to say. It is also difficult to say why the different versions of this akee song are so much more alike than versions of other songs. It may be that the song is not as old as would appear, or it may be that because of its straightforward little tale, very logical, lacking any specially dramatic or humorous incident, it has not inspired the wit of various singers.

Two renditions sung at one time by Leonora Spark of Christiana are remarkably constant, a fact partly accounted for by their being taken in the phonograph in immediate succession and sung without pause or interruption from beginning to end.

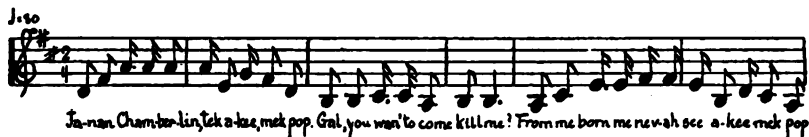
The second akee song is based on what forms the latter part of Thomas Williams' "Old Gabber," already given, and has to do with the cooking of the green akee. (LVII to LXII.)

The first version, by Mathilda Kerr, from the same neighborhood as Mr. Williams', shows striking differences from his, as a moment's comparison will make clear. The melodies are not at all alike. Here, too, it is "pop" instead of soup, the only time that this was found. Janan Chamberlain also appears for the first and last time. Most striking of all is the semi-minor tonality of the tune. Minor melodies [are exceedingly rare in Jamaica. One intelligent informant, the only one who had received any musical training, said that she could not recall

## LVII

## Janan Chamberlain

Sung by Mathilde Keir, Whitehall or Harmony Hall.



## LVIII

## Akee Song

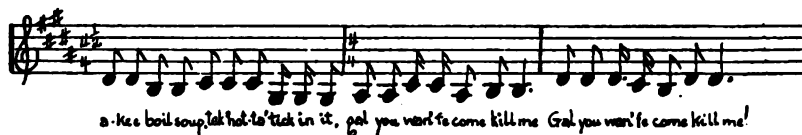
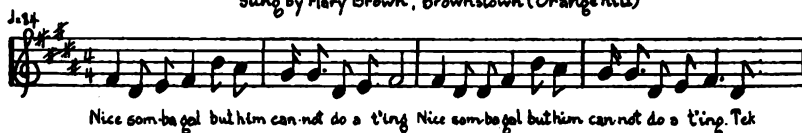
Sung by Charles Williams, Retirement.



## LIX

## Tek Akee, Mek Soup


Sung by Mary Brown, Brownstown (Orange Hill)



## LX


**Akee**  
 Sung by Mrs Emmins, Brownstown (Orange Hill)

1-54



Nice som-ba gal! She cyan cook none at a! Pret-ty som-ba gal, she cyan cook none at a! Sen her back to her  
 Cho. Gal, you wari fe come

Da capo




mud-der! Sen her back to her mud-der! Tek a-kee boil soup, she tek hot ta col-or it Gal you wari fe come kill me?  
 kill me? Gal you wari fe come kill me!


## LXI

**Gal, You Wan Fe Come Kill Me?**  
 Sung by Calvin Emmins, Brownstown (Orange Hill)


1-72



Gal, you wan fe come kill me? Gal, you wan fe come kill me? Tek a-kee, boil soup, tek hot ta, col-ah it



Gal, you wan fe come kill me? Pret-ty som-ba gal, him, cyan cook at a! Him tek a-kee, boil soup, him




tek hot ta col-ah it Gal, you wan fe come kill me?

## LXII

**Akee**  
 Sung by Adinah Mills, Brownstown

1-102



Take a-kee boil soup, tek hot ta col-or it! Gal, you wan fe come kill me, oh, gal, you wan fe come kill me!  
 Laugh-e, laugh e, gal. Eas-y fe poi-son. Gal, you wan fe come kill me!  
 Lie down



that the people had any minor tunes. With her, personally, they made the chills run down her spine and she did not like them. Another very musical singer was asked if he had ever heard any Jamaican songs that sounded like the tunes I then sang to him emphasizing the minor intervals by composing extemporaneous melodies. He was thoughtful for a long time trying to recall any and finally his face brightened and he sang a rapid American rag-time tune which was distinctly in the minor mode, showing that he had grasped the idea. When told that it was exactly the kind of a song that I meant, but that it had come from America and not Jamaica, he tried in vain to recall another. Therefore this akee tune with its hint of minor is unusual, for with the exception of some John Canoe songs and the Koromanti survivals (that is, the songs called Koromanti by the Maroons, which have unintelligible words, mentioned on page 212) there are only one or two others in the entire collection of about five hundred songs.

The form of Charles William's version is interesting with its five-division phrase pattern, or three, if the repetitions are disregarded. The money as an object for killing is also interesting.

The next three are from a single neighborhood. The singers know one another, in fact, two of the versions, by Mrs. Emmins and Calvin, are by mother and son living in the same house who seemed not at all disturbed that their ways of singing the song were different, a fact which they recognized and enjoyed. The three tunes are similar, but in the third the parts are reversed. A somba (sambo) girl is of mixed race, that is, three-quarter black. The singers, and probably the composer, were all brown people, that is, at least half and half, hence perhaps the condescension and contempt for the sambo girl expressed in these versions. The color line is very carefully and strictly drawn in Jamaica and social prestige depends largely on the amount of white blood in a family although the direct standing for colored people, at least (not blacks), depends as much upon education and native ability. On the other hand, among the Maroons, who are almost pure blacks, race pride is so strong that any mixture is scorned and white persons are respected most for the authority they represent. It is one of the peculiarities of the dialect that the feminine gender is usually expressed by masculine pronouns. Examples of this will be noted in this song. The people are taught better in school but seldom use their knowledge as Mrs. Emmins did in her version. African thought-habit is too strong.

It might be said in passing that the rhythms of the first two versions are typically Jamaican. One might almost identify the songs as Jamaican by them alone.

The final version by Adinah Mills (LXII) falls into typical Jamaican tune and rhythm in the third measure and shows a distinctive Jamaican form in its three-division structure. The *laugh-e, laugh-e, gal, easy fe poison* (or "lie down" which Adinah said was a substitute for poison) is another unique departure.

Particular inquiry was made as to whether a combination of akee and anotta in soup was poisonous but no one seemed to think that it was.

Akee Song No. 3 (LXIII) was taken first as a ring game tune, but there the mention of akee was omitted although the rest of the song was practically the same as versions found later which brought in the akee (LXIII to LXVI.)

Subsequently a version was obtained from Adinah Mills, Brownstown, which she too said was a ring-game tune. Her explanation of the word akee was that it only made a pretty rhyme and the music seemed to say the word. She said that a leader and chorus sang the song as is indicated, in antiphonal style. That part where "akee" is sung is called the bow or the bobbin, a common term for the part taken by the chorus in songs used at ginger peeling, brush-cutting matches, digging and hoeing contests and the like.

The next version was obtained from Emanuel Johnson whose explanation of the song is quite elaborate. He said it was about the tinder carried in the pocket with a flint and steel so that a fire could be lighted even in the damp woods. "You mek a fiah an' bu'n rags, an' when it come to ashes you tek a cow ho'n an' put it in. Den you get a little boa'd covering fe it. Den when you trabbel you tek flint an' steel an' use de ash fe tindah. Dey ketch fiah berry easily. You hol' de flint an; ho'n in yo' lef' han' an' den strike de flint wid de steel in yo' right han' ! you hit to'ds de right. Den you sing tindah, tindah dey raise an' fa' ' Dat means de simoke coming up." And it probably might be a reference also to the increasing and waning glow of the ember as it is blown upon by the breath. He also vouchsafed, in answer to my question if there was not another way of making fire (I hoped possibly a method of rubbing sticks), "You can mek fiah by rubbin' two dry split bamboo togedder fo' 'bout half an houah, but ef you laugh it won' ketch, not ef you rub t'ree days." When I asked what the akee had to do with all this he said, "De akee may correspon' because it is red an' look lak coal. Anyway, day is de way me parents sing it an' Ah mus' do de same."

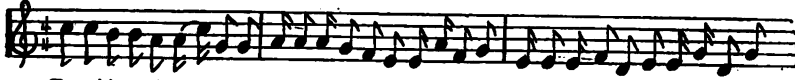
No explanation was obtained from Caroline Carter. Because of their similarity it may be said that these songs are not as old, nor as widespread as some of the others, but since experience has shown that the same song sung by near neighbors and friends may be vastly different and that some not very old American importations in the way of rag-time and hymns have been quite made over, it seems that an explanation of similarity when it does occur must be sought in another quarter than that of recent introduction, and is to be explained probably in the facts that the song is short, or simple, with a taking melody which fits the words exactly, with perhaps considerable repetition, and that it does not suggest or leave room for plays upon the theme, or local applications. It must be easily understood so that the words

## LXIII

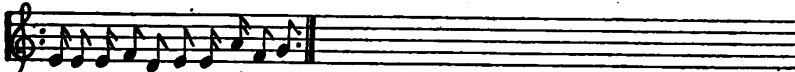
## Tindal

(Game Song, sung by girls at Christiana)

J:12



Tindal, tindal, tin-dal, tin-dal, tindal a raise an' fa', meka led-y, tin-dal a raise an' fa' meka led-y



Tin-dal a raise an' fa', a so<sup>1</sup> dey wash  
 . . . . . sew  
 . . . . . plane  
 . . . . . beat<sup>2</sup>  
 . . . . . shave

1. A so means "in this manner"  
 2. On the word "beat" the note is held  
 if the singers wish.

## LXIV

## Akee Song

Game Song sung by Adinah Mills, Brownstown.



## LXV

## Tindah, Oh.

Sung by Emanuel Johnson, Brownstown (Orange Hill)

J:12



Tindah, oh, tindah, oh, tindah dey raise an' fa'-akee, a-kee. Tindah dey raise an' fa'. Tindah dey raise a  
 measy



fa'. Tindah dey raise an' fa'-akee, a-kee. Tindah dey raise an' fa' Den a

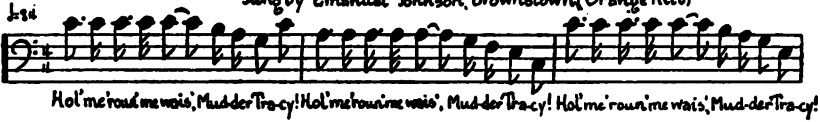
## 1. Words to LXIV.

Tender, oh, tender, oh, tender to raise an' fa',  
 Tender, oh, tender, oh, tender to raise an' akee, akee,  
 Tender to raise an' fa' akee, akee,  
 Tender to raise an' fa'.



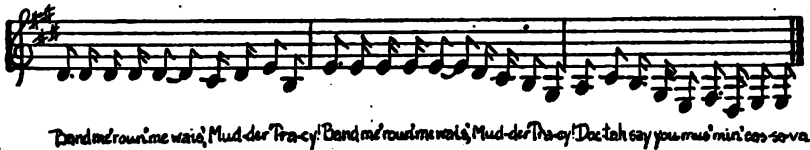
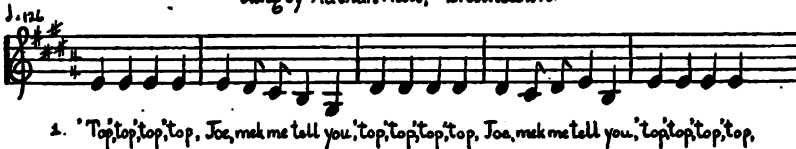
## LXIX

Mudder Tracy (3rd rendition)  
 Sung by Emanuel Johnson, Brownstown (Orange Hill)



## LXX

Cassava Song  
 Sung by Adinah Mills, Brownstown.



are not misheard and not have too many details, but tell a story in straight-forward style.

The Mudder Tracy variants (LXVII to LXX) which are given next should have been more numerous if the song had been met earlier in its real form. It is surely well-known and could have been asked for in many localities. It is particularly interesting from the rhythmic standpoint and probably varies considerably in different parts of the island.

The first rendition was given at Lacovia, but in such fragmentary form that it was hardly recognized as of possible interest, while several requests for it from others in the neighborhood proved unavailing so that it passed out of mind for the time. The last part of the Lacovia version was never obtained, unfortunately, owing to a sudden interruption, and the singing was not resumed, but it was to the effect that cassava is a rank poison.

Emanuel Johnson's first rendition was so peculiar and difficult in rhythm, yet so easy to learn by ear, that a repeated humming to myself and the discovery that a very slight change in time one way or another brought rhythms that would be written quite differently, caused me to wonder if I could have made a mistake in transcribing, so he was asked again on another occasion to give it. The second time he varied considerably in metre and rhythm, and somewhat in the melody. I have found that being asked to do something over with even a slight hint that there may have been something to be corrected frequently upset the singer, and it is possible that Mr. Johnson had this feeling that he must be very careful. The third time he dropped back, temporarily, at least, during the final line, to the identical rhythm of the first rendering, and I have no doubt but ordinarily that was the way in which he was in the habit of singing. He is one of those sensitive people who, having made a mistake and becoming conscious of it, is embarrassed to the extent of not being able to recall the correct way, sometimes for hours, although I found this not invariably the case. Slight variations for the remainder of the song are such as creep in very commonly. The interpolation of the word *Missis*, *Missa*, *Me say*, was whimsical with this informant and quite habitual.

Perhaps the explanation about the cassava given by Adinah Mills may help to give a better understanding of the song, and so not be altogether out of place here. Her version of the song is an interesting reversal of Mr. Johnson's.

"Dere are two kin's of cassava. De sweet kin' can be boiled an' eaten like food." (It is a whitish root, about eight inches long, ordinarily, and about two in diameter.) "You can tell it from de odder by de red skin under de thin brown skin. When you squeeze it no starch come out. It can be eaten like a sweet potato, boiled or baked." Another informant said that it had red juice and could be eaten raw but Adinah said not. There are two fruits or berries which are chewed, apparently. One is called cassava marble, the juice of which is considered very good for pains and another is the sorrel, which she described as being like okra but red. The extracted juice makes a beer "very nice, red like wine."

Regarding the second variety of cassava Adinah said, "De odder is de bitter cassava an' is full of starch an' poison. Dis you grate raw an' mix it wid water an' strain it t'rough a cloth. De water from de

## LXXI

## Anch'a Bite Me

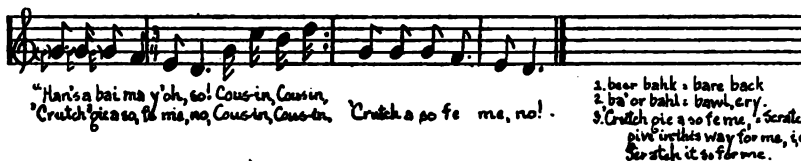
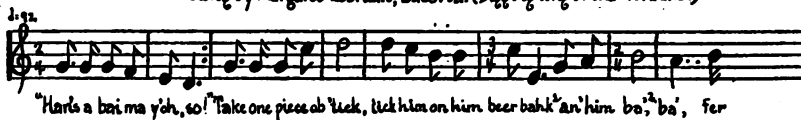
(Given by Jekyll as the fifth figure in the dancing tunes,  
Jamaican Song and Story, p. 251)  
Reproduced by kind permission of The Folk-Lore Society of Great Britain



## LXXII

## An's A Bi' Mai, Oh So!

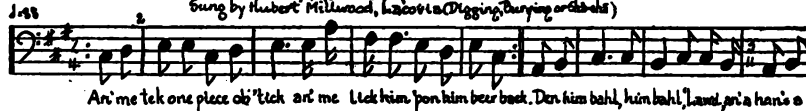
Sung by Margaret Roordan, Lacovia. (Digging song or sh-sha dance)



## LXXIII

Han's A Bite Me, Oh So!<sup>1</sup>

Sung by Hubert Millwood, Lacovia (Digging, Darning or sh-sha)



- 1 Compare the first part of this tune with the second. Ake's Song "Pretty Samba gal"
- 2 Sometimes the first two notes were omitted in beginning the song but they were always used in 'doubling' or repeating.

cassava is put in one dish and de dough in anodder. When de starch settle de poison water is poured off an' de starch is dried on a tray in de sun an' you use it fe cooking or clo'es. De dough mus' be fried an' den grated again, or you can mix it wid grease an' bake it in cakes. If it is grated again you mus' sieve it into meal an' den you can mek it into bammies or lace cakes. You mek tapioca from cassava. When you are poisoned from eating bitter cassava you have fearful pains in yo' stomach, it all swells up an' you hab gas an' vomiting." Hence the "Band me 'roun' me wais'."

The song about the ants (LXXI) is another which has been noted by Jekyll. For the purpose of comparison his version is given first. Jekyll says (op. cit., p. 257) : " Small black ants often swarm on the orange trees and the pickers, who do not use ladders but climb the branches, get covered with them. We all know that place in the 'gully' or furrow of the back which we cannot reach ourselves. "

The first Lacovia version translated is, " The ants do bite me, oh so, the ants do bite me, oh so ! I take a piece of stick and lick him on his bare back and he bawls, bawls 'For the ants do bite me, oh so ! Cousin, cousin, cousin, scratch give it, so, for me, now, cousin, cousin, cousin, scratch it so, for me. " Note the very different melodies in this and Jekyll's tune.

The tune of the second Lacovia version is quite as far removed from the other two as they are from one another. *Cousin* has been changed to *couldn't*. The somewhat minor tonality near the end of the tune is noteworthy.

*Wam Bam Hoe* (LXXIV to LXXX) was a digging song and the use of this peculiar phrase seems to occur at matches where all the hoes rise and fall together. In such contests there is always a leader who " gives out the tune. " The diggers are generally divided into two sections and take over different parts of the ground. The leader commences the song while the bobbin or bow is taken up by the remainder of the company. At times the singers divide and answer one another antiphonally, and when parts are taken, (men, women and children often work together and sing at various pitches) the effect is impressive and nearly always beautiful. *Wam Bam Hoe* is a typical example of such " digging sings. "

In the first version a great variety of detail is found, but in all except that rendition given by Emanuel Johnson the same idea prevails in words and music, although Mr. Senior's is much changed and reduced. Mr. Johnson did not know this version but gave his own which is included here only to illustrate how the phrase has travelled and what a different string of ideas makes up the song. The burden of the better known *Wam Bam Hoe* is a wail to some relative concerning the shortcomings of a person who has let the yam crop fail because of laziness in weeding out the Bahama grass. Like our own story of the basket



## LXXIV

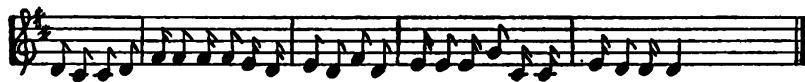
Wam Bam Hoe  
 Sung by Isabelle —?, Retirement.



Wam, wam, hoe, Cous-in Man-nie, oh! Wam, wam, hoe, Cous-in Man-nie, oh! Wam, wam, hoe, Cous-in Man-nie, oh, but



dis-e heah de grass goin' to kill a' me yam. You sit on a house wid yo' big ben' comb, you sit on a house wid yo'



big ben' comb, You sit on a house wid yo' big ben' comb, but dis heah de grass goin' to kill a' me yam.

## LXXV

Wam Bam Hoe  
 Sung by Jane —?, Retirement.



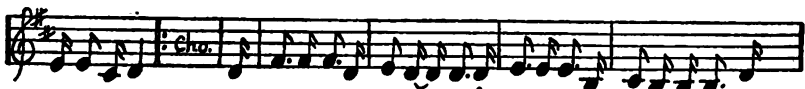
Wam, wam, hoe, Cous-in Man-u-el, wam, wam, hoe me Cous-in, Man-u-el! Wam, wam, hoe me Cous-in Man-u-  
 Chorus.



el, what a di-he-ne<sup>2</sup> grass goin' to kill a' me yam! Me wan' one wife lak a Cous-in Sarah Brown. Me  
 Verse 1.



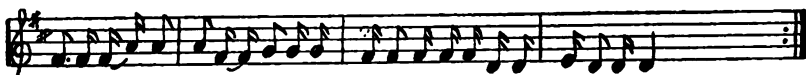
wan' one wife lak a Cous-in Sarah Brown. Me wan' one wife lak a Cous-in Sarah Brown, but ad the ne grass goin' to



Kill a' me yams

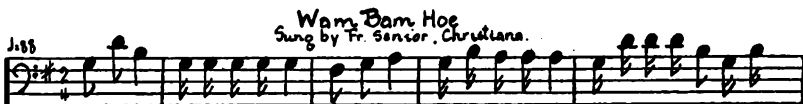
Si' down a' house, I wan' ca-si boot. Si' down a' house, I wan' ca-si boot. Si'  
 Verse 2.  
 Si' down a' house, I weah ben' comb Si' down a' house, I weah ben' comb. Si'  
 Verse 3.

1. ben' comb = bent comb. 2. Cassi boot = tall shoes. 3. Di-he-ne (pro di-hay-ray) = corruption of Bahama.



down a house, I wan'-a boot, but a di-ha-me grass goin' a kill a' ma yams.  
 -down a house, I weah ben' comb, .. .. .

## LXXVI

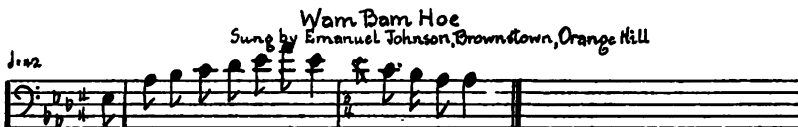


Wam bam hoe, Cous-in Hel-en Brown, wam bam hoe, Cous-in Hel-en Brown, Si down on yo' yahd, say you



want a lov-er but Bi-ham-a grass goin' to kill a' me yam.

## LXXVII

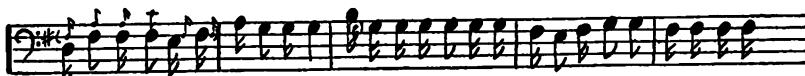


Um, wam, wam, wam, wam, wam, wam, hoe, 'o' house dey broke down.  
 Chorus Leader.

## LXXVIII



V.1. Oh, oh, oh, Aunt-y Hel-en Brown! Oh, oh, oh, Aunt-y Hel-en Brown! Oh, oh, oh, y' Aunt-y Hel-en Brown! fo' de  
 V.2. Oh, oh, oh, y' Aunt-y Hel-en Brown! Oh, oh, oh, y' Aunt-y Hel-en Brown! Oh, oh, oh, y' Aunt-y Hel-en Brown! fo' de



Bi-ham-y grass a go kill a' me yam! Si' down on a house, you go look t'ru de wind-on Si' down on a  
 Bi-ham-y grass a go kill a' me yam! Si' down on a house, you go look t'ru de wind-on, Si' down on a



house, say you wan' pair shoes Si' down on a house you go look t'ru de wind-on de Bi-ham-y grass a go kill a' me yam  
 house, you go rock fe' pair shoes. Si' down on a house say you wan' pair boot, de Bi-ham-y grass a go kill a' me yam

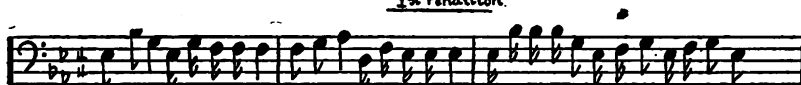
of eggs from the sale of which so many desires could be realized, until in preoccupation over the delightful prospect the owner stumbled and

broke them all, this song relates the things that the woman pined for and might have had if the yams had matured. It is not clear, however, whether it is her fault or that of her husband that the crop failed, or who is complaining, the man or the wife. Considering the negro's

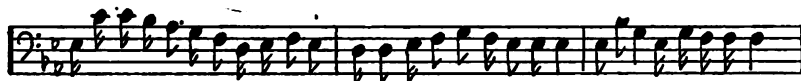
## LXXIX

## Wam Bam Hoe

Sung by Henry Senior and Jimmy Freddleton  
Christiana  
1st rendition.



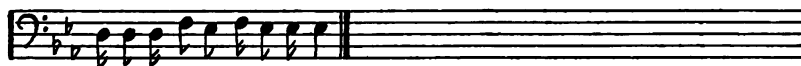
Oh, oh, oh, Cous-in Hel-en Brown! Oh, oh, oh, Cous-in Hel-en Brown! Si' down on yo' neck-ah, you wan' po-co pan, ya!  
Wam bam hoe



Si' down on yo' yahd you wan' po-co pan ya! Bi-ham-y grass go kill a' me yam. Oh, oh, oh, Cous-in Hel-en Brown!



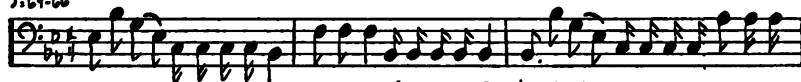
Wam bam hoe, Cous-in Hel-en Brown! Si' down on yo' yahd, you wan' po-co pan ya! Si' down on yo' yahd, you wan' po-co pan ya



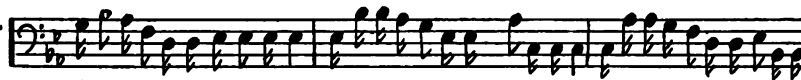
Bi-ham-y grass a kill a' me yam.

2nd rendition

J. 69-66



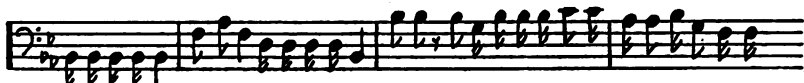
Wam bam hoe, Cous-in Annie Brown! Wam bam hoe, Cous-in Annie Brown! Wam bam hoe, Cous-in Annie Brown! fo' de



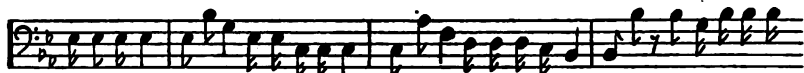
Bi-ham-y grass a go kill a' me yam. Si' down on yo' yahd say you want a la bar Si' down on yo' yahd, say you want a la



bar. You si' down on yo' yahd say you want a la bar. De Bi-ham-y grass a kill a' me yam Wam bam hoe,



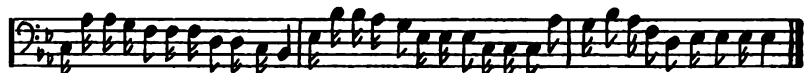
Cousin Annie Brown! Wam bam hoe, Cousin Annie Brown! Wam bam hoe, Cousin Annie Brown! De Bi-ham-y grass a' go



kill a' me yam. Wam bam hoe, Cousin Annie Brown! Wam bam hoe, Cousin Annie Brown! Wam bam hoe, Cousin Annie



Brown! De Bi-ham-y grass a' go kill a' me yam. Si' down on yo' yashd you no nian' poco pan ya.



Si' down on yo' yashd say you want a la bar. Si' down on yo' yashd say you want a la bar. De Bi-ham-y grass a' kill a' yo' yam.

## LXXX

### Wam Bam Hoe, Me Too Weighty!

Sung by Lydia White, Christians

♩: 64



Wam bam hoe, me too weight-y! Oh wam bam  
hoe, me too weight-y! Me plant me corn me get peas Oh wam bam hoe, me too weight-y!  
hoe, me too weight-y!



Lard, me plant me peas, me reap yam. Oh wam bam  
Lard, me plant me peas, me reap yam yam. But be fo' ba-zoo come bad-der me, .



oh! Ah'll sen'hies back a deb-il to him fam-ble. sen'hies back a deb-il to him fam-ble oh

disregard of the proper use of pronouns; they cannot be used here to settle the question. In one version the man is sighing for a wife like Cousin Manuel's, namely Sarah Brown, who presumably is not so shiftless nor so vain as to want bent combs, casi (tall) boots, a lover, etc., for all of which she mourns as his own wife sits in her rocker by the

window or out in the yard. She longs for *poco pan ya*, the Spanish and negro term for "a little bread indeed" or else is too scornful to want it but prefers *a la bar*, whatever it may be. *Ya* was originally a corruption of *hear*, which has come to be used frequently as an interjection, almost meaningless, or as in this case, contemptuous. In the work of recording this song on the phonograph the word *a la bar* was overlooked so that the meaning was not obtained.

The last *Wam Bam Hoe* by Lydia White is almost as different from the others as is Emanuel Johnson's version and probably is a different song altogether. When asked if she knew *Wam Bam Hoe* she gave this, but it is so like one that she sang the following night and called *Bazoo* that it looks as if she had manufactured it to order. She had a very peculiar temperament and appeared to be not quite sane. It is possible that she confused the phrase *Oh, Nanna, Oh*, with which *Bazoo* begins, with *Wam, Bam Hoe*. When asked about the meaning of "Me too weighty" she replied, "It mean dat de song is too hard, but, however, as you hab begun it we will try to finish it."

*Bull, Oh*, or perhaps *Bullo* (short for Bullock) (LXXXI to LXXXIV) is another of the work songs which has so far retained most of its features wherever it has been recorded.

The first version was sung in parts and was taken with the aid of the phonograph at a brush-cutting match. When the boys came to the house at noon they gathered around the horn so that all the parts might be heard, but got in one another's way and were crowded out of range and back again so that the effect is very uneven although after they were fairly started they fell into parts more strictly and maintained them quite consistently to the end. It must be remembered that this version contains many doublings since the song was sung over and over until the record was filled.

The next version was secured only two miles away.

The third has been metamorphosed into a ring game at Christiana, while the fourth, if anything more elastic than the Butler's version, was one of Father Phil's extravaganzas which he was exceedingly fond of giving. The wording near the end, "len 'me to yo' gun" is not a mistake of transcribing. In his waxing enthusiasm proper word order became quite secondary. He said "catch," however, which is undoubtedly correct, while others said "cast."

Three variants of a song which the people declared to be Spanish were obtained at Lacovia. Even in this one neighborhood it has endured considerable change in melody, rhythm and words. Sometimes the word "achiler" is substituted for "Matilele." The song probably came from Cuba as intercourse on the part of the negroes in the two islands is quite frequent. (LXXXV to LXXXVIII.)

One peculiar song formed part of the John Canoe repertoire of Mary Campbell of Lacovia which was called *Deah Light, Oh* (LXXXVIII, to LXC1).

## LXXXI

## Bull, Oh!

Sung by a chorus of labor boys, Butlers'

Record 21  
J. 92

Oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, de bull, oh, mash up me groun'. Nan na,  
1.



beg you len' me yo' rope, let me rope da bull. Nan na, beg you len' me yo' rope, let me rope da bull. Oh  
2.



bull, oh, bull, oh, da bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, mash up me groun'. Nan na, beg you len' me yo' rope, let me



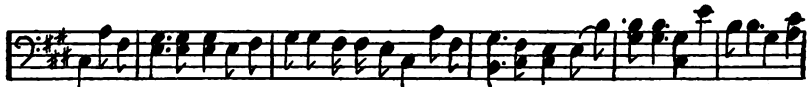
cast da bull. Nan na, beg you len' me yo' rope, let me rope da bull. Nan na, beg you len' me yo' gun, let me



kill da bull. Nan na, beg you len' me yo' rope, let me rope da bull. Oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh,  
3.



bull, oh, me bull, oh, mash up me groun'. Nan na, beg you len' me yo' rope, let me rope da bull. Nan na, beg you len' me yo'



mash, let me cast da bull. Nan na, beg you len' me yo' rope, let me rope da bull. Oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh,  
4.



bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, mash up me groun! Nanna, fif-teen yeah ol' bull, oh me bull, oh, mash up me groun! Nanna,



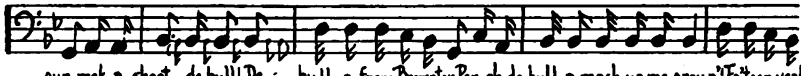
fif-teen yeah ol' bull, oh de bull, oh, mash up me groun! Nanna, fif-teen-teen yeah bull, oh me bull, oh, mash up me groun!

## LXXXII

*Bull, Oh Bull.*  
Sung by Simeon Powell, Maggotty.

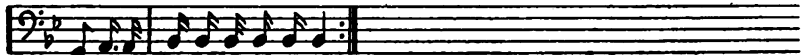


Bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, bull, oh, mash up me groun! Gran-pa, beg you len me yo'



gun, mak a shoot de bull! De bull a from Drompton Pen, oh de bull a mash up me groun! To teen yeah ol' (shoot a de bull De)

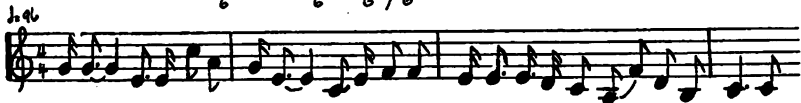
*ad infinitum*



bull, oh de bull a mash up me groun!

## LXXXIII

*Bull In De Pen*  
Ring Game Song sung by girls at Christians.



Bull, oh, bull, me Nan-na, bull, oh, bull, me Nan-na, beg you len me one rope fo go cast me



bull, me Nan-na, bull, oh, mash up me groun! Nan-na beg you len me one rope fo go... cast me bull.

Until after reaching Christiana this was considered to mean *Dear Light*, but there it was explained as *Day-Light*. The substitution of *day* for *dear* is not always entirely satisfactory, however. Mary Campbell, as has already been said, was probably one of the most variable

## LXXXIV

## Bull, Oh

Sung by Philip Turner Smith, Christians.

1-69



Bull, oh, bull, oh, Massa de bull, oh, bull, oh, Massa de bull, oh, bull, oh, Massa de bull, oh, mash up me



groun! Mas-sa de nine-teen yeah ol' bull, oh, de nine-teen yeah ol' bull, oh, Mas-sa me beg you len' me yo' rope, Mas-sa you



beg me chape de bull Oh de nine-teen yeah ol' bull! Oh de nine-teen yeah ol' bull, oh, Mas-sa de bull, oh, bull



oh, Mas-sa, me beg you len' me yo' gun! Mas-sa, me beg you len' me yo' ro-ope! Mas-sa beg you to chape! Oh'



Mas-sa, beg you youlen' me yo' rope! Mas-sa, beg me chape de bull! Mas-sa, Ah beg you len' me yo' ro-ope. Mas-sa



beg you hach me, let me kill de bull! Mas-sa beg you len' me yo' gun! Mas-sa de bull, oh, mash up me groun! Oh de

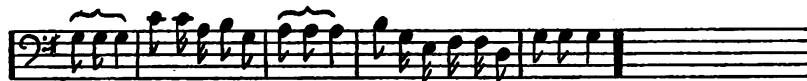


nine-teen yeah ol' bull, oh, Ah beg you len' me yo' rope! Mas-sa me bull. a mash up me groun! Mas-sa me beg you





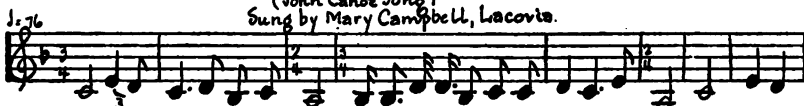




deah light, oh! Gone to Mona-ria deah light, oh! Deah light, 'Nollan' oh! Deah light, oh!

## LXCI

Deah Light (No. 2)  
(John Canoe Song)  
Sung by Mary Campbell, Lacovia.



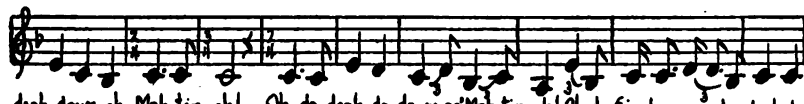
Oh deah, da dawn, oh Mah-tin, oh! Fi-ah . . . deah dawn, oh, Mah-tin, o! E- e-e-



e-e-do-e Fi-ah deah dawn, oh, Mah-tin, oh! Oh, I hope you win, oh good Mah-tin,



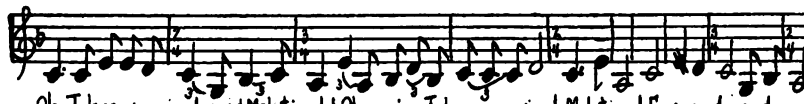
oh! Oh- - I hope you win, oh, Mah-tin, oh! E- e-e-do, e-do-o E-do



deah dawn, oh, Mah-tin, oh! Oh, da deah, da dawn, oh Mah-tin, oh! Oh, da fi-ah . . . da deah dawn,



oh, Mah-tin, oh! E- e-e-do, e-do-o. E-do, deah dawn, oh, Mah-tin, oh!



Oh, I hope you win, oh good Mah-tin, oh! Oh- - I hope you win, oh, Mah-tin, e! E- e-e-do, e-do-o!

singers from whom songs were obtained, for she was neither very musical nor intelligent, and in addition, suffered from such a cold that it seemed almost criminal to allow her to sing. Her eagerness, poverty and large repertoire, since she was leader of her band, outweighed the other considerations, however. When left to herself to sing straight through a song, without interruptions or repetitions necessary in transcribing the songs in writing on the spot, she adhered more closely

to the thread of her tunes, and by hearing them enough times and averaging the variations, it was possible to gain a fair idea of what she sang most of the time at the performances. There were two distinct versions of *Deah Light* which Mary herself recognized. The second was obtained on the phonograph.

It was difficult to obtain any interpretation of any of the John Canoe songs or to find out much about the festival from the inside, so to speak, except by leading Mary along until she was caught unawares. To the uninitiated the songs seem frequently to be mere jumbles of words which have little connection with one another or with the John Canoe dance. But when explanations were obtained there appeared to be fairly logical ideas back of some of them. The expressions *edo* and *wallo* are not found except in the John Canoe songs and their meaning could not be learned. Most of the John Canoe songs contain one or even both and they were found in the songs belonging to different localities where the construction of the John Canoe house was along quite different principles and the songs not otherwise similar. These expressions appear to be exclamatory. It is possible that a few of the John Canoe songs are old and have a wide distribution, but most of them are now so changed that their common origin would not be recognized. It is the custom to compose a number of new ones each year with which the different companies attempt to surprise and delight the country-side and rival one another.

The Whitehall version of *Deah Light* is no doubt a humorous parody on the ceremonial song. *Sombole Cana* was said to be a place but no exact definition could be obtained. The version from Christiana may or may not be connected with the others. At least two old estates in the island are named "Holland." Moravian missions are rather numerous and those that we saw were always perched high on some mountain top. Presumably one of these is referred to. Blontaine was probably another estate. The *patoo*, (properly *pootoo*) is a Jamaican owl. The tunes of the four versions have not the slightest resemblance to one another.

*Pop Goes the Weasel* (LXCII to LXCv) was sung twice by old Father Vassel of Retirement who is over eighty and has known the song since he was a mere boy. Note the slight changes in his second melody but that on the whole the two are much the same. The repeated section he said might be doubled as often as one wished.

The other two versions were obtained at Brownstown from mother and daughter. The mother, who gave the second one, was quite an old woman. The only likeness between her version and that of the old man at Retirement is in the words "Dat's de way de money goes, Pop goes the weasel," or as she has it "Bops, tease, weasel," and in the melody accompanying them. The daughter's version is surprisingly different from the mother's, and she was, in addition, not nearly as constant in her renditions as her mother. A lively quarrel arose between them as to which was correct.

## LXCII

Pop Goes The Weasel  
Sung by Agatha Christie, Brownstown

♩ 160

When Ah was a rich man eb-ry-bod-y know me, Now Ah was a po'man no-bod-y know me. Dat's de way de mon ey goes.

Pop, lea-sle wea-sel. Rain come wit me, sun come dry me. Dat's de way de mon ey goes. Pop, lea-sle wea-sel.

## LXCIII

Pop Goes The Weasel, 2nd version  
Sung by Father Vassel, Retirement.

♩ 160

When Ah was a po'man no-bod-y know me, 'til Ah came a rich man eb-ry-bod-y know me. Dat's de way

money go. Pop goes de wea-sel. Dat's de way de mon ey go. Pop goes de wea-sel.

## LXCIV

Pop Goes The Weasel  
Sung by Father Vassel, Retirement.  
1st Version

♩ 160

When Ah was a po'man no-bod-y know me, 'til Ah came a rich man eb-ry-bod-y know me

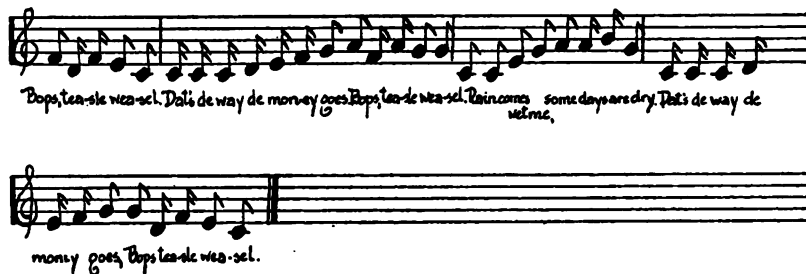
Dat's de way de money go. Pop, goes de wea-sel. Dat's de way de mon ey go. Pop goes de wea-sel.

## LXCV

Pop Goes The Weasel  
Sung by Marcella Christie, Brownstown

♩ 160

When Ah was a rich man eb-ry-bod-y know me, When Ah was a po'man no-bod-y know me. Dat's de way de mon ey goes



Perhaps this list of songs and their variants is sufficient to indicate the general manner in which different versions are achieved in Jamaica, and, it is believed, among most peoples who have no written music. With one exception the informants had had no musical training and learned and transmitted their tunes entirely by ear. Even Adinah Mills, who had been trained in the church choir, I think had no knowledge of notation, and had not lost the characteristic traits of the popular singing, including the typically syncopated rhythms. She could turn from a modern song quite properly rendered to a folk tune which she could sing as if she had never known choral music.

Other examples of variants could be presented if it were thought that they could materially substantiate the evidence, but only a few of them were sung by more than two individuals, and there appear to be enough without them.

The results of the study may then be summarized briefly. In regard to the first of the two lines followed in the research, the results have already been given, but to recapitulate briefly it may be said that very few individuals were able to reproduce strict repetitions of their tunes time after time. There would be minor shifts in rhythm, melody, words, and even phrases, and sometimes relative order. Those who did repeat without variation were not always those who might casually be classed as the most musical or the most intelligent. It was noted that singing into the phonograph (after the singers became accustomed to it) without interruptions, and with the possibility of producing a number of repetitions in rapid succession, gave better results in the way of less variation, than the method which was perforce often resorted to, of taking the songs down in writing, where the people had to proceed bit by bit as if teaching the song. But a number of them were adaptable and much side information was gained by this method that was lost in the other. It might have been the more satisfactory of the two if informants could have been trained to its requirements.

The majority of persons who were made to wait between repetitions of their songs with intervals of some diverting occupation were found to be more liable to slight variations, especially in the parts doubled, sometimes in their order, than if allowed to repeat immediately, although

there were exceptions to this. But all persons were seen to have one special form of their own to which, on the whole, they closely adhered, but this was generally not shared by others, even by the members of the same immediate family. The differences in renditions by various members of the same family were often found to be as great as those obtaining between examples collected in different localities. Not a few persons varied considerably under the most favorable circumstances but they were generally old or mentally rather incapacitated. Some informants could produce remarkably uniform renditions, and some, who varied considerably in rhythm, doubling, order of parts and even in some aspects of the melody would adhere surprisingly to certain peculiar intervals which we should be inclined to consider off-pitch singing.

The impression gained both from extended observation and study and from information obtained in response to inquiries was that the minor variations were perceived by many, especially if their attention was called to them. Often they were not perceived even then. They were not considered to affect the identity of the tune in any way and were of minor importance, while the thread of the tune was the distinguishing feature. Just how long the thread would retain its identity under these conditions is a question, but probably as long as a shred remained by which it could be recognized or suggested. On the other hand, the changes in detail were welcomed with delight and it was in these that the individual expressed his own self, they were his "interpretations," so to speak. It is quite evident that these minor variations are the starting points of all the larger ones and lead to considerable local changes. This very attitude of the people towards their music creates an atmosphere in which variations and new creations thrive and are appreciated. Perhaps it is largely accountable for the negro's musical versatility, in which his sense of humor also plays a part.

Other races or peoples, like some tribes of American Indians, may not countenance such laxity openly and may impose more barriers to deliberate changes, especially in ceremonial songs, but that practically the same condition of unconscious variation exists, though in a lesser degree, among all peoples whose dependence for learning is by ear and word of mouth, seems almost inevitable and my experience with Indian music proves it. But in Indian rituals of importance, if a man made so much as one slight change, he was liable to be reprimanded by those who were his attentive auditors, and in some tribes the ceremony had to stop then and there until purification of the offender had been accomplished. In Jamaica life was taken less seriously. There were apparently no such strict rituals, and only rarely was the good-humored acceptance of individual rendition (even of hymns) broken by discussion and quarreling.

The versions given by different individuals nearly always showed more marked departures from one another than did the repetitions

by the same individual and naturally this was usually more marked from locality to locality than from person to person in the same village, although exceptions even to this were numerous and striking. Practically never, however, were very close resemblances found between the versions of different localities, although in a few tunes, like the first Akee Song, where the melodies were short, simple and well suited to the words, especially in rhythm, there were comparatively few marks of travel. The tempos of songs appear to have been kept more closely than any other feature. Rhythmic patterns and meters were likely to be retained because the rhythmic side of music appeals to these people more than the melodic and they are given to favorite rhythms. Then too, certain word phrases would almost make their own rhythms. On the other hand, their fondness for melody, which seems to bubble from them like springs from the ground with ever varying murmurings, leads them into many interesting by-ways.

The causes of variations in words are, aside from local humorous applications, mishearing and poor memory, when gaps are filled to suit the whim of the one singing the song. The almost unrestrainable love of play with words and repetition for the mere joy of hearing the sounds also probably cause some variations. It seems that such conditions are not confined to Jamaica but are to be found wherever people are dependent on transmission by word of mouth. Even where printed material is largely used, as soon as something has been learned and memory is relied upon, variations are apt to creep in. But as songs become more widely known and standardized by the wide dissemination of printed copies, alterations are naturally less likely to occur, and if they do, are more likely to be corrected again by those who render the song correctly or still rely on the printed copy.

Just what elements are retained in a song and what are likely to be dropped for the substitution of others it is difficult to generalize upon. It has already been said that the Jamaicans seem to retain tempo and some retain pitch levels. Rhythmic patterns linger, and the outlines of melodies or the "thread of the tune" are usually kept through many wanderings. In part, what is retained depends upon the peculiar temperament of the people. Thus the negroes, in addition to rhythmic patterns, appreciate dramatic incidents and I am inclined to think that other peoples also do. The chief line of action in the story will be kept while the details are changed to suit a new environment. Names, order, logical relationship will all suffer before the gist is lost. In Jamaica the comic will survive all else except the gist. Where melody alone is considered, the simpler and more singable it is, or the more catching the tune, the longer it is retained unchanged, except for minor turns and embellishments. If the rhythm of the melody corresponds with that of the words and both are straightforward, they will survive many vicissitudes, but if the melody is awkward or unattractive and the rhythms do not fit they will soon fall before the pressure of convenience and the lure of easier paths.



## FOLKLORE FROM ST. HELENA, SOUTH CAROLINA <sup>1</sup>

### TALES.

#### IN THE POT <sup>2</sup>

Once upon a time Brer Rabbit said to Brer Wolf, "Come and let us go into the woods and get some wood." So they went and get their wood. After they have got their wood, Brer Rabbit said to Brer Wolf again, "Now let us go and get a big boiling pot large enough to hold one of us at a time." The plan please Brer Wolf very much, because he was very willing to do any thing Brer Rabbit told him to do. They went and made up a little fire, put on their pot of water. Brer Rabbit said to Brer Wolf, "When one of us go in the pot, we must say to one another, 'I am a Shinerly Shiny.'" Brer Rabbit went in the pot for the first time. And when he got tired staying in the boiler, he said, "Brer Wolf, I am a Shinerly Shiny." Brer Wolf took the top of the boiler and Brer Rabbit came out heartily. Brer Wolf went in for the second time, and when he got tired staying in the boiler, he said, "Brer Rabbit, I am Shinerly Shiny," and Brer Rabbit took the top of the boiler and out jumped Brer Wolf still heartily. They done this trick several times. So Brer Rabbit said, "Brer Wolf, I tired with this plan, you go in for the last time and let us quit." Brer Wolf done as he was told. And when he was tired staying in the boiler he said, "Brer Rabbit, I am Shinerly Shiny." Brer Rabbit said, "Ah! you can Shinerly Shiny just as much as you wish, but I am not going to let you out no more." So Brer Rabbit went outdoors and got a arm full of wood, came back into the house and cooked Brer Wolf, and I guess you ought to know what happen.

Stepped on the tin, the tin bended.  
That is the way my story ended.

#### *Variant.*

Once upon a time Bro' Rabbit said to Bro' Bat, "Come get in my 'tater and cook and make them taste sweet." Bro' Bat got a piece of

1. These tales, riddles, proverbs, and spirituals were written by the pupils of Penn School, in 1923. Of the tales contributed only those are published which are not contained in Memoir 10 of the American Folklore Society or which are particularly interesting variants of the tales in that collection from the Sea Islands.

2. Compare MAFLS 17 : no. 16.

bark and drop' it in the pot. Bro' Rabbit said, " Ah I got that old Bat now. " He put on lots of sticks and made a big fire. Then Bro' Bat fly down and take out the bark. Bro' Rabbit saw Bro' Bat and said, " Bro' Bat, I thought you were dead. " Bro' Bat said, " Now, Bro Rabbit, it's time you come and cook in my 'tater and make 'em taste sweet. " So Bro' Rabbit gone and jump in Bro' Bat pot. Bro' Bat build a big fire and put the cover on, and boil and boil the rabbit. When he look in the pot the rabbit was dead, and Bro' Bat had his own 'tater and Bro' Rabbit's, too.

#### DEAD OR ASLEEP <sup>1</sup>

Once upon a time Brer Wolf and Brer Rabbit were good friends, and Brer Rabbit did not like Brer Wolf, but he pretended so. One day Brer Wolf came to pay Brer Rabbit a visit. Brer Rabbit had been thinking how he could get rid of his friend, so he said, " Let us take a walk. " As they went on the walk they met a horse in a farmer's field. The horse was asleep, so Brer Wolf said, " How I wish that horse was dead, so you and I could feast on it, and go and invite some of our friends to lunch with us. " — " I think the horse is dead, " said Brer Rabbit, " I will go and see if he is dead... Oh, yes, he is dead, Brer Wolf. I'll tell you how we can get him. You let me tie your two hind legs to the horse and when I whip the horse that will be your sign that you must go... One! two! three! ready! go! " Brer Rabbit hit the horse. The horse awake and off he went, dragging Brer Wolf. Brer Rabbit hollowed to Brer Wolf and said, " Run, Brer, run, Brer Wolf, run! " Brer Wolf called back to Brer Rabbit, " How I kin run and my feet can't touch the ground? "

#### ENDURES MOSQUITOES <sup>2</sup>

One day the mosquitoes were biting very badly. The king said to Brer Rabbit and Wolf, " The one who can stand in the pond all day <sup>3</sup> without killing any mosquitoes shall marry my daughter. " So Brer Rabbit and Wolf went in the pond. When the mosquitoes bit Wolf, he knocked them and had to get out. When they bit Brer Rabbit he said, " Before my granddaddy died, he had a pain right here, on his back. " <sup>4</sup> Every time he said that he killed the mosquitoes. He kept on until the day was gone. So he married the king's daughter.

1. Compare JAFL 30 : 229.

2. Compare MAFLS 16 : no. 113 ; MAFLS 17 : no. 29.

3. Variant : Carry a row of pease through.

4. Variant : " You know my pa has a horse with a white spot right here. "

COW PARTNERSHIP <sup>1</sup>

Once upon a time there was a rabbit and a wolf that had a cow. Bro' Rabbit said, "Now, Bro' Wolf, I feed the mouth and you feed the tail." "All right," said the wolf. So they feed the cow a long time. One day Bro' Rabbit said it was time to kill the cow, and Bro' Wolf again said, "All right." The next day Bro' Rabbit got up soon and killed the cow and put the meat in his house. By and by Bro' Wolf came. He knocked at the door. Bro' Rabbit peeped out and said, "Who's there?" "Bro' Wolf," said the wolf. "What do you want?" said the rabbit. "I want my meat," said the wolf. Bro' Rabbit gone and get the tail and gine (give) it to Bro' Wolf. Bro Wolf was angry when he see what a little bit he get, and he ax for more. Bro' Rabbit said, "I feed the mouth and you feed the tail, and we get the part we feed."

THE PASSWORD : <sup>2</sup> WATCHER TRICKED <sup>3</sup>

Once upon a time Bu Rabbit want to know how to git in Bu Eagle house. One day he went under the shade by Bu Eagle house. Bu Eagle was going out, visiting his sister. When he came out of the house, he said, "Key!" and the door open, and when he said, "Lock!" the door locked back tight. Bu Rabbit broke off in a hard run. "Bu Wolf! Bu Wolf! I know how to git in Bu Eagle house." Bu Rabbit and Bu Wolf went to Bu Eagle house and git a big sack full of eggs, and they went back home. Old greedy Wolf went home, boiled all of his eggs, and ate them all. Bu Wolf went back to Bu Rabbit house. "Let's go back and git some more eggs. It eat good, man." But old tricky Rabbit told him that he was sick and couldn't go back this time. "Will you tell me war yer (what you) say then, and I will go." — "When you git day (there), you must say, 'Key,' and it will open, and when you coming out say, 'Key!' and it will open. When you git out say 'Lock!' and the door will lock back."

Bu Wolf was so glad he went to Bu Eagle house for some more eggs. "Key!" The door open and he went in and git some more eggs. Now time to come out. Instead of saying key he said lock and the door locked tighter. So Bu Wolf got so scared he went into Bu Eagle flour barrel to hide. Bu Eagle return from his sister house, when he got to the door, he said, "Key!" and the door open. Bu Wolf just remember what Bu Rabbit told him to say. Bu Eagle came in and said, "Humph I smell something in here." Looking around for what he had smelled, he found Bu Wolf in his flour barrel. He went back to git de knife, but when he

1. Compare MAFLS 16 : no. 157.

2. Compare MAFLS 16 : no. 22 (1).

3. Compare MAFLS 16 : no. 39.

came back Bu Wolf had gone. Down the road Bu Eagle behind Bu Wolf, and Wolf ran up into a hollow tree. So Bu Eagle left Bu Frog to min' him until he come back with an ax. Bu Wolf had wanted to git out so bad, he say, "Bu Frog, look de horn and things up here." When Bu Frog looked, Bu Wolf spit tobacco into his eyes, and he had to go to the pond to wash the spit out of his eyes. And when he came back, Bu Wolf had gone. Eagle came running, "You got um day (there)?" — "No, he spit tobacco spit in my eyes and I had to go wash it out." Bu Eagle get so mad with Bu Frog and he took de ax and cut off Bu Frog tail. Bu Frog started to run and he never stop until he git into de pond. That's why Bu Frog is in the pond until today.

#### RABBIT PRETENDS HE SOLD HIS WIFE <sup>1</sup>

One time, you know, Brer Rabbit had done some thing to the king. The king decide that he would kill Brer Rabbit when he goes to bed. Brer Rabbit had an idea the king would do some thing to him, so he studied what to do. He decided to put his wife in the front of the bed, and he would sleep in the back room. When the king came that night, he hit Brer Rabbit wife with an iron and killed her dead, and he went back home. Old Brer Rabbit, so schemy, dressed his wife, put her into the buggy and went to town. He entered a store and bought a bottle of dope and send it to his wife by a White boy. The little boy took dope to the woman, but she didn't take it. The boy hit the woman with the bottle because she didn't take it.

"Oh! You killed my wife! Give me a thousand dollars for my wife." The store keeper gave Brer Rabbit the money, and Brer Rabbit went back home. The king said to Brer Rabbit, "Thought I killed you last night!" Brer Rabbit said, "You killed my wife and I got a thousand dollars for her." The king went back home and killed his wife and went to the store to sell meat. The people found out that it was his wife, so they caught the king and sewed him up in a bag and threw him overboard. That was the last of the king.

#### CRANE SAVES RABBIT FROM HANGING <sup>2</sup>

One day Bur Rabbit stole a farmer cow. The farmer caught him and put him in jail and his case was to be tried twelve o'clock the next day. Bur Crane came in to see him and he told the Crane that tomorrow he must go up in the sky and take the trumpet and say, "If you hang that man, I will destroy the world." And the Crane did so. When Bur Rabbit and the people hear that, all the people turned Bur Rabbit loose and fled. Bur Rabbit said, "Thank the Lord, Bur Crane save me."

1. Compare MAFLS 16 : no. 60 ; MAFLS 17 : no. 135.

2. Compare MAFLS 16 : no. 24.

## HOW MUCH RAIN ?

Once upon a time there was a terrible drought on. Ber Rabbit had planted a garden, and Ber Wolf had a large crop. Everything of Ber Wolf got burn and parch up. Even the rivers got so low until not a boat could swim through it without going to the bottom. Every day Ber Wolf would go on Ber Rabbit's step and start complaining about the drought. One day more than all Ber Wolf said to Ber Rabbit, "Are your crops all right? I don't hear you say a word about the drought." — "Yes," said Ber Rabbit, "every now and then I have a little drizzle here and there." — "Why," said Ber Wolf, "you can't have a drizzle and no one else can." — "Why," said Ber Rabbit, "Some of them called me the rain maker. They may be right, and too, they may be wrong."

Then Ber Wolf went and told all his friends that Ber Rabbit is the rain maker. All of Ber Wolf friends came to Ber Rabbit house, begging him to give them some rain. Even Ber Wolf who had done Ber Rabbit many a mean trick got down on his knees and prayed to Ber Rabbit for some rain. "Very well," said Ber Rabbit, "if you all want me to give you some rain, you all will have to pay me a toll." The next evening all came to Ber Rabbit house, some had corn meal, some honey, money, rice, grits, and some had potatoes. "Now I see you all surely want me to give you some rain," said Ber Rabbit. "The only thing now I want to know is how much rain you all want?"

PLAYING GODFATHER: TELL-TALE GREASE <sup>1</sup>

Once upon a time Brer Rabbit and Brer Wolf decided to farm together.<sup>2</sup> The first year they planted turnips. When the turnips were up and ready to be worked, they went out the first day and took a churn of butter. After they worked for a little while Brer Rabbit whistle. "Listen that 'old woman calling! I go and see what she wants," said Brer Rabbit. Brer Rabbit gone and come back. Brer Wolf ask, "What did she call yo fur?" — "To name her baby." — "What did you?" — "Name um 'Dis start.'" A while Brer Rabbit whistle 'gain. "Listen! dat old woman calling me 'gain." He gone and come back. "Well, I declare I'll not do a thing today if dat old woman don't stop call me again." — "What go name um dis time?" — "Most half um." After while he whistle 'gain. He gone and come back 'gain. "What did yo name um dis time?" — "Little over half um." After a while he whistle again. He gone and come back. "What did yo name um dis time?" — "Most done um." After a while he whistle 'gain. He gone and come back. "What did you name um dis time?" — "Done!

1. Compare MAFLS 16 : nos. 2-4 ; MAFLS 17 : no. 9.

2. Variant : Rabbit helps an old lady hoe cotton.

Done! I wouldn't go back fur de devil." After a while Brer Wolf got tired, so he said, "Brer Rabbit, let's go up and eat dinner." <sup>1</sup> — "All right," said Brer Rabbit. So they went up. Brer Rabbit ran on ahead and look in the churn. "Oh, God! Brer Wolf, all the butter gone." Brer Wolf said, "Well, sur, and I so hungry, you know all you do was to name the baby." — "Well, I'll tell you what we will do." <sup>2</sup> Go and lay down in the sun and sleep, and when we wake up the one mouth that's greasy is the one who ate the butter." So they did. Brer Rabbit wouldn't sleep. He stay awake until he saw a fat cat coming by. He caught the cat, killed him, take the fat and greased Brer Wolf's mouth. <sup>3</sup> When Brer Wolf awoke, he said, "Well, I swear! I swear I ate all that butter and didn't know!"

## TELL-TALE GREASE

Once upon a time there was an old man who lived in an old house by himself. One day Uncle Ned went out and caught a large 'possum. When he reached home he put the 'possum on to cook and put some large sweet potatoes in the fire to roast. When his supper was cooked he put them down on the hearth to cool. While they were cooling the fire made Uncle Ned dizzy and he soon fell fast asleep. Some robbers broke in the house and ate all of the 'possum and potatoes and greased Uncle Ned's mouth and hands with the bones to make them taste like 'possum grease. When Uncle Ned awoke, the 'possum and potatoes were gone. He looked all around, but he saw no one. He licked out his tongue. "Dat tastes lak' 'possum grease," said Uncle Ned. He smelt his fingers and they smelled "lak' 'possum grease." — "Well," said Uncle Ned, "if I did eat dat 'possum, it gave me less inner satisfaction than any 'possum I ever ate."

REMARKS ALTERED <sup>4</sup>

There was once a man had some servants working in the field. They had to work very hard, and one day it began to rain, so a boy said, "More rain, more rest." And the boss said, "What you say?" — "I said, more rain, more grass, sir." So the boy said, "If man in this world and haven't got a turning, isn't worth while to be in this world." So the man said, "What you say, boy?" — "I said a staircase without a turning is not any good."

1. Variant: Wolf said, "Your wife have so many children." — "Yes, my wife got a pile of them. I guess we better go get dat butter, let my children get something to eat."

2. Variant: Rabbit said, "Let us go to the king and let him tell us how to find out who ate the butter."

3. Variant: Rabbit charges Cat with eating the butter. After the butter runs out of Rabbit's mouth he smears it on Cat.

4. Compare MAFLS 16: nos. 40, 41.

## MOURNING DOVE

Once upon a time a young girl left her mother to cook some pumpkin. When the girl came back, she asked, "Mamma, you done cook? Wha all the pumpkin I left you for cook?" — "It is in the pot." She went to the pot and saw only a little bit of pumpkin. The girl got angry and killed her mother. She afterwards was sorry and killed herself. Since then a bird was heard mourning, and it was said that the girl was mourning for what she had done.

UNDER THE MARBLE STONE <sup>1</sup>

One day de fader and de moder went out and left de little baby wid de cook, and dey left a pig which was to be cook' for dinner, and dey would fine a good dinner when dey got back home. De baby was asleeping in de cradle when de old cook was gitting ready to make a good dinner out of dat pig. She went in kitchen for to cook dat pig and der was no pig. De pig was eaten up long time by de old cat. Well, dat old cook did not hesitate. She jus' went a-running upstairs and got dat baby out of dat cradle, put um en de pot and boil um ento soup, for she had to have something for dem people to eat.

Purty soon de moder and fader come home wid some visitors, and dey were hungry all right, for dey come in and started to eat like dey never eat before, and dey help demself until dey heard a little bird singing at de door:

"Mammy kill me,  
Dady eat me,  
Bury me head under de marble stone."

Dey listen for a while, but de bird did not stop his singing. Den Mammy thought about baby, she ran to the cook and said, "Where is de baby?" — "In de cradle, mam." But dey find out the baby was not in de cradle, but his head was under de stone and his little fingers in de soup dat was made for dinner. So de old cook was burned down in a big fire.

ESCAPE UP THE TREE <sup>2</sup>

Once there was a giant married to a young woman. The woman had a brother. One day the giant killed a calf. The giant went out the next day and the woman's brother went to see her. The boy didn't know that his sister's husband ate people. The giant came in and knocked at the door and the wife hid her brother under the bed. Then she let the giant

1. Compare MAFLS 16 : no. 133.

2. Compare MAFLS 16 : nos. 73, 74 ; MAFLS 17 : no. 82a.

come in. He came in and said, "Wife, I smell the blood of an Englishman." The wife said, "No, you must smell that calf." — "No, I smell the blood of an Englishman." The giant peeped under the bed. He saw the boy in a corner. He said, "Come here, little boy. Can you climb a tree?"

The boy had three dogs at home. The first one was named "Cut throat," the second was named, "Crack bone," and the third, "Drag it away." Before he came from home he told his mother that when she hears the dogs growl she must turn them loose. The giant made the boy climb the tree and he began to cut the tree down with his teeth. The boy called for the dog one time. The dog growled. The woman said, "These dogs are so greedy." The boy called another time. The woman said, "Oh yes, you know that boy told me I must turn loose those dogs when I hear them growl. I sure forgot." The woman turned loose the dogs and they went. One cut the giant's throat, one cracked his bones, and one dragged him away. The boy climbed down the tree and went to his sister's house and got his sister and went free.

#### ANGEL AND DEMBO<sup>1</sup>

Once upon a time there lived a poor colored slave with his master, named Dembo. Dembo was a good, cheerful, smart old man. But his master was very cruel to him. One day Dembo went into his master's potato bank and stole some potatoes for his dinner. Dembo's master saw him when he got the potatoes, but he did not say anything. Dembo's master waited until he saw the big smoke, then he went there. Just as he started to open the door he heard Dembo praying. Dembo said, "O Lord, O Lord forgive! Send your angel for to take poor Dembo home, 'cause white man treat poor Dembo so bad. Poor Dembo for tired fer stay yer, Lord." The white man went back home and dressed himself just like an angel and came back to the house. He heard Dembo still praying. Just as Dembo said the last word, he knocked on the door. Dembo said, "Who is dat?" White man said, "Angel." Dembo said, "Way you want?" White man said, "I come for Dembo." Dembo said, "Dembo ain't day yer." White man stepped off a little from the door and Dembo began praying again. The white man came back and rapped again. Dembo said, "Who dar?" White man said, "Angel." Dembo asked, "Way you want?" White man said, "I come for Dembo." Dembo said, "Dembo ain't day yer." The white man burst right in the door, and when Dembo saw the angel he jumped right through the window and ran across the field to his sister's house with the angel right behind him. Dembo screamed and screamed. When he jumped into the ditch of water the angel jumped there, too. When Dembo got on his

1. Compare MAFLS 16 : no. 46.



sister's porch he went into a fit with the angel right over him. They took poor Dembo and poured water over him and after a while he came back. From that time on Dembo never prayed for the Lord to send his angels for him.

THE SWIMMER <sup>1</sup>

## I

There were two boys and these two boys were the fastest swimmers. They were offered a prize for the one who could swim from America to Europe, and the one that got to Europe first would get one thousand dollars. The smallest boy said, "Now I want a stove, one cord of wood, sack of grits, and fifty pounds of meat." The other boy said, "What are you going to do with those things?" The little boy said, "I am going to carry them on my back, and when I get hungry I'll turn over and cook and eat." — "Well," said the other boy, "I cannot swim with you."

## II

Once an old slave who loved his master very much started to follow him to New York one day. His master happen' to look back before he was aboard of his ship and saw him coming. This master sent him back, but he only went a little ways off until he run on board. Then he went back to the ship and got on board and got in with the fireman. Then he went in the hatch until he was near the wharf of New York. Then he jump over board just about the time when his master was on the gang plank and began hollowing. "Master! Master! save me. I swam all de way from Beaufort." The master immediately look around and help his slave out of the water, dressed him in a new suit and carried him up in town and advertise him as a champion swimmer. He was challenge to swim the next day at two o'clock. The next day the crowd gathered at half past one and they began looking for the prize swimmer. The time went by until it was five minutes to two o'clock and the swimmen hadn't arrive' yet. When the clock hand had reach two o'clock, the people saw a man coming down with a slave on his back and a frying pan in his hand... (Unfinished.)

THE TALKING MULE <sup>2</sup>

"Uncle Tom bought a mule the other day." — "Is that so?" — "Yes." — "What the mule name?" — "His name is Grim, but that is a talking mule." — "A talking mule?" — "You must mean a working

1. Compare MAFLS 15 : no. 63.

2. Compare MAFLS 16 : no. 61.

mule. Where in the world you ever see a talking mule ? ” — “ Never in my life until I saw this one. ” — “ Don’t stop ! Tell me some more. ” — “ Yes, Uncle Tom bought him a mule and the man who he bought it from told him to feed the mule high and curry him twice a day, ‘and you will have a fine mule,’ but Uncle Tom put the box up high and give the mule very little food and would work him all day. So one day Uncle Tom’s sister died, and he told the boy to put the saddle on Grim’s back. And when the boy went to the stall he said, ‘Get round there, Grim.’ Then Grim answer, ‘Yes, you come but could not bring anything for Pa Grim to eat.’ <sup>1</sup> The boy rest the bridle down and told his father that the mule is talking. The old man went to the stall and said, ‘Get round there, Grim.’ — ‘Yes, you come now get round there Grim. But you haven’t bring anything for Grim to eat.’ The old man set the bridle down and out he went, and his little dog followed him. <sup>2</sup> And as he was running he made attempt to go in his friend house, but the rooster get up on the fence and told him not to come in, and then he did run. As he stop, he said, ‘I never hear a mule talk until today.’ His dog said, ‘Me neither.’ Then he did run and the hog said, “ Buff, buff, don’t you run over me, ” and the old man fell. When his dog came up he was dead. ”

#### MR. LAZY <sup>3</sup>

Once upon a time there lived a very lazy man. He would always travel from house to house for some thing to eat. One day he went to one of his neighbor’s house and said, “ Is you got any thing to eat ? ” And the gentleman said, “ Yes. ” Mr. Lazy said, “ Is it done ? ” The gentleman said, “ No. ” And he said, “ Neber min’, den. ” He went to the next house and said, “ Have you any grits ? ” The man said, “ Yes. ” He asked, “ Is it done ? ” The man said, “ No. ” Mr. Lazy said, “ Neber min’, den. ” And he went to the next man’s house and said, “ Have you got any thing to eat ? ” The man said, “ I have some ‘tater here, ” and Mr. Lazy said, “ It is peel’ ? ” The man said, “ No. ” Mr. Lazy said, “ Neber min’, den. ” On, on, he went, just like that until he died.

#### THE PREACHER’S DINNER

In a certain town preachers like poultry and hardly eat any thing else. So one day a preacher came to a lady’s house, and this lady was to prepare a dinner. As the peacher was coming all the poultry saw him

1. Variant : Sambo beats his ox every day. “ One Sunday, more than all, the ox said to Mr. Sambo, ‘For God sake you ain’t tired beat me ? ’ ”

2. When Sambo gets home, he says to the dog, “ I neber yer cow talk yet. ” Dog says, “ I neber yer cow talk yet. ” ... “ Me neider, ” says the cat.

3. The title is the writer’s. Compare MAFLS 16 : no. 114.

and hid because none of them wanted to be killed. This lady went to the barn yard and called, but there was no poultry to be seen anywhere. Now he was there a long time and the poultry was getting tired of waiting so long. So the rooster said (in a crowing tone), "Is Mr. Preacher gone?" The guinea said, "Not yet, not yet." The gobbler said, "Wa da gracious Lord," and the shoba duck said, "Sh- - - sh- - -." They all kept hiding until the preacher had to go, and when he was gone, they all came out and strutted about the yard as before.

#### KNEE DEEP <sup>1</sup>

Once a man was coming from work. He counted out his money. He had seven dollars. He said, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven." Something in the pond said, "Eight." So he counted again. When he said, "seven" the thing said "eight." So the man said, "I wonder who dere say eight, you better don' worry wid me." So he counted again and he had only seven dollars and the something in the pond said "eight." The man was so angry he went into the pond. As he went in, the thing said, "Knee-deep! Knee-deep!" The man got so angry he went down to throat-deep and was drowned.

#### PATIENCE

Once upon a time there was a young man. He was getting ready to marry to a girl whose name was Tamer. Tamer had a sister name' Patience. After the young man got ready to marry Tamer, he had to wait ever so long before the girl got ready to come out. So the young man began to get angry. "I binner wait yer so long and Tamer never come yet," said he. The girl's father got so worried and ran out and said, "Oh Bredder, hab Patience! Gal 'ill be yer en a lee [little] w'ile." The young man looked back and said, "No, no, sir! I neber cou't Patience, I cou't Tamer, sah, and I want 'im."

#### RIDDLES.

Whitie, Whitie, up and down,  
Whitie, Whitie, all around town.  
Ans. Teeth. <sup>2</sup>

Brer Who Box and Brer Box went out fishing, and Brer Who Box drown, Who shall bring the boat ashore? (The one who answers gets a box.)

1. Compare MAFLS 16 : no. 56.
2. Compare MAFLS 16 : 168 no. 97.

I am a little seed, I live in a large overcoat. And when they are going to plant me they take my coat off and leave me in a thin little red vest. I am not tall, but some of my sisters and brothers are tall. Boys and girls are very fond of me. Can you guess who I am ?

Ans. A peanut.

Ping packum send wing wackum to drive ping packum out of the whole bickie wackum. Can you guess what I said ?

Ans. The man send the boy to drive the hogs out of the potato bank. <sup>1</sup>

I am here alone, I have one leg, one hand, and one eye. They left me here by myself because I cannot walk, but sometime they will come and shake my hand and out of my mouth I will spit. Some of my sisters and brothers will spit so slow people hate to shake their hand. I am very swift. I will spit a bucket full so quick that some people don't believe. The longer you shake my hand the cooler I get. Can you guess my name ?

Ans. A pump. <sup>2</sup>

I went upon my father's grave. I ate his meat, suck' his blood, and threw his bones away.

Ans. Watermelon. <sup>3</sup>

In the dead become to life.

First was six and now it's seven.

Ans. It was an old dead horse and a partridge made its nest in it. And the first day the man came along it was six eggs in the nest. The next day the man came along it was seven partridge in the nest with the mother. <sup>4</sup>

Black man sits on a White man head.

Ans. Hen sit on her nest <sup>5</sup>.

#### PROVERBS.

1. Take no more on your heels than you can kick off with your toes.
2. A good run is better than a bad stand.
3. Everything good to eat is not good to talk. <sup>6</sup>

1. Compare MAFLS 16 : 152 no. 3.

2. Compare MAFLS 16 : 159 no. 46.

3. Compare MAFLS 16 : 159 no. 46.

4. Compare MAFLS 16 : 158 no. 38.

5. Compare MAFLS 16 : 155 no. 16.

6. Cp. Anderson and Cundall, *Jamaica and Negro Proverbs*, no. 245. Kingston, Jamaica, 1910.

4. Every man for his-self and God for we all.
5. Roll your applecarr right on.
6. Every grin teeth don't mean laugh.
7. Every shut eye don't mean sleep.
8. Feed you with the corn and choke you with the cob.
9. Young folks, listen what old folks say,  
When danger is near keep out of the way.
10. Singing in the morning, hawk will catch you before night.
11. Still water runs deep.

SPIRITUALS.

I GIT A LETTER DIS MORNIN'

I git a letter dis mornin', Aye Lo'd,  
I git a letter dis mornin', Aye Lo'd.  
Who you t'ink dat letter from, Aye Lo'd.  
Letter from my Jesus, Aye Lo'd.  
Take um to my brother, Aye Lo'd,  
Take um to my brother, Aye Lo'd,  
My brother could not read it, Aye Lo'd.  
Take it to my sister, Aye Lo'd  
My sister could not read it, Aye Lo'd.

YO RELIGION NEVER MAKE YOU SHAME

Oh yo religion never make you shame,  
Oh yo religion never make you shame,  
Oh yo religion never make you shame,  
Hold out.  
Oh I'm gwine down to Jordan, hold out.  
Gwine down to Jordan. Hold out, hold out.  
Oh if that's yo aim, hold out.  
Oh if that's yo aim, hold out,  
Hold out.

I think my mother say hold out.  
Oh I think my mother say hold out, hold out.

I think my brother say hold out.  
Oh I think my brother say hold out, hold out.

I think my sister say hold out.  
Oh I think my sister say hold out, hold out.

Oh yo religion never make you shame.  
 Oh yo, oh Lordie, religion never make you shame.  
 Yo religion never make yo shame,  
 Hold out.

I AM GOING TO LAY MY BODY DOWN

Hush mamma baby don't you mou'n,  
 I am going to lay this body down.  
 Hush mamma baby don't you mou'n,  
 I am going to lay this body down,  
 I am going to lay this body down.  
 Sense for my mother, father give me over.  
 I am going to lay this body down.  
 I am going to lay this body down.  
 I am going to lay this body down.  
 Sense for my preacher, preacher give me over.  
 I am going to lay this body down.  
 I am going to lay this body down.  
 I am going to lay this body down.

I AM RUNNING FOR THE LIFE

1

I'm running for the life,  
 I'm running for the life,  
 If anybody ask you what's the matter with me,  
 Tell um I said, I'm running for the life.

2

I'm mourning for the life,  
 I'm mourning for the life,  
 If anybody ask you what's the matter with me,  
 Tell um I said, I'm mourning for the life.

3

I'm a praying for the life,  
 I'm a praying for the life.  
 If anybody should ask you what's the matter with me,  
 Tell um I said, I'm praying for me life,  
 I'm praying for me life.

COME AND GO WITH ME

*Chorus.*

Come, come, come and go with me.  
Come, come, come and go with me.  
Come, come, come and go with me.  
Oh! hal - le - lu - iah, amen.

I

If you are a Christian, come and go with me.  
If you are a Christian, come and go with me.  
If you are a Christian, come and go with me.  
Oh! hal - le - lu - iah, amen.

*(Chorus)*

2

If you are a warrior, come and go with me.  
If you are a warrior, come and go with me.  
If you are a warrior come and go with me.  
Oh! hal - le - lu - iah, amen.

*(Chorus)*

3

If you are a true believer, come and go with me.  
If you are a true believer, come and go with me.  
If you are a true believer, come and go with me.  
Oh! hal - le - lu - iah, amen.

*(Chorus)*

4

Christ told the blind man go down to the river and bade.  
Christ told the blind man go down to the river and bade.  
Christ told the blind man go down to the river and bade.  
Oh! hal - le - lu - iah, amen.

*(Chorus)*

5

Christ told Nicodemus, " You must be born again, "  
Christ told Nicodemus, " You must be born again. "  
Oh! hal - le - lu - iah, amen.

*(Chorus)*

## I'M GINE TO DIE WID DE STAFF IN MY HAND

I'm gine to die wid de staff in my hand,  
 I'm gine to die wid de staff in my hand,  
 No matter what dey say,  
 No matter what dey do,  
 I'm gine to die wid de staff in my hand.

## I

Some people in de world  
 And dey don' know what to say,  
 For when dey look aroun'  
 It seems like judgment day.  
 But I'm gine to die wid de staff in my hand.

## 2

Some are fighting in the air,  
 Some are kneeling down to prayer,  
 But I'm gine to die wid de staff in my hand.

## JESUS DONE JUST WHAT HE SAID

## I

Jesus done just what he said, — yes he did.  
 He healed the sick, and he raised the dead, — yes he did.

*Chorus.*

You can tell the world about this.  
 I will tell the nation about that.  
 Tell them that my Lord has come.  
 Tell them what the Comforter has done.  
 That he brought joy, joy, joy, to my soul.

## 2

Upon the mountain my Lord spoke, — yes he did.  
 Out of his mouth came fire and smoke, — yes he did.

## 3

John the Baptist, he declared, — yes he did.  
 Ain't but the righteous shall go there, — yes he did.



4

I remember the hour, I remember it well, — yes he did.  
When Jesus washed my sins away, — yes he did.

PLAY ON YOUR HARP LITTLE DAVID

I

I have a leader over there,  
I have a leader over there,  
I have a leader over there,  
In the kingdom of my Lord.  
Trumpet of God going to sound.  
Members, if you die in Christ  
You going to rise.  
In the Resurrection morning  
You got to shine.

2

Play on your harp little David,  
Play on your harp little David,  
Play on your harp little David,  
In the kingdom of my Lord.  
Trumpet of God going to sound.  
Members, if you die in Christ  
You going to rise.  
In the Resurrection morning  
You got to shine.

3

I have a Savior over there,  
I have a Savior over there,  
I have a Savior over there,  
In the kingdom of my Lord.  
Trumpet of God going to sound.  
Members, if you die in Christ  
You going to rise.  
In the Resurrection morning  
You got to shine.

4

I'm going over there,  
I'm going over there,

I'm going over there,  
 In the kingdom of my Lord.  
 Trumpet of God going to sound.  
 Members, if you die in Christ,  
 You going to rise.  
 In the Resurrection morning  
 You got to shine.

JESUS IS MY ONLY FRIEND

Jesus, Jesus is my only friend,  
 Jesus, Jesus is my only friend,  
 Jesus, Jesus is my only friend,  
 Lord King Jesus is my only friend.

When the doctor he done give me over,  
 When the doctor he done give me over,  
 When the doctor he done give me over,  
 Lord King Jesus is my only friend.

When the preacher he done give me over,  
 When the preacher he done give me over,  
 When the preacher he done give me over,  
 Lord King Jesus is my only friend.

*Chorus.*

Jesus, Jesus is my only friend,  
 Jesus, Jesus is my only friend,  
 Jesus, Jesus is my only friend,  
 Lord King Jesus is my only friend.

When my room became a public highway,  
 When my room became a public highway,  
 When my room became a public highway,  
 Lord King Jesus is my only friend.

When my face became a looking-glass,  
 When my face became a looking-glass,  
 When my face became a looking-glass,  
 Lord King Jesus is my only friend.

*Chorus.*

Jesus, Jesus is my only friend,  
 Jesus, Jesus is my only friend,

Jesus, Jesus is my only friend,  
Lord King Jesus is my only friend.

DE ANGELS ARE WATCHIN' OBER ME

*Chorus.*

All night, all night  
De angels are watchin' ober me.  
All night, all night,  
Oh de angels are watchin' ober me.

I

Some say Peter and some say Paul,  
De angels are watchin' ober me,  
Ain't but one God made us all,  
Oh angels are watchin' ober me.

2

If you get there before I do,  
De angels are watchin' ober me,  
Tell all my friend I am coming, too,  
Oh de angels are watchin' ober me.

WE GOT A SOUL TO SABLE

*Chorus.*

Go round, go round look at de morning star,  
Go round, go round, we got a soul to save.

I

Hadn't been for Satan  
We wouldn't had to pray.  
Now Satan broke God holy law,  
And we got a soul to save.<sup>1</sup>

2

When I was a laying at Hell's dark door  
No one to pity poor me,

i. Variant of verse I :

Hadn't been for Satan we wouldn't had to pray,  
And we got a soul to save.

Massa Jesus he came riding by  
And brought my liberty.

I LOVE MY BLESSED SAVIOR

I

I love my blessed Savior  
And sorry when He died  
It hurted me to my blessed heart  
To see Him crucified.

*Chorus.*

He cried how long, how long,  
He cried how long, how long,  
He cried how long, how long,  
For my Lord told me so.

2

When Jesus was hanging on the Cross,  
And the Jews were standing round.  
One picked up the sword and plunged it in his side  
And the blood came trickling down.

EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW JUST HOW I DIE

Everybody wants to know just how I die,  
Just how I die,  
Just how I die.

Everybody wants to know just how I die,  
Everybody wants to know just how I die.

Just how you live, just how you die.  
Just how you die,  
Just how you die.

Just how you live, just how you die.  
Everybody wants to know how I die.

I am going to read my testimony on my bed,  
On my bed,  
On my bed.

I am going to read my testimony on my bed,  
Everybody wants to know how I die.

I am going to have it written in my for'head,  
In my for'head,  
In my for'head.  
I am going to have it written in my for'head,  
Everybody wants to know how I die.

WHEN THE ROCK AND THE MOUNTAIN GIVE WAY

I

I wonder what the gamblers going to do that day,  
When the rock and the mountain give away.

*Chorus.*

Give away, give away,  
When the rock and the mountain give away,  
Give away, give away,  
When the rock and the mountain give away.

2

I wonder what the liars going to do that day  
When the rock and the mountain give away.

3

I wonder what the sinners going to do that day  
When the rock and the mountain give away.

LET US BREAK BREAD TOGETHER ON OUR KNEES

I

Let us break bread together on our knees,  
Let us break bread together on our knees.  
When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,  
Oh! Lord, have mercy on me.

2

Let us drink wine together on our knees,  
Let us drink wine together on our knees.  
When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,  
Oh! Lord have mercy on me.

## 3.

Let us praise God together on our knees,  
 Let us praise God together on our knees.  
 When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,  
 Oh ! Lord have mercy on me.

*Chorus.*

Oh ! Lord, have mercy on me,  
 Oh ! Lord have mercy on me.  
 When I fall on my knees with my face to the rising sun,  
 Oh ! Lord have mercy on me.

## I WANT TO DIE EASY WHEN I DIE

I want to die easy when I die,  
 I want to die easy when I die,  
 I want to die easy when I die,  
 Shout salvation as I fly.  
 Lord, I want to die easy when I die.

I want to see my mother when I die,  
 I want to see my mother when I die,  
 I want to see my mother when I die,  
 Shout salvation as I fly.  
 Lord, I want to see my mother when I die.

I want to see my pastor when I die,  
 I want to see my pastor when I die,  
 I want to see my pastor when I die,  
 Shout salvation as I fly.  
 Lord, I want to see my pastor when I die.

I want to see my Jesus when I die.  
 I want to see my Jesus when I die.  
 I want to see my Jesus when I die,  
 Shout salvation as I fly. .  
 Lord, I want to see my Jesus when I die.

I want to go to Heaven when I die,  
 I want to go to Heaven when I die,  
 I want to go to Heaven when I die,  
 Shout salvation as I fly.  
 Lord, I want to go to Heaven when I die.

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## BERMUDA FOLKLORE

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS

In 1834 one Sunday morning in the Bermuda parish churches the Negro slaves were proclaimed emancipated. Slavery in the Islands had been on a small scale. There were no large plantations. Slaves were engaged in house service, in gardening or in fishing, for masters who at most owned but eight or ten slaves. Inferably, the contact between the two races in slave-times, as today, was comparatively close.

Today the racial proportion is about two Negroes to one White. This disproportion, slight as it is compared with that of the Southern States, is advanced as a reason, just as in those states, for keeping the Negroes "in their place." Incidentally I may note that the only instances of Negro "uppishness" I observed were among hack drivers and waiters who were greatly outnumbered by the tourists they sometimes bullied. Given the American racial attitude, it was singular to see a hotel "starter" hold up carriages until told just where the people were going. In one case I overheard a "starter" chief say to a White lady, "No, you can't have that carriage, I am going to use it for myself," meaning, I suppose, for another party he was arranging; or, still more bizarre, to see a crowd of Whites at the dining room entrance waiting eagerly on the waving hand of the black overlord who assigned places at the crowded tables — "reconstruction" unresented since unrecognized.

Historic "reconstruction" has an interesting memorial at the town of St. George's. Commanding the town stands an unfinished church of cathedral dignity. In the early seventies the congregation of the ancient church of St. Peter's was divided on Negro exclusion. The rector was against the innovating policy of exclusion, "he would not close his church to colored people." So with the conservative faction he planned a new edifice. Then the exclusionists formed a new organization, the Reformed Protestants. Subsequently the Archbishop confirmed the rector in his rectorship for life, and the building funds giving out, the conservatives remained in control of their old St. Peter's. On the Easter Sunday I visited the church there were many more Negroes at its service than at the exclusively Negro church, African Methodist, which I also visited.

The foregoing account of the church split I heard from a Negro who had the story from his parents. In the guide books there is no reference to the story, a suppression consistent perhaps with my Negro informant's assertion that "in certain sections there is more race prejudice

in Bermuda than even in the Southern States, *only it is not expressed.*" As this informant had not been to the States, his assertion is based on hearsay.

Hearsay about race relations in the States is far from lacking, so many Bermudian Negroes having spent considerable time on the Continent. It is a common practice to find employment in the North for a few years, accumulating earnings, and then to return to the congenial life of the Islands. An ambitious youth may go to an American school or college.

Sojourn in the States and intercourse with tourists are unfavorable to the preservation of folklore, and I heard repeatedly that this generation does not tell the stories once told. It is a question, too, whether the stock of tales was ever as abundant as, let us say, in the Bahama Islands or in the plantation life of the South. It seems almost impossible that the animal tale was not once known in the Islands, but today it is certainly not familiar. My frankest and most naïve informant, a St. David's Islander who had never been abroad, was ignorant of the tale of Tar Baby. Even the idea of Rabbit figuring in a tale seemed unfamiliar to everyone.<sup>1</sup> Nor could I learn of any tale about Jack and the King's daughter. Jack the Giant Killer and Cinderella and the "North Wind" were familiar to some, from a book, and so were the tales of Playing Godfather and of Too Swollen to Escape. These were repeated to me in characteristically narrative style, and as sources of the tales which elsewhere are full fledged folk tales seem worth recording.

#### TOO SWOLLEN TO ESCAPE<sup>2</sup>

Fox and Wolf, they were working together. Fox told Wolf he knew where there was some meat. So they went there, and Wolf ate and ate and ate and got bigger and bigger. And there was only a little hole to get in. So when the farmer came with his gun Fox crept out of the little hole, but Wolf could not get out, he was so fat, and the farmer shot him.

#### PLAYING GODFATHER<sup>3</sup>

Cyat and Dawg buy a keg of butter fe a reserve fe the winter. Well, they was in a puzzle to find place whe' to put it. They agree to put it in a church which it will be safe. A week or two after,

1. On some of the Islands, notably Coopers, rabbits may be seen pasturing in the little clearings like cattle.

2. Informant, Matilda Minors, aged 30. Read at school. In McMillan's New Literary Reader, II, 1902.

3. Informant, Edward Simmons of Antigua and St. George's. To others the tale was known as Cat and Mouse, as given in McMillan's New Literary Reader, II, 1902. For bibliography see MAFLS 13 : 1 ; MAFLS 16 : 5, no. 4.



Cyat make an alarm that he has to go to church and stan' godfather for a child. When he returned back, Dawg asked him what is the name of the child. "Top-Off." Well, he keep on until the last child he stan' for he name "All-Gone." Butter was finished then. Winter sets in. Agree to go and get the butter homè. Cyat didn't like to go. Dawg alone go to get de butter. When he found out keg of butter was all finished he returned back in a has' (haste). Cyat flee before him. He ketch Cyat by de neck and break his neck. And dat is why today Dawg hate Cyat.

The noodle or Irishman tale I found familiar to several Islanders, as a type, i.e., they had heard stories about Pat and Mike; but the only one I succeeded in eliciting was:

#### WHAT DARKENS THE HOLE <sup>1</sup>

Pat and Mike were going bear hunting. They found a cave with some bear cubs in it, so Mike went down into it. The mother bear came sniffing around. So when she was going into the cave Pat ketched hold of her tail. An' Mike said to Pat, "What darkens that hole?" So Pat says to Mike, "You'll know what darkens the hole when the tail breaks."

The narrator of the preceding tale also knew "boyish tales" which he said he was "not in suitable circumstances to tell," since "the stories men tell are not the way women tell stories." Among his "boyish tales" I surmised he included one which at last after prompting he did give, very sketchily, as,

#### TWO POPPERS <sup>2</sup>

Woman had a visitor. Her husband comes back. Little boy says, "Two poppers." — "What you say, Jack?" — "Two daddies, one under de bed, one eating supper."

That was all, in the line of "spinning stories," from that reluctant narrator. From another, almost equally reluctant, who referred to "spinning riddles" I heard the story of,

#### COUNTING OUT THE PEOPLE <sup>3</sup>

Two fishermen went fishing and they caught quite a catch. So on their way home they passed Warwick churchyard and decided to

1. Cab driver, resident of Warwick, aged thirty. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 118, no. 1.

2. For bibliography, see MAFLS 16 : 90, no. 1.

3. Informant, Joseph Simmons of Warwick. Heard in Warwick, also in the States. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 68, no. 1.

stop there to sheer [share] up. So while they were counting out their spoil a man was passing by and heard someone saying, "One for me and one for you," and not knowing what it was, went hastening to the pastor and told him that God and the devil were counting out the people. So they went back to the churchyard to be sure, but didn't go in, but stood to the gate, and finally they heard them say, "How about the two we left at the gate?" meaning the two fish they dropped at the gate. So the minister being excited thought that it was meaning him and his partner. They moved away hastily.

The haunted house tale in its black cat or "Me Neither" form is unfamiliar, but the buried treasure version is told, in connection with a house which is known as Smallpox <sup>1</sup> house at Smallpox Bottom, Smith's Island, a small island between St. George's and St. David's Island:

There were two fellows passing by in a boat. It come on to rain. So they took refuge in the house. They lay down. And after they lay down, they heard a barrel of money a-rolling. (There's a firm belief that when people buried money they killed somebody and buried him alongside the money. Then only the owner of the money could get it. The more anybody else dug for the money the faster it disappeared. I never had any experience of this myself. "I'm just giving it to you for what I bought it.") <sup>2</sup>

The old witch tale may have been told, since the witch who sheds her skin and is caught by having salt or pepper sprinkled into it <sup>3</sup> is familiar, although the characteristic appeal which gives a narrative turn to the belief, "Skinny, Skinny, don't you know me?" <sup>4</sup> appeared novel to my informant.

#### PROVERBS, SAYINGS, DIALECT.

1. Barking dogs never bite. ("Very popular about here.")
2. It's a long rope that has no end.
3. The pot must be kept boiling.
4. (a) Empty kettles give more sound.  
(b) Hempty vessel mek a mos' noise.

Here was a slip into dialect which, I may note, was straightway corrected by a sophisticated informant. Dialectical expression is uncommon, at least in talk with White people. There are, however, differences in pronunciation, very marked to the ear of an Islander. "Each parish speaks differently, St. David Islanders in particular."

1. Smallpox ravages were severe in the Islands.
2. Informant, S. A. Dickinson of St. David's Island.
3. See MAFLS 16 : 213.
4. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 63, no. 1.

Of one using dialect it is said that " he talks thick. " An expression common to both races is the use of " sight " as a term of address — " You poor little sight, " to one sick, or " you wicked sight, " to a tease. " Soft " is used for feeble-minded or half-wit.

# RHYMES.

Toasts are a familiar form of versification, and the following was dictated by Dickinson. It was fresh in his mind, he said, because the Inn cook had told it to him the day before.

Here's to the bird that flies in the air,  
May it never lose a feather.  
If I don't marry the girl I love,  
I'll remain single forever.

I overheard a driver who was being jollied about his horse by a group of idlers in Walsingham slip into rhyme :

Sometimes he brings in a dollar,  
Sometimes he brings me in a quarter.  
I set um all down to my wife and daughter.

Counting out rhymes were contributed as follows :

One, two, three  
Mammy caught a flea.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven,  
All good children go to Heaven.

Hickery dickery dock,  
The mouse ran up the clock,  
The clock struck one,  
The mouse ran down,  
Hickery dickery dock.

One o' me, un o' me, yakome, you.  
Filisy, falasy, Nicholas John,  
Quewee, quawee,  
English navy.  
Slinkum, slinkum, bow.

The rhyme for the game of London Bridge is :

London Bridge is falling down, falling down, falling down,  
My fair lady.

See the prisoners marching through, marching through, marching through.

Off to prison I must go, I must go, I must go.  
Broke my lock, stole my gold, etc.

## RIDDLES.

1. Hump<sup>1</sup> back, smooove (smooth)<sup>2</sup> belly ?<sup>3</sup>

Ans. Self-heater.<sup>4</sup>

*Variant*: Back as round as the belly. If you don't know it,  
I can't tell you.<sup>5</sup>

2. Thirty white horses on a red hill,  
There they go, there they go,  
There they stand still.

Ans. Teeth.<sup>6</sup>

*Variant*: I saw thirty white horses standing on a red hill,  
Here they go, etc.

*Variant*: Twenty-four horse on a red hill. Are always going.  
Ans. Gums and teeth.

*Variant*: Forty-two white horses on a red hill  
All the time amovin',  
But they still astandin' still.

Ans. Teeth.

*Variant*: Twenty white horses on a red hill;  
Here they stamp, here they stamp  
Standing stock still.

*Variant*: Two horses on a red hill;  
Now they stamp,  
Now they champ,  
Now they stand still.

Ans. Red gums.

*Variant*: Two rows of white horses on a red hill.  
Ans. Teeth.

3. I was going to London Bridge,  
I met my sister Jane.  
I cut her throat and drank her blood  
And left her body standing.<sup>7</sup>

Ans. Bottle of wine.<sup>8</sup>

1. Rough.

2. *Variant*: Flat.

3. *Variant*: Stomach.

4. Or iron. This is a four inch deep chamber for charcoal, and a spout-like chimney, so to speak, the handle of wood.

This riddle is generally known, and is the most distinctive in the collection. Compare Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 196, no. 110.

5. *Variant*: If you don't know, I wont tell ye. MAFLS 17 : 186, no. 2.

6. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 167, no. 7 ; also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 106, no. 9.

7. *Variant*: Let remain.

8. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 160, no. 1 ; MAFLS 17 : 192, no. 1.

*Variant:* As I was crossing a street in London  
I met my sister Ann,<sup>1</sup> etc.  
And let her body stan',<sup>2</sup>

*Ans.* Bottle of Port wine.  
Cherry.

*Variant:* As I went along the river  
A met a man.  
I chopped off his head,  
I drank his blood.

*Ans.* A bottle of rum.

*Variant:* As I goin' across London Bridge  
I met a yaller man,  
I cut off his head,  
Drank his blood,  
Ate his flesh,  
Chucked his skin overboard.

*Ans.* An orange.

*Variant:* As I was passing London town  
I saw a lady hanging.  
I took her down and drank her blood  
And left her — a hanging.

*Ans.* Orange.

*Variant:* What is this you eat its flesh and drink its blood?

*Ans.* Cocoanut.

4. Roomful,<sup>3</sup> houseful.

Can't catch a cupful.<sup>4</sup>

*Ans.* Smoke.<sup>5</sup>

*Variant:* Houseful, everything full  
And still can't catch a thing iull.

*Variant:* Pitcherful, cupful  
Yet you can't get your hand full.

*Variant:* A chimneyful, houseful,  
And still you can't get a thimbleful.

*Variant:* What is that which goes all through the house and  
yet you can't catch a thimbleful?

*Ans.* Air.

*Variant:* A hillful,<sup>6</sup> a hillful,  
Can't catch a bowlful.

*Ans.* Mist.

1. Variant : Mary.

2. Variant : Led her by the stand.

3. Variant : Kitchenful.

4. Variant : Plateful.

5. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 153, no. 1 ; MAFLS 17 : 201, no. 7 ;  
also New Orleans JAFL 35 : 106, no. 10.

6. Variant : Holeful.

*Variant*: Over the hills and out of the hole, etc.

Ans. Smoke.

5. A ship's cargo was :  
 Triangle standing with a cross (= A)  
 Oval complete (= O)  
 Two half semicircles (= C, C)  
 And a perpendicular meet (= B)

Ans. Tobacco. <sup>1</sup>

6. As I was going in dockyard gate <sup>2</sup>  
 I met my uncle Jack,  
 He had a stone in his throat,  
 A stick in his hand.  
 If you tell me this riddle,  
 I'll give you a groat. <sup>3</sup>

Ans. Cherry. <sup>4</sup>

*Variant*: As I was going through the garden gap  
 I met Dick with his red cap, <sup>5</sup>  
 A stick in his hand, stones in his throat.  
 If you guess this riddle  
 I'll give you a groat.

Ans. Pomegranate (Cherry).

7. As I went over London Bridge  
 I met Mister Rusty Cap,  
 Pins and Needles on his back  
 A-going to Thorney Fair.

Ans. Hedgehog.

8. Round as a biscuit.  
 As busy as a bee,  
 The prettiest little thing  
 You ever did see.

Ans. Watch. <sup>6</sup>

9. As I was going in Dockyard gate <sup>7</sup>  
 I met a London scholar;  
 He drew off his hat,

1. Heard by informant, a native of Hamilton from a St. Kitts man who lived formerly at Hamilton. Cp. Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 214, no. 247.

2. In Somerset.

3. Given sometimes as goat.

4. This riddle has a considerable vogue also in the Sea Islands, S. C. I did not publish it as it appeared to have a directly literary source. Compare New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 108, no. 22.

5. Variants : Dicky Redcap ; a man with a tall green hat.

6. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 163, no. 3 ; also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 105, no. 1.

7. Variant : Manchester Bridge.

An' drew off his coat <sup>1</sup>

An' tell me the name of the scholar.

Ans. Andrew. <sup>2</sup>

10. Whitey told Whitey to drive Whitey out of Whitey. <sup>3</sup>

Ans. A white man told a white boy to drive a white cow  
out a white cabbage head. <sup>4</sup>

11. Two top timbers,  
Two glass windows,  
Four ground standers,  
And one switch about.

Ans. Cow. <sup>5</sup>

*Variant*: Something has :  
Four ground standers,  
Two uprights,  
Two lamp lighters,  
Two outriggers,  
And one switch about,  
And it goes Moo!

*Variant*: Four ground standers,  
One switch about,  
Two upriggers. <sup>6</sup>

Ans. Donkey.

12. I know a man, he had a yellow house. In this house there was a green house; in this green house there was a blue house; in this blue house there was a red and white.

Ans. Kite.

13. In my father's garden there was a green house; in that green house there was a white house; in that white house there were several black members.

Ans. Watermelon.

*Variant*: Something has green walls outside and red inside <sup>7</sup>  
and a lot of little black people.

*Variant*: House painted red outside,  
White inside,

1. Variant : Glove, And bid me a good morrow.

2. Sometimes read, sometimes heard. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 144 no. 1 ; MAFLS 17 : 206, no. 1 ; also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 109, no. 27.

3. See MAFLS 16 : 152, no. 2. For bibliography ; also Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 204, no. 199.

4. Two varieties of cabbage are grown, green blade and, a *whiter* variety, "root of a begger". The substitution of cabbage for the cotton field of other variants in a locality where cotton is not grown is of interest.

5. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 154, no. 15 ; MAFLS 17 : 203, no. 1 ; also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 111, no. 54.

6. Variant : Uprighters.

7. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 166, nos. 76, 77, 79.

And Colored <sup>1</sup> people live in it.

Ans. Apple.

*Variant*: A yellow house with yellow curtains and black people living in it.

Ans. Papaw.

*Variant*: A little red woman lives in a green house and has black <sup>2</sup> children.

*Variant*: Something green outside and red and white inside and has brown eyes.

*Variant*: Red house, green furniture.

Ans. Melon.

14. Yellow inside,  
Yellow outside,  
White windows.

Ans. Orange.

15. Something has green walls outside and yellow inside.

Ans. Pumpkin.

16. Painted yellow outside,  
Painted yellow inside,  
And a white door inside.

Ans. Mango. <sup>3</sup>

17. Black we are, but much admired,  
Men seek for us until they are tired.  
We tire the horses, but comfort men,  
Tell me this riddle, if you can.

Ans. Charcoal. <sup>4</sup>

Coal.

*Variant*: Though black I am,  
I'm much admired.  
Many horses have I tired,  
Tired horses and carried men.  
Unfurl this riddle ff you can.

Ans. Black hearse.

18. A riddle, a riddle  
As I suppose,  
A thousand eyes  
And never a nose.

Ans. Coal sifter, cinder sifter. <sup>5</sup>

1. Variant : Black.

2. Variant : Brown.

3. Compare Antigua, JAFL 32 : 88, no. 60.

4. Compare Antigua, *ibid.*, p. 85, no. 22 ; New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 107.  
no. 17.

5. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 166, no. 86 ; also New Orleans JAFL 35 : 107, no. 13.



Thimble.

Potato.

19. Something red under the pot  
Makes it hot.

Ans. Fire.

20. The red man tickles the black man all the time.

Ans. Fire under the pot. <sup>1</sup>

21. A man had twelve <sup>2</sup> girls

And still they were all boy.

Ans. Because their name was Albuoy. <sup>3</sup>

*Variant*: A lady had twelve boys and twelve girls.

They were all boys.

22. How can a man be a hundred years old and yet be young ?

Ans. His name is Young. <sup>4</sup>

23. A man rode <sup>5</sup> to St. George's <sup>6</sup>

And yet walked.

Ans. Dawg name. <sup>7</sup>

24. Something in the water,

Something on top the water,

Something under the water,

And yet doesn't touch the water.

Ans. Egg in a duck's belly. <sup>8</sup>

Duck egg.

25. Under the water,

And over the water,

And still don't get wet (wet) ?

Ans. A woman going over (crossing) a bridge with a  
bucket (tub) of water on her head.

*Variant*: Under water,

Over water,

An' never touch water.

*Variant*: A woman goes under water,

Over water.

And still not touching water.

1. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 155, no. 1 ; also Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 197, no. 124.

2. *Variant* : Seven.

3. Two capes are so named, and two or three families, colored, in Pembroke, bear the name.

4. There are some families by this name in Pembroke, where the riddle was told.

5. *Variant* : Rowed.

6. Told in Warwick. *Variant* : Somerset, told in Pembroke.

7. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 167, no. 3 ; also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 109, no. 33.

8. Compare Antigua, JAFL 32 : 88, no. 57.

26. Something goes in the water red, and comes out black.

Ans. A stick of fire.

Fire-stick.

Coal.

27. The flour of England,  
Fruit of Spain,  
Met together in a shower of rain,  
Put in a bag,  
Tied with a string,  
If you tell me this riddle,  
I'll give you a ring.

Ans. Plum pudding.<sup>1</sup>

*Variant:* Flour of England, fruit of Spain,  
Wet an old lady in a shower of rain.  
With a napkin tied with a string,  
Unfold this riddle,  
I'll give you a gold ring.

Ans. Pudding.

28. Four boys were going along the street.  
Two were big and two were small,  
And the two in front were walking quick,  
And the two behind were walking quick.  
Although the two in front stop, the two behind could not catch him.

Ans. Carriage wheel.<sup>2</sup>

29. Two brothers on one side of the road,  
And yet they cannot see each other.

Ans. Eyes.<sup>3</sup>

30. Jack on one side Tom on the other, and yet Jack cannot see Tom.

Ans. Ears.

31. Jack and Jill went up the hill,  
And yet Jack cannot help Jill.

Ans. Legs.

32. The land was white, and the sea was black.<sup>4</sup>  
It will take a riddler to tell me that.

Ans. Paper and ink.

33. White man dance upon a black lady's floor.

Ans. Pen and ink.<sup>5</sup>

1. Sometimes given as read, sometimes as heard. It has much vogue. Compare Antigua, JAFL 32 : 85, no. 24 ; Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 213, no. 236.

2. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 153, no. 3 ; MAFLS 17 : 194, no. 2.

3. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 167, no. 6.

4. Cp. Sea Islands, S. C., MAFLS 16 : 161, no. 53 ; Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 191, no. 71.

5. Cp. Jamaica, MAFL 17 : 197, no. 120.

34. Something goes up brown, and comes down white.

Ans. Coconut.

35. I know something goes up white and comes down yellow.

Ans. Egg. <sup>1</sup>

36. Something flies high, and flies low, chops grass and eats none.

Ans. Hoe. <sup>2</sup>

*Variant:* Something goes up in the air and comes down and takes a piece out of the earth.

37. Eleven pairs of stockings <sup>3</sup> hanging high,

Twelve men passing by,

Each took a pair

And left the others hanging there.

Ans. Man's name is Each. <sup>4</sup>

38. I know something goes 'round the house, and every time it goes 'round makes but one mark.

Ans. Wheelbarrow. <sup>5</sup>

39. Niddy, Noddy, <sup>6</sup>

Two heads, one body. <sup>7</sup>

Ans. Barrel. <sup>8</sup>

40. Nidy, Nody,

All head and no body.

Ans. Pumpkin.

41. A golden apple, a marble wall,

Thieves came in and stole it all.

Ans. Aigg. <sup>9</sup>

42. A stone wall with a golden lady.

Ans. Egg.

43. A little house quite full of meat,

Yet neither door nor window to get in to eat.

Ans. Egg. <sup>10</sup>

1. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 165, no. 6 ; also Jamaica, MAFLS

2. Compare Antigua JAF 32 : 43 ; 17 : 193, no. 86.

3. Variant : Twelve pairs of shoes. Ans. Eleven. Pears are not grown on the Islands.

4. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 169, no. 1 ; MAFLS 17 : 207, no. 1 ; also New Orleans JAF 35 : 108, no. 25.

5. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 156, no. 1 ; also New Orleans, JAF 35 : 110, no. 44.

6. Variant : Little Natty Natty.

7. No head and all body.

8. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 167, no. 5 ; also New Orleans, JAF 35 : 111, no. 55.

9. Compare New Orleans, JAF 35 : 107, no. 18 ; for bibliography, see MAFLS 17 : 214, no. 1.

10. For bibliography, cp. MAFLS 17 : 185, no. 4.

*Variant*: A house full of meat,  
No doors, no windows,  
That you can get in to eat.

44. Black within, red without,  
Four <sup>1</sup> corners round about.

Ans. Chimney. <sup>2</sup>

45. Little Nancy Etticoat, <sup>3</sup>  
In her white petticoat  
And her red nose,  
The longer she stands,  
The shorter she grows.

Ans. Candle. <sup>4</sup>

*Variant*: Little Aunt Twicet  
With a white petticoat and a red nose,  
The longer she lives,  
The shorter she goes.

Ans. Candlestick.

*Variant*: The longer something lives the shorter it gets.

Ans. Candle.

46. Round the house and round the house,  
There lies a black <sup>5</sup> glove in the window.

Ans. Rain.

*Variant*: Something goes round and round the house and puts  
a black glove in the window.

47. Love is it.  
Love I stand,  
Love I hold fast in my right hand.  
I see Love,  
Love can't see me.  
If you can unfold this riddle,  
You can hang me.

Ans. A woman had a kid named Love. He died. <sup>6</sup>

48. Riddle, riddle, meree. <sup>7</sup>  
Where were you last Friday night?  
When the bell struck eleven  
See what a hole the fox did make.

1. *Variant*: All.

2. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 166, no. 3 ; also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 106, no. 4.

3. *Variant*: Miss Natticoat.

4. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 169, no. 4 ; MAFLS 17 : 211, no. 1 ; also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 108, no. 24.

5. *Variant*: White. Ans. Sunshine.

6. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 157, no. 4 ; also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 111, no. 62.

7. See no. 112.

Ans. Was a young man going to kill a girl, and he dug the hole at eleven o'clock. <sup>1</sup>

49. My dear two shillings, meet me at five shillings hotel. I remain yours truly one and six.

Ans. My dear Flori [florin] meet me at Crowns Hotel.  
I remain Yours truly Bob [1 s.] Tanner [?Tanner, six d.]

50. It goes in the woods. I set me down and look at it. The more I look, the less I like it. I took it because I couldn't help it.

Ans. Thorn. <sup>2</sup>

51. I picked up something good to eat,  
All flesh and no bone.  
I kept it 'til it walked alone.

Ans. Egg. <sup>3</sup>

52. Something has one thousand windows and one door.

Ans. Fish pot. <sup>4</sup>

53. I went up <sup>5</sup> on Sunday, and stayed a week and came back on same Sunday.

Ans. Horse name Sunday.

54. I have a little sister,  
Her name is Pretty Peak,  
She waves over the ocean,  
Deep, deep, deep!  
She climbs up the mountains,  
High, high, high!  
My poor little sister  
Has only one eye.

Ans. Star.

55. Two legs sat on three legs  
With one leg in his lap,  
In comes four legs,  
Took one leg.  
Up jumped two legs.  
Threw three legs  
After four legs  
To make four legs  
Bring one leg back.

Ans. Man sat on a chair, with a ham.  
The dawg took the ham. <sup>6</sup>

1. Compare New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 112, no. 64.

2. Cp. Sea Islands, MAFLS 16 : 175, no. 184.

3. Cp. Sea Islands, MAFLS 16 : 173, no. 158 ; for bibliography, see MAFLS 18 : 213, no. 1.

4. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 167, no. 1.

5. Variant : A man went to Somerset.

6. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 163, no. 1 ; also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 111, no. 57.

*Variant*: Two legs sitting on three legs

Eating one leg.

In come four legs.

Grabble one leg,

Up jump two legs,

Grabble three legs

To fling after four legs

To make him bring back one leg.

Ans. A man and a dog, a stool and a leg of mutton.

56. Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

All the King horses, all the King men

Could not put Humpty Dumpty together again.

Ans. Egg.<sup>1</sup>

*Variant*: Humpty Dumpty went to school,

Humpty Dumpty broke his back.

No doctor in this world<sup>2</sup>

Could mend poor Humpty Dumpty back.

57. Heckhore,<sup>3</sup> Heckhore,

On the King's kitchen door,

All the King's horses and all the King's men

Couldn't put Heckhore Heckhore

Off the King's kitchen door.

Ans. Sunshine.<sup>4</sup>

58. I was walking down the street and I saw a man making shoes without leather.

Ans. Horse shoe.

*Variant*: Watchmaker makes shoes without leather

Fire, water, earth and air.

Every custom[er] has two pair.

59. In spring I am very pretty,

And winter I am naked.

Ans. Tree.

60. A man had three cents to be divided between two fathers and two sons, and they each were to have one cent each.

Ans. Father, son, and grandson.

61. As white as milk and not milk,

As green as grass and not grass,

As red as blood and not blood,

1. For bibliography MAFLS 16 : 165, no. 4 ; MAFLS 17 : 211, no. 3.

2. Cp. Sea Islands, S. C., MAFLS 16 : 165, no. 74 (Variant).

3. Variant : Hickory-kor.

4. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 161, no. 1 ; MAFLS 17 : 212, no. 4 ; also New Orleans, JAF 35 : 108, no. 21.

As black as soot and not soot.

Ans. Bramble blossom.<sup>1</sup>

*Variant*: Green as grass, yellow as gold, red as rose, white as milk, sweet as sugar, bitter as gall.

Ans. Pomegranate.

*Variant*: Green as grass, white as milk, black as ink, sweet as sugar.

Ans. Cherry myres.

*Variant*: Green as grass, white as milk, red as blood, black as ink.

Ans. Watermelon.

*Variant*: Black as soot, white as milk, and sweet as sugar.

Ans. Sugar apple.

62. Two O s, two N s an L and a D

Put them together and spell them for me.

Ans. London.

63. Sisters and brothers have I none,

But that man's father<sup>2</sup> is my father's son.

Ans. His own son.<sup>3</sup>

64. Six legs, two heads, two hands and a nose,

But uses only four legs as it goes.

Ans. Man on horseback.

65. Black, white and a brown house with five people in it.

Ans. Shoe and your toes.

66. Something runs up the hill and down the hill, but never moves.

Ans. Rail [fence].

*Variant*: I know something that goes up a hill and never comes down again.

Ans. Railing.

67. A steel horse going over a boney bridge with a silver whip to drive him.

Ans. The horse is the thimble, the bridge is the finger, the whip is the needle.

68. Though I have married many a wife,

I have been a bachelor all my life.

Ans. Minister.

69. Something under the hill,

If it's not born,

It's there still.

Ans. Person.

1. For bibliography MAFLS 16 : 166, no. 4 ; MAFLS 17 : 201, no. 5 ; also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 111, no. 52.

2. Variant : Sister ... Ans. Myself in the mirror.

3. Compare New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 109, no. 29.

70. Something stays out all day <sup>1</sup>  
And sleeps in the corner at night.  
Ans. Broom. <sup>2</sup>
71. One duck in front of two duck,  
One duck behind two duck,  
One duck in the middle of two duck,  
How many duck ?  
Ans. Three. <sup>3</sup>
72. Six pair of white horses  
Went in a storm  
When they came out  
They were black or brown.  
Ans. Bread.  
*Variant*: Six white horses in a stall,  
And when they come out,  
They are black and brown.  
Ans. Bread.  
*Variant*: Twenty-four white horses  
Put up at a stable;  
When they came out  
They was brown.
73. Something goes up and down  
And never touches the groun'.  
Ans. Pump handle.
74. Some goes north, east, south and west,  
One hundred teeth and no mouth.  
Ans. Saw. <sup>4</sup>
75. Something comes and goes you never see.  
Ans. Wind.
76. Something on the ground never gets smashed.  
Ans. Water.
77. Something the more you dig from it the larger it comes.  
Ans. Pond.  
*Variant*: What is it the more you take from it the larger it gets ?  
Ans. Hole. <sup>5</sup>
78. Cut either end makes it longer.  
Ans. Ditch. <sup>6</sup>

1. Goes in and out the house by day.

2. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 168, no. 1.

3. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 170, no. 1 ; also Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 208, no. 217.

4. Refers probably to the very long saw for stone.

5. Cp. Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 190, no. 64.

6. Cp. Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 185, no. 22, also no. 2.



79. If the Hamilton Hotel comes to £50,000.  
What would chickens come to ?  
Ans. They would come to corn. <sup>1</sup>
80. Something can kill you, but you can't kill that.  
Ans. Gun.
81. Long legs, crooked thighs,  
Little head, and no eyes.  
Ans. Pair of tongs.
82. What God never sees,  
What the king seldom sees,  
What we see every day,  
Read my riddle, I pray.  
Ans. An equal. <sup>2</sup>
83. Something has legs but no body.  
Ans. Chair.
84. Something has leg, but cannot walk.  
Ans. Table.
85. Something has an ear and cannot hear. <sup>3</sup>  
Ans. Ear of corn.
86. Something has a nose and can't smell.  
Ans. Teapot.
87. What has a hand that cannot feel (hold) ?  
Ans. Clock. <sup>4</sup>
88. I know something got hand an' don't wash its face.  
Ans. Clock. <sup>5</sup>
89. Something runs but has no legs.  
Ans. Clock.
90. Something goes through the wood without touching it.  
Ans. Echoes. <sup>6</sup>  
*Variant*: Something goes through the bushes and never touches.  
Ans. Music.  
*Variant*: There is something that goes through the house and never touches a thing.  
Ans. Voice.  
*Variant*: Something goes through air and never touches the earth.
91. Something has a tongue and has no mouth.  
Ans. Shoes.
92. Something has fingers but has no toes.  
Ans. Glove.

1. Cp. Sea Islands, S. C., MAFLS 16 : 172, no. 155.

2. For bibliography see MAFLS 17 : 215, no. 4.

3. Cp. Sea Islands, S. C., MAFLS 16 : 155, no. 21.

4. *Ibid.*, no. 65 (Variant).

5. *Ibid.*, no. 64.

6. *Ibid.*, no. 27.

93. Something has neck that has no head.

Ans. Bottle.

94. Something in a house has no eyes, no mouth, no hands, but it can draw as good as I can.

Ans. Mirror.

95. Look in my face, I am somebody;

Look in my back, I am nobody.

Ans. Looking glass.

96. Something have a head and no body.

Ans. Pin.

97. Something has eyes and cannot see.

Ans. Irish potato, needle.<sup>1</sup>

98. Something that chews and can't swallow.

Ans. Machine in corn mill.

99. When a door is not a door?

Ans. It is a-jar.

100. Something sits to the table when you sit.

Ans. Swallow.

101. Something movin' without a leg.

Ans. Snail.

102. Round, oval, oblong, black, dirty and yet clean.

Ans. Tea kettle.

103. Something has neither top or bottom and still can hold flesh and blood.

Ans. Ring.<sup>2</sup>

104. Four pos'<sup>3</sup> up and four pos' down,

In the middle soft and hard all aroun'.

Ans. Bed.<sup>4</sup>

105. Nature needs but five,

Custom takes but seven,

Laziness takes nine,

And wickedness eleven.

Ans. Hours of sleep.<sup>5</sup>

106. If a herring and a half costs a penny and a half, what will six cost?

Ans. Cost sixpence.

107. Something when its out

Wiggles about,

1. Variant : A bough.

2. Cp. Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 190, no. 62.

3. Variant : Leg.

4. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 155, no. 3 ; also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 107, no. 5.

5. Compare New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 109, no. 31.

When it's ill  
It's still.

Ans. Tongue.

108. As I was crossing London Bridge  
I met a London scholar,  
I asked her why she was crying.  
She said her mother died the year before she was born. <sup>1</sup>

Ans. She was dyeing clothes.

*Variant:* A man went to England to learn how to dye. He  
come back home, and his father died, and he bury  
his father.

Ans. A man went to England to learn how to dye clothes,  
and he came back and his father died.

109. I went to see  
A great big tee  
That followed me  
To sea.

Ans. Sea gull.

110. Round as an apple,  
Plump as a pear,  
Slit in the middle,  
Surrounded by hair.

Ans. Eyes. <sup>2</sup>

*Variant:* Something round, split in the middle,  
Surrounded by hair, and water comes out.

*Variant:* Something that has hair on it, and water comes out.

*Variant:* Something you have hair around.

111. A parson and his daughter,  
The curate and his wife,  
Went into an orchard  
And met an apple tree.  
This apple tree had on four apples  
And each one took an apple  
And yet still one apple remained.

Ans. The parson's daughter is the curate's wife. <sup>3</sup>

112. Round as an apple,  
Deep as a cup,  
And all the king's horses  
Can't pull it up.

Ans. Well. <sup>4</sup>

1. Variant : The last time only.

2. Cp. Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 201, no. 168.

3. Cp. Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 208, no. 219, also no. 3.

4. For bibliography, see MAFLS 16 : 156, no. 2 ; MAFLS 17 : 212, no. 1 ;  
also New Orleans, JAF 35 : 106, no. 7.

*Variant:* Riddle me riddle meree,<sup>1</sup>  
 Perhaps you can. This riddle may be  
 As deep as a cup,  
 As round as a house,  
 And all the kings can't pull it up.

113. As I was going over London Bridge  
 I saw a boatful of people.  
 When I look again  
 There was not a single one there.

Ans. They were all married.

*Variant:* A shipful of men and yet not a single one on it.

*Variant:* I stood across to Hamilton, looked over to Paget and  
 saw a houseful of people, but when I cross I found  
 there was not one single person.

*Variant:* A bus full of people went away,  
 And yet weren't a single one in there.

114. As I was going over London Bridge  
 I meet a cartful fingers and thumbs.

Ans. Gloves.

115. When old Sir Drake was going in his  
 Eighty-nine years, where was he going?

Ans. In his ninety.

116. Queen of Morocco built a ship.  
 An' on the stern her name was writ.  
 An' I was blame' for telling the name,  
 An' I have spelled it three times over.

Ans. Ann.<sup>2</sup>

*Variant:* There was a captain built a ship,  
 An' on the stern his daughter set,  
 An' I am blame'  
 For telling her name.  
 An' I told you three times already.

*Variant:* King Morocco built a ship  
 And on her stern a lady set.  
 Tell her name.

117. King Alexander had a ship,  
 An' on her stern her name was writ,  
 An' I am fool for telling you her name,  
 Yet I have told you three times over again.

118. From house to house he goes a messenger, small and straight.  
 Who is that messenger?

Ans. Lane. Park.

1. Cp. Sea Islands, S. C., MAFLS 16 : 172, no. 145 ; Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 205 no. 205, also no 2.

2. Cp. Sea Islands, MAFLS 16 : 154.

119. Kiss me asleep,  
Kiss me awake,  
Kiss me for dear Willie's sake.  
Ans. A man and a woman beating a drum.
120. What is it,  
Got a mouth and don't speak,  
Got a bed and don't sleep?  
Ans. River.
121. Formed long ago yet made today,  
Employed while others sleep,  
What few would like to give away  
Or any wish to keep.  
Ans. Bed.
122. Arthur O'Bower has broken his land,  
He comes roaring up the land.  
The King of Scots with all his power  
Cannot turn Arthur of the Bower.  
Ans. Storm.
123. As I was going to St. Peter's Church <sup>1</sup>  
I met three Christian people,  
They were not a man, [men] woman [women] or child [children]  
Yet they were Christian people.  
Ans. Man, woman, child. <sup>2</sup>
124. I was taking a dead person and  
I said to the man, "How much will  
We get for taking a dead person  
Said nothing."  
The play presumably, is in making dead person  
the object and subject in one.
125. Old Mother Jane had but one eye  
And a long tail which she let fly,  
And every time she went over a gap  
She left a bit of her tail in a trap.  
Ans. Needle and thread. <sup>3</sup>  
*Variant:* A man goes into a trap, and when he comes out leaves  
half of his tail.  
Ans. Needle and thread.
126. Large house, lots of people, yet you can't see them.  
Ans. Head, the people are the brands i.e. the little twists  
of hair. <sup>4</sup>

1. In St. George's.  
2. Compare Antigua, JALF 32 : 85, no. 23.  
3. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 157, no. 3 ; MAFLS 17 : 186, no. 4 ;  
also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 108, no. 23.  
4. Cp. Sea Islands, S. C., MAFLS 16 : 167, no. 93.

127. Now thin and plain,  
Now rich and sweet,  
But nearly always good to eat.  
Ans. Cake.
128. A long stick, juicy and sweet, and smooth back.  
Ans. Sugar cane.
129. Thomas A Thattamas  
Took two tees  
To tie two tubs  
To two tall trees  
To fight that terrible Thomas A Thattamas.  
Tell me how many tees are in *that* ?  
Ans. Two.  
*Variant*: Tittamus, Tattamus,  
Took two tees,  
Tied two tees,  
To two tall trees  
How many tees in *that* ?
130. Pease porridge hot,  
Pease porridge cold,  
Pease porridge in the pot  
Nine days old.  
Spell *that* in four letters.
131. Constantinople is a very hard word, but spell *it*.  
Ans. It.<sup>1</sup>
132. England, Ireland, Scotland,  
Spell *that* with four letters.
133. Round the ragged rocks a ragged rascal ran. Spell *that* in four letters.  
*Variant*: Run you ragged rascals ! Run around those ragged rocks. How many Rs are in *that* ?
134. Run, Robert, run ! Fetch me the rake.  
Run, Robert, run ! Tell me how many Rs is in *that*.  
Ans. There is none in *that*.<sup>2</sup>
135. As round as a moon,  
As black as coal,  
A long tail,  
And a round hole.  
Ans. Frying pan.<sup>3</sup>
136. Flip flop fleazy,  
When it is in it is easy,

1. Cp. Sea Islands, S. C., MAFLS 16 : 173, no. 163.

2. Cp. Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 208, no. 220.

3. For bibliography, see MAFLS 16 : 173, no. 2.

But when it is out,  
It flops all about,  
Flip flop fleazy.

Ans. Fish.

137. What is that you keep all your life ?

Ans. Your age.

138. Twenty sick [six] sheep, one died. How many left ?

Ans. Nineteen. <sup>1</sup>

139. I know something that sleeps all day and walks at night.

Ans. Owl. Spider.

140. How many feet have one hundred sheep, a shepherd and his dog ?

Ans. Two.

*Variant*: A man has a hundred sheep, how many feet ?

141. White sheep, white sheep, on a blue hill,  
When the wind stops, you all stand still.  
When the wind blow, you walk away slow,  
White sheep, white sheep, where do you go ?

Ans. To bed.

142. Something small, but worth a lot.

Ans. Sovereign.

143. A garden tool we sometimes need  
When smoothing soil or sowing seed.

Ans. Rake.

144. Black water in three letters.

Ans. Ink. <sup>2</sup>

145. Hard water in three letters.

Ans. Ice.

146. One fine day

In the middle of the night,  
Two dead men jumped up and caught a fight.  
A blind man saw it fe play,  
A dumb man shouted, " Hip hip, hurrah ! "  
A dead white horse came galloping by  
And knocked them  
Through eight inch wall  
And in a dry ditch  
Drowned them all.

(It's a lie, none of it happened.) <sup>3</sup>

1. Cp. Sea Islands, S. C., MAFLS 16 : 175, no. 187.

2. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 161, no. 3 ; also Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 215, no. 252.

3. Informant Daguna, Minors of Pembroke. Heard by her from a Pembroke man. Cp. One fine day

In the middle of the night  
Two dead men got up in a fight.

147. Something in water and can't move.  
Ans. Buoy.
148. What is it hold thread  
And can't hold bread ?  
Ans. Reel.
149. Something can touch you, but you can't touch it ?  
Ans. Sun.
150. Something looks at you and you can't look at that ?  
Ans. Death.
151. What turns without moving ?  
Ans. Milk. <sup>1</sup>
152. A ship went to London and came back again. What did it do ?  
Ans. It returned again.
153. What it is even though it's locked in can get out ?  
Ans. Fire.
154. As high as a castle,  
As weak [? wicked] as a wasp;  
All the king's horses  
Can't pull it down.  
Ans. Smoke.
155. Something goes round and round the house and never comes  
in the room.  
Ans. Road. <sup>2</sup>
156. Man goes under water never drowns.  
Ans. Cork.
157. Long pole, bushy tail.  
Ans. Broom.
158. House with one leg.  
Ans. Umbrella. <sup>3</sup>
159. As I was going to St. Ives  
I met a man with seven wives ;  
Each wife had seven sacks,  
Each sack had seven cats,  
Each cat had seven kits,

The deaf policeman heard the noise  
And knocked the life out of the two dead boys.  
(Heard from New York City boys).

The other day, the other night, when I was quite wide awake, in my sleep I heard a big noise in the barnyard. I jumped my bed out, I ran the stairs down, and when I get outside, what do you think ? my old grey mare, he was tied loose. (Heard from New York City boys).

1. Cp. Sea Islands, S. C., MAFLS 16 : 174, no. 166.

2. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 16, 155, no. 5.

3. Cp. Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 189, no. 59. Also bibliography in note.



Kits, cats, sacks, wives.

How many were going to St. Ives ?

Ans. One. <sup>1</sup>

160. What is the smallest bridge in this Island ?

Ans. Bridge of your nose.

161. What's this that's got a heart in his head ?

Ans. Lettuce. Cabbage.

162. Black all over, re(a)d all over.

Ans. Newspaper. <sup>2</sup>

On this collection of riddles one observation is perhaps of general interest, namely that certain outstanding features of the Islands which would readily lend themselves as riddle subjects have not been utilized at all — the sandstone which is sawed for house building and for the "lapped slate" roofs, the characteristic terraced roof which catches the water supply for the household, the hillside platform or tank for larger water supply, a conspicuous square of white set in green, enigmatical to every new-comer ; the lily field, the submarine formations which are referred to as "brain stones" or "fingers" or "rods," or "fans;" the huge spiders ; the "Portuguese men of war." With two or three possible exceptions the only local features incorporated into the riddles are place names.

#### MISCELLANEOUS PRACTICES AND BELIEFS.

Kite-flying, by both races, celebrates Good Friday. That day I happened to be driving through several parishes and again and again sets of kites, two, five, seven, were seen soaring. For the most part the kites are home made, colored paper, diamond shaped, on a cross piece.

April First is called "Fools' Day" and practical jokes are in vogue. School boys, if not now, not long ago, would give a note to a fellow to carry to somebody, in which was written, "Please send the fool farther." They might keep a simple fellow going half a day.

"Without a casava pie Christmas would not be Christmas." The pie has to be baked in the brick oven, which is within the "chimney piece," i.e. the fireplace, three feet up in the wall, which was a feature of every house before the American stove came in. Now, in stove-furnished houses people will take their Christmas pie to a neighbor's old-fashioned hearth for baking.

The small community feeling is marked. "You know everybody," — "Everybody is related." Through a window a man passing by was

1. For bibliography, see MAFLS 16 : 169, no. 2 ; MAFLS 17 : 208, no. 1 ; also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 109, no. 28.

2. For bibliography, see MAFLS 16 : 174, no. 2.

pointed out as the speaker's first cousin, his mother's sister's son, who was also the speaker's godfather. "I was his first godchild."

Second cousins marry, not first cousins. "There is no law against it, but people would try to stop it."

Easterly winds blow at Easter. (As they were blowing, this Easter, it was pointed out.)

"The moon is in her full, it will rain tonight and tomorrow," said Edward Simmons of St. George's and the Island of Antigua. (And it did.) Lucky for a man's sweetheart or his wife to show him the new moon before he sees it himself. (Otherwise new moon beliefs appear unfamiliar.)

"First thing in the morning if a cat comes up to you and lets you pet it, it is good fortune; if it runs away from you, bad luck." If you are starting out for something you expect to get and see a black cat or a dark colored cat, you will surely meet a disappointment. For example, you might be going to buy something in a store and they would not have it. I hate to see a black cat cross my path."

Many people will not step across a tethered cow's rope. They will go around the cow, or lift up the rope and go under. Many will not go under a ladder, even the masons at work.

If your right hand itch, you will get money. You should knock on wood, according to the saying,

"Knock it on wood,  
It will come good."

If your left hand itch, you will lose money.

If your right eye twitch, it is lucky; your left eye, unlucky.

Those born with a caul "see sights;"<sup>1</sup> when a person is dying or dead they act in an unusual way. "This is a fact. One night in a house at St. David's, you can see it from here (pointing through the window at St. George's), there was a bunch of us together, and suddenly one man there threw off his coat and ran out. We knew he was born with a caul. Otherwise he couldn't have thrown off his coat so fast. That night in another house a woman died, a White woman we all knew. In the morning the man with a caul said that he knew Miss Heyward had died. I have seen a person born with a caul start to say, 'Did you see that?' and then keep quiet, had seen something we couldn't see. That is a fact. They say those persons do not fear."

1. See MAFLS 16 : 197-198.

## BARBADOS FOLKLORE

BY ELSIE CLEWS PARSONS

### TALES.

#### SEEKING TROUBLE : WATCHER TRICKED : THE GIVE AWAY. <sup>1</sup>

It was a rabbit oncet. He was a tailor. He says he never know trouble, but Nancy tol' him to follow him, "Get a bag and come on with me." So be, dey went in de wood and dey find de tiyger young ones. Nancy put his one in de bag whole, make like he was atearin' of it to pieces. Ber Rabbit tore up his one in pieces. Ber Nancy tell Ber Rabbit, "Let us go now." On der journey dey met Ber Tiyger. Ber Nancy says, "Ber Tiyger, I have been in de wood, and find yer young ones, so I have brought dem for yer." The reply to Ber Nancy, de tiyger tell him, "I thank you, Ber Nancy." He says, "Empty dem out de bag for me." Ber Nancy beat out his, skipping about. He says, "Ber Rabbit, you empty out yours now." When Ber Rabbit empty out, his only was tore in pieces. Wid de frome (?) and de splunge the tiyger made for Ber Rabbit ter ketch him. Ber Rabbit was off runnin'. When he got to a crack Ber Tiyger was taking hold of him. Down in de crack he went. Ber Tiyger leave Ber Nancy in charge of him now, went in de wood for Wil' Hawg to dig him out. Ber Rabbit says, "Ber Nancy, I was an ol' man about eighty, I never knows trouble." Ber Rabbit ask Ber Nancy to release him. He says, "No, I could not do dat, man, I am leave in charge of you." He says, "Do, release me, dis is trouble." He says, "No, man." He says, "I put you in trouble and I am going to take you out of trouble." He says, "When Ber Wil' Hawg come, he will dig you out and Ber Tiyger and he will destroy you. But by I put you in trouble, I will release you again. While Ber Hawg a diggin' for you, you scratch back de moul' into his eyes, he'll come to me to blow it out. I will blow the first stuff out his eyes, though the next time he'll have to apply to Ber Tiyger." He done so, axed him to blow it, he blow it. When he come Ber Tiyger, he afraid of Ber Tiyger, but he did ask him to blow it out, and de water jump in Ber Tiyger mouth outer Wil' Hawg eyes. He star' at him to run him down. Ber Nancy says, "Ber Rabbit, dis yer chance, cut for yer han'." With dat Ber Nancy turn back, he says, "Man, you left him the first time to watch him, but

1. Informant, Samuel Carrington of Bathsheba. Aged 70. Heard from father, James Carrington. See Seeking Trouble, MAFLS 17 : 15, no. 13.

not dis time." He says, "If I had a couple of wil' hawg, I couldn' ha' trust to dat." Ber Tiyger den had ball, invite all of de high fellows, tell dem to invite Ber Rabbit, too. Ber Rabbit says when Ber Tiyger die he will go to de funeral. Went back and told Ber Tiyger to invite Mr. Tie-low, Mr. No-wag and other official to come to encourage Mr. Rabbit to come to de funeral. "And I will ketch him and we'll have a nice dinner off of him." Funeral take place at three o'clock. Ber Rabbit appear hisself. Soon as he come he begin to brush his feet. "Come in, Ber Rabbit," he says. "I don't like to come in a man drawing-room, my feet is dirty, you know." He says, "When he die did he give a large blow?" — "No, he did not give a large blow when he died." He says, "Well, I never know a man die and never blow yit." He stepped back and he told Ber Tiyger, he said, "I never knowed a dead man blowed yet."

*Variant.*<sup>1</sup>

Oncet it was a rabbit, a wil' hawg and a tiyger. De tiyger strip de wil' hawg young one in half. De wild hawg meet up wid de rabbit and say, "Ber Rabbit, ye see my young one?" He said, "Go 'long out dere, I got one here in my bag. Go long out dere!" Ber Tiyger got de oder one rip up in half. De Tiyger tell de rabbit to jump down in de hole and when de hawg come, to tek up a handful of gravel and throw in his face and blin' him. De rabbit did do so, and when de wil' hawg baig de tiyger to blow hit out of his eyes, he say he would not. He said, "Do, God bless you, blow it out of my eyes for me." And jus' as Tiyger blew out of Wil' Hawg eyes, he taste de saliva. "Man, you are sweet enough, whay I think of you flesh much sweeter." He make a snatch den at de tiyger and de tiyger make an escape and get away from him. An' dat wa' de end.

*Variant: The Give-away.*<sup>2</sup>

De meaning to dat is de rabbit an' de tiyger was good frien's. De rabbit p'ovo' de tiyger and den de tiyger get his frien's an' arrange ter kill de rabbit. De tiyger and de wil' hawg was good frien's. Sum' up his frien's den to eat de rabbit. De tiyger sen' to de rabbit, sayin' de wil' hawg was daid, so as to get de chance to eat him [rabbit.] An' when de rabbit get to de do', he wouldn't go inside, he stay outside. De tiyger say, "Frien' come in, your frien' has daid." De rabbit den axe de tiyger if de wil' hawg did pass de wind when he die, an' he say no. De rabbit say den, "Mus' touch him, and if he pass de wind, he daid." He did touch him and he pass de win'. He say, "Impossible for a daid man to pass de win'." An' he say good mawnin' and he was gone.

1. Informant, Louise Lavinia Barrow of Bathsheba. Aged 40.

2. Informant, Louise Lavinia Barrow.

RABBIT MAKES MONKEY HIS RIDING HORSE. <sup>1</sup>

It was Ber Rabbit again. He was a very skilful fellow. He was engage', he and Mr. Tailor, to one lady. So Ber Rabbit would go ternight, Mr. Tailor would go de nex' night, and dey would give the young lady different story when dey would go were fightin' to get the young lady. So Mr. Tailor was a monkey, so he said, "Ber Rabbit used to have to come to them for feed." De sweetheart told Ber Rabbit what de tailor said. He said, "Look here, Mr. Tailor is my father head ridin' horse." Ber Rabbit went up de nex' night and tol' him. Dey got in a contention. Tol' Monkey was to get a horse, he was sick, dey would go up to de lady and have it out. Ber Rabbit made Ber Monkey go out and (s)tole the people's saddle, de reinchs (reins). Wid dat yer know dat little t'ing do that, de white man? Dat was de whip. He went and he got ev'ey thing, but Mr. Tailor couldn' steal a horse, dat was the only thing he couldn' get, a horse. So he says, "You must get dese bright little dings for yer feet." He went and stole dem. He can't get a horse. "I would like to go up to dat lady today to mosh her mouth for having spoken dose words. Tell you what to do now." (Had written letter to young lady to let her know what day he was coming up.) Says, "Let me put on the saddle on you, ride you up dere, half way put dose t'ings in de bush and the two of us will walk up to de place." Two was dress'. Ber Rabbit put on his spur and he put de saddle, bridle on Mr. Tailor, an' he got 'pon him now. Mer. Tailor so anxious to go up, he star' up, run. "No, Tailor, walk steady, I am a sick man, you shakin' me, man." Ber Rabbit stand up on his back, see his sweatheart and all de family looking out. So anxious to get up. "Go on, man'." So he went a little harder. Wid dat Mr. Tailor began to dash about. Mr. Rabbit says, "You could as well go on." Now Mr. Tailor star' to run away into de bush. "Go up!" He held him to de direct road, he dashed all he could. Say, "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen, you see dis man is my father's head ridin' horse. He gained de day wid de girl.

PLAYING GODFATHER: LOOK AT MY BACK <sup>2</sup>

Oncet there was de rat and de cyat and de dawg. Uses to have godchildren ev'y Saturday to answer for at church. Dey all bought a tin of lard and had it put up for safety. Ev'a Saturday de dawg and de cyat would go to church and de rat never go. When de dawg and de cyat come back, dey say, "Ber Rat, what yer godchildren name?" De rat intend to get through de to lard. De rat would say, "Ber Gnaw." De nex' day dey would say, "Ber Rat, what you' godchildren name?"

1. Informant, Samuel Carrington.

2. Informant, Louise Lavinia Barrow.

De rat would say, "Ber Get through." De nex' day dey would say, "Ber Rat, what your' godchildren name?" De rat would say, "Ber Sample." De nex' day dey would say, "Ber Rat, what you' godchild-ren name?" De rat would say, "Ber Half." (Dat time he would eat off half.) De nex' day dey would say, "Ber Rat, what you' godchild-ren name?" De rat would say, "Ber None."<sup>1</sup> (He didn't have none at all.) Yet dey still looking for dis lard. De las' day dey say, "We all meet at de church and yet we don' see you, yet you still give godchild-ren name." De las' name he give was Ber Lick-clean. He had licked de skillet clean. De dawg and de cyat sum' up a party to kill de rat. Get cockroaches, lizards, to play de music. De ban' was playin',

When yer dead, yer don' know;  
When yer know, yer don' dead.

De rat was still wittier dan dern, get nex' a hole where he could slip through, and when dey dance round and make a ketch at de rat to ketch him, de paws of de cyat scratch out a mob of de hair out de rat back. He get through. Some of de frien's see de rat runnin' and axe him, "Frien', how de spo't come on?" Rat say, "I cyant stan' to tell yer now, but look at my back." (He was in trouble!)

*Variant: Look at my Back.*<sup>2</sup>

One day a fox was goin' to have a spree. He went 'bout and invite some friends, an' tol' dem dey could come up de night and amuse dem-selves, and tol' Mr. Rabbit he could come round and have a look. Dey whent upon the spree, and the spree came on. They begin to fight den. The rabbit called [?] Mr. Fox back. Nex' mawin' when comin' home, de rabbit axe him, "Ber Fox, how de spree come on?" He said, "Man, I cyan' stan' to tell yer, but look at my back. Ise had got a foin sheer (fine share)!"

MOCK PLEA.<sup>3</sup>

Ber Fox and Ber Rabbit had a big grudge between one another. Ber Fox invite Ber Rabbit to go somewhere with him and get something. Ber Rabbit went first and get his own, and when Ber Fox call on him to go Ber Rabbit said he gone already. Ber Fox tell Ber Rabbit, "All right, Ber Rabbit." Next time he invite him to go somewhere with him again, call him out his house and hol' him. "All right, Ber Rabbit, I got you now, I kill yer." Say, "Do, Ber Fox, don't throw me in de briar patch, kill me, skin me, throw me in the bonfire, don't heave me in the

1. Pronounced "known."

2. Informant, John Carrington of Bath Sheba. Aged 25. Grandson of James Carrington.

3. Informant, Pedro Smith of Bridgetown. Aged 35. Sailor.

briar patch. " Ber Fox says all right. Ber Fox take him up by his two hin' legs andh eave him in de briar patch. Ber Rabbit say, " I bred and born in here, in the briar patch. " From dat Ber Rabbit would not have to do with Ber Fox.

#### SHOWING UP MONKEY. <sup>1</sup>

Was a lady once wanted a house ter build, an' she was walkin' through de forest sayin' to herself she would get a house ter build. But she couldn't get no one ter build it. And a monkey heard her. Next morning he turned to her and he axed her would she hire him ? She say yes. She axed him what per day he works for ? He say a fifty-five cents and breakfas', but he don't eat pervisions, he eats beans, fry bergs <sup>2</sup> and salt fish. After breakfast was ready, she didn't have any fish and she 'turn to de shop to get some fish. And de monkey come down to de house and take up de bergs put dem in top of his hat, on his head. After she been comin from de shop she axed where de bergs was gone ? And he said he see a cyat went in dere and steal de bergs. Den he get on de house top and hit it, all de whay he hit, de lard from de bergs run down his jaw and he wipe it. Turn to de lady and say he would have helt de hammer at de cyat but de handle would break off. De lady call him for breakfas' and she see de lard runnin' down his jaws. She tell him take off his hat. Say no, he would ketch a cold. She was passin' by de table and she knock off his hat an' all de bergs dat was in his hat fell down dat he had stolen and say it was de cyat. And he get up from de breakfas' and run away and say, " I would not work with you niggers no more. " She ax him why, and he said, " Why you explain my business [i.e. show me up] ? "

#### HOW TO MAKE YAMS GROW. <sup>3</sup>

A man had some yams he couldn' get dem growin', and Monkey says, " Know what to do ? Stew them and put a thick piece of fish through every one. " The night in question, de monkey came and eat all and get some green yams, and stick them up. Nex' mawnin' said to de man, " You see how good them grow ? But remember don't pull at dem. " De day time when de sun was hot, all dem dry up and de monkey could not be find. That's the end of it.

1. Informant, Clement Barrow of Bathsheba. Aged 22. Son of Louise Lavinia Barrow. Heard from a white Americanman.

2. Bakes. Made of flour and lard with a little sugar, fried with lard.

3. Informant, Donald Millington of Bridgetown. Aged 25. Compare Guadeloupe (Parsons Ms.).

RABBIT ANTICIPATES NANCIE' <sup>1</sup>

Dee Rabbit an' Ber Nancie' was good frien's, an' Ber Nancie' would go ter steal and wha' so ever Ber Nancie' see he would come and tell dee rabbitt and dee rabbit would 'range to go togeder. Dee rabbit would axe Ber Nancie' what time he goin' an' Ber Nancie' would say sich a time, an' dee rabbit would get up an' go an hour befor' dee time an' p'ovo' Ber Nancie'. When Nancie' would call Ber Rabbit, Rabbit would say, " I bin a'ready an' I comin' back an' I cook, an' it sweet, too. " Nancie' get in a rage an' swear if he ever ketch Ber Rabbit he would kill him. De las' day dey went for some yams. Nancie' say, " Ber Rabbit, I go 'long at *one* o'clock. " Dat was in de night. Rabbit get up at twelve o'clock and went and Nancie' overrun him. Dat time Rabbit had a tache of hot water ready to scal' Nancie'. Rabbit had a extry hol' build in de chimney. Rabbit run right away from Nancie' an' run up in de chimney and stop in de hole. Nancie' run behind Rabbit and drop right down in dee tache of boiling water an' scal' hisself to deat'. Dat was dee end of it.

BRAVE LITTLE TAILOR. <sup>2</sup>

Oncet it was a tailor. He was sittin' down eatin' some rotten cheese. The fly begin to humbug him. So wid dat he fired a slap and he killed seven. He says, " Ah, I am a tailor by name and a tailor by trade. I fired a nice slap and I killed seven, and if I had a fired a little harder, I'd a killed seventy-seven. " Write it on his belt and walk about with the belt. Wid dat the queen saw him and with dat large number he killed. He had a bear to tame. She told him if he was to tame that bear dat she would give him his daughter. Wid dat she told him she would give him fifty horse guard to go with him when he go to tame this bear. He said he don't wish de horse guard, he'll go his own self. Got his some walnuts and he fill his pawket and he got his some rock stones and he fill his pawket, too. Soon de bear see him, he got his fiddle and de bear begin to dance.

Diddle diddle, diddle diddle  
He diddle do, he dance, he dance.

After he dance de bear begin to get hongree, which Mr. Tailor was hongree too, so he out with few of dese walnuts and begin to eat. He fling a few to de bear and he begin to eat too. Fling some mix up with the rock stones. Broke out every one his teeth, dese rock stones did. So as he got dose out he begin to play again.

High diddle, high dooddle  
High diddle do.

1. Informant, Louise Lavinia Barrow.

2. Informant, Samuel Carrington. Heard from his father. Compare MAFLS 13 : no. 82.



He begin to dance. He got close him, he out with his scissors and cut off his smellers. After he cut his smellers off, he took his scissors and he clip his nails, all his nails, his paws. Got on the back of him and he ride him all over the pen. Came down and told dem he tamed de bear. Went with de many horse guard to the queen, he went to the pen and got on him and ride him. Ev'y person den could ride him. Well, they came back. Got married to de daughter. After dat, one day ridin' out de horse flung him down. Told his wife dat she'd have his pants to mend. She cried, didn' knowing dat she would have to do dat. Now dey want him destroy', the mother den. The queen tol' him dat she had three giants to behead and dis Mr. Tailor was to tek em, otherwise Mr. Tailor was to behead. She told him she would send horse guard with him. He says he didn't need dem. He was out in de forest in a great large place by himself den. Mr. Tailor went on and whils' he gone on, he got plenty of stones and pebbles and put in his pawket. He re'ched dere at night and he seen de light, and dere was a large tree in front of de buildin', and he got up in de tree, and whilst de giants was playin' and droppin' to sleep, he was out wid his stones and fired through the window and hit one. He told him, "Man, stop it! Let me get ma rest!" Wid dat he went back to sleep, and he struck him again. "If you struck me again, man, the two of us will fight." Wid dat he went back and he struck him again. De two-head giant and de three-head giant cot (caught) hold to fight den. De three-head giant cut off de two-head giant head. After dat de three-head giant felt so lonely now, so sorry, he fell asleep. Mr. Tailor den come down off the tree, took the sword and chop de three-head giant one off. He carried it home to de queen. So den all dese men got afear' of him, see what he can do, all de queen horse guard. Wid dat he used to pass every morning, see a little fellow, he goes about, hears dese queen horse guard goin' to come for him at night. Mr. Tailor gives de little boy a couple of coppers every morning and every morning little boy told what was going to do. And when dey was going to send seventy five horse guard for him he kep' awake. When dey came he cried out, "I am a tailor by name, I am a tailor by trade, I fired a nice slap, I killed seven, and if I had fired a little hard, I had killed seventy-seven." They star' back, gone back, says de horse star' back, horse couldn't stan' the voice of him. Nex' morning little boy says, "Dey sent seventy-five for you, tonight goin' to send a hundred for you." Says all right, gives little boy a couple of coppers. Soon as one hundred was come, said, "Come on, I killed de two-head giants and I killed de three-head giant, and I fired a nice slap." And de hundred start back. Wid dat dey went back and said, "Ah, Mr. Tailor can't be took in, it's no use worrying wid him." Wid dat it come on nex' morning he didn't give little boy anything. Little boy went to de queen and said if she was to make him and his family happy, he would behead Mr. Tailor. Queen has arrange upon to make him and family happy. Got

a sharp sword and come along nex' morning'. (Mr. Tailor) says, " Little boy, anything ? " Says, " No, sir, " Boy had a sharp sword. Soon as he did, he step behind and took his head clean off. Got on de horse and took up his head and carried to de queen, and so he and his family was happy from dat. Dat was de las' end of Mr. Tailor.

*Variant . <sup>1</sup>*

Tailor was sittin' in his tailor shop one day, when de woman pass' sayin', " Get your sponge. " De tailor bought a piece for a penny, placed it on his table. When de flies got on, he caught at his belt and killed seven of the flies with one blow. Then he wrote on his belt, " What a mighty man am I to kill seven at one blow. " The king heard about it and ask him if he would marry his daughter so as to pertec' her. But one night he talked in his sleep, saying it was only seven flies he had killed, instead of seven men. The princess told her father and placed some soldiers behind the door to kill him. He got up in de night, and said, " I killed seven men with one blow and what about you couple of men standin' behind the door ? " At that de soldiers run and the tailor and his wife lived happily after.

THREE MORE DAMN FOOLS. <sup>2</sup>

Once it was a woman had one daughter and de daughter did name Jane. Jane had a sweetheart' and when he sweetheart call up, de mother sent her down in de butt'ry for something to give him. She stay a long while downstairs. De mother had to go and look for her. De mother say, " Jane, what was you doing so long ? " She say, " Mother, I was studyin' when I marry and go from you and have a baby, what would I give it name ? " De mother say, " Well dat would put me to studyin' too. " De father went den in seek of the daughter and de mother. He said, " What were you doing here so long ? " De mother said, " I was studyin' when Jane married and leave here and she have a baby, what name she give it ? " He said, " Well that would put me to studyin', too. " All three was studyin'. De sweetheart den went down to see after why de three stay so long, and say, " What it is dat three of you been down here so long and can't return ? " De mother said, " We all three studyin' when Jane marry and go way and she have a baby what to give it name. " De sweetheart said, " Dere is three damn fools, so good night, but if I go farther and meet three damn fools, I will return and marry to Jane. "

He was travelin' one day and he met an ol' man with a wheelbarrow

1. Informant, Pedro Smith.

2. Informant, Louise Lavinia Barrow. Compare MAFLS 16 : 94 no. 87; MAFLS 17 : 158 no. 125.

tryin' to ketch de sun. He said, "Ol' man, whatcher doin'?" De old man said, "My wife scrub de house dis mornin', and I try to ketch de sun to dry it." He said, "Well, you are *one* damn fool." He got farther and he meet a next man jumping over his trousers stid of putting his foot down to it. He said, "Old man, whatcher doin'?" He said, "I pull off my trousers and step backward and now I can't get into it." He said, "Well, you are *two* damn fools." He go farther and he meet one dragging a cow up a chimney to bite a hole of grass grow up in de chimney wall. He said, "Old man, whatcher doin'?" He said, "Me cow hungree and I was tryin' to get it up here to get grass." He said, "Well, you are *three* damn fools." Dat was six damn fools and he returned to Jane and married to her. Dat was de end of it.

MAGIC FLIGHT. <sup>1</sup>

Once 'pon a time and a very long time.

A young feller and a giant played dice. The giant told the boy. if he wanted, he would give him his daughter and make him rich. But if he won the boy would have to undertake great tasks. The giant succeeded in winning from the boy, took the boy to his home and told him to cut down a large tree. As soon as he had cut the tree, the tree sprung up again, and the giant's daughter gave the boy an ax which cut down the tree at one blow. The giant then gave him another job. Cut down the hill. The more he cut, the higher the hill grew. The giant's daughter gave him a drill which struck the hill down with one blow. The girl told the boy she would get him away from the place. Said her father had three horses, one which could go sixty miles an hour, another fifty, the last one, forty. She took the one that goes sixty, and gave the boy the one that goes fifty and left the other one for her father. They started up. As soon as they passed a great forest the father shout, "How did you pass through?" The girl said, "I eat and my horse eat, too." The father and his horse eat so much that they could scarcely move. As soon as the girl and the boy had passed a river, the father shouted out, "How did you get through?" The girl said, "I drink and my horse drank, too." The father and his horse drank until their bowels were burst, and the girl and the boy were married and lived happily after that.

I jump on a wire  
And the wire ben',  
That's the way the story end.

1. Informant, Fred Gill of Bridgetown. Aged 40. Sailor. Compare MAFLS 13 : no. 27.

BALE OF COTTON OR COTTON OR BAG OF SALT. <sup>1</sup>

A little joke a man was giving me one time about a Jamaican and a Barbadian. All told him they was going to Heaven. So they had two things to cyary along, a bale of cotton, and a bag of salt. The Jamaican says, "Barbadian, choose first." The Barbadian says, "No, Jamaican, you choose first." The Jamaican went for the bale of cotton, the Barbadian ran for the bag of salt. Before they start now the rain came down and the salt giff (melt away), and the Barbadian went up light. The Jamaican never get there, the cotton was too heavy.

## RIDDLES.

1. Up chip cherry, down chip cherry,  
Governor horse cyant climb chip cherry. <sup>2</sup>

Ans. Chimney. <sup>3</sup>

*Variant*: Go up chip cherry, come down chip cherry,  
No man can climb chip cherry like me. <sup>4</sup>

Ans. Ants. <sup>5</sup>

*Variant*: What that climb a chimney like me ?

Ans. Ant.

2. Hitty Titty <sup>6</sup> went to town,  
Hitty Titty tore her gown, <sup>7</sup>  
Not a tailor <sup>8</sup> in the town  
Couldn' mend Hitty Titty gown.

Ans. That was a aigg shell. <sup>9</sup>

*Variant*: Hitties Titties went to town,  
Hitties Titties tore her nice gown,  
No tailor round the town  
Could mend Hitties Titties' gown like me.

Ans. Aigg. <sup>10</sup>

3. Little Mary went to town, wherever she stop she leave a bit  
of her tail.

Ans. Needle and thread.

1. Informant, Fitzgerald Burke of Bridgetown. Aged 22.

2. Variants: There is no rider to mount chip cherry. Ans. Sky. Still nobody can't climb chip cherry. Ans. Beach.

3. Cp. Sea Islands, MAFLS 16 : 152, no. 5 ; Sierra Leone, Cronise and Ward, p. 193.

4. Variant: But little Willie.

5. Variants: Ants playin' in the chimney ; Cocomanut tree.

6. Variants: Hoity Toity ; Missing come pengton.

7. Variants: Wedding-gown ; Buy a gown.

8. Variants: All the tailors : Not a needle.

9. Cp. Antigua, JAFSL 34 : 85, no. 25. Note in this Antigua riddle the mention of Bridgetown, the capital of Barbadoes. Also, Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 196, no. 113.

10. Variant: A man with a basket of eggs fell down and broke eggs.

*Variant*: There is a long thing walkin'  
 With a long tail,  
 An' as long as it walk  
 It drop piece.

Ans. Needle with the cotton. <sup>1</sup>

*Variant*: A very small bird  
 Have a very long tail  
 In a large cage.  
 An' each time it go up and down the cage  
 It tail comes smaller.

Ans. Needle.

4. Whitey sen' Whitey to race Whitey off of Whitey.

Ans. A white woman sent a white child to race a white  
 duck <sup>2</sup> off a white <sup>3</sup> clo'es.

5. A riddle, a riddle, aree,  
 No man can explain this riddle on to me,  
 Water lay down, water stan' up.

Ans. Cane. <sup>4</sup>

6. Four men walkin' all day, <sup>5</sup> an' still can't ketch one another.

Ans. Mill point. <sup>6</sup>

Cyart wheel. <sup>7</sup>

*Variant*: Four brothers runnin' (workin') all day, an' can't  
 catch (touch) each other.

Ans. Four carriage wheels.

7. My father had six milching cow. Out the six which give the best  
 butter?

Ans. First tache. <sup>8</sup>

8. There were three boar hawks in a pen, two eatin', one refusin'.

Ans. Three mail (mill) rollers, two takin' cane, one out  
 the trash. <sup>9</sup>

9. A flock of white sheep went out in a field, and dry de pond with  
 water.

Ans. Roice (rice) in de pot.

*Variant*: Flock of sheep in the pond full of water.

The water drain out and left a flock of sheep.

1. See p. 261, no. 125.

2. Variants : Fowl : Sheep.

3. Variant : Sheet.

4. Cp. Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 200, no. 150.

5. Variant : Runnin' around a tree. The reference is to the round house or  
 perhaps to the tail tree. of the mill. 250, no. 28.

6. The four divisions of the sugar mill wheel are so called.

7. See p. 250, no. 28.

8. There are six tache or boilers in a sugar mill. The last one, through  
 which the sugar passes, and the smallest, is referred to as the first.

9. The top rollers crush the cane, the bottom roller throws it out.

*Variant*: A flock of sheep went in a pond wet, an' came out dry.

10. Browney go in,  
An' Whitey come out.

Ans. Rice.<sup>1</sup>

11. White woman live in a green painted house, an' have black children.

Ans. Sore (sout) sop.<sup>2</sup>

12. There was a woman in a green painted house, have plenty of brown children, an' jus' as you touch her, all the children holler out chickadee!

Ans. Dry pease.

13. Some red chilrun live in a green and white house.

Ans. Pum'kin.

14. A riddle, a riddle, aree,  
Boun' with a napkin,  
Tied with a string,  
Tell me this riddle  
And I'll give you a gol' ring.

Ans. Black pudding.<sup>3</sup>

15. Flower of England,  
Fruit of Spain,  
Met together in a shower of rain.  
Put in a bag,  
Tied around with a string  
If you tell me this riddle,  
I'll give you a ring.

Ans. Plum pudding.<sup>4</sup>

16. Kitchenful and batcherful<sup>5</sup>  
Yet can not catch a thimbleful.

Ans. Smoke.<sup>6</sup>

17. As round as a ball,<sup>7</sup>  
As deep as a cup,  
The king horsemen can't<sup>8</sup> pull it up.

Ans. Whell (Well).<sup>9</sup>

1. See p. 251, no. 34.

2. See p. 247, nos. 12 et seq.

3. You take out pig belly, clean it, grate potatoes and put in, cook in a pot with water.

4. No. 14 which is very generally known is the local adaptation of No. 15. See p. 250, no. 27.

5. Batchry in current use for storeroom. Variant: Houseful, buttryful.

6. See p. 245, no. 4.

7. Variant: Apple.

8. Variant: All de king horses.

9. See p. 259, no. 112.

18. Something round as a biscuit

An' busy as a bee;

No man can tell that riddle on to me. <sup>1</sup>

Ans. Watch. <sup>2</sup>

19. A man standin' all day with his hand in his pawket drop his cot  
(coat) <sup>3</sup>, an' he cyant bend to pick it up.

Ans. Cabbage or cabbage nut tree. <sup>4</sup>

*Variant*: A black woman goin' along dropped her handkerchief  
and can't turn back to pick it up.

Ans. Blackbird [i.e., dropping a feather]. <sup>5</sup>

20. I went in the churchyard,

I spoke to the livin',

An' the livin' wouldn' speak.

I speak to the dead,

An' the dead speak.

Ans. Pease.

*Variant*: Walk on the livin',

An' the livin' wont holler

Walk on de dead,

The dead holler.

Ans. Dry leaves. <sup>6</sup>

21. Eleven pears <sup>7</sup> hanging by, <sup>7</sup>

Eleven mans passing by,

Each man pick a pear

And leave ten. <sup>8</sup>

Ans. Only one man pick a pear, man's name

Each. <sup>9</sup>

22. A man standin' on a hill.

Send one man to bring him,

One couldn' bring him.

Send two, an' two bring him. <sup>10</sup>

Ans. Lice. <sup>11</sup>

1. *Variant*: Tell me that riddle.

An' I'll give you a whole pea.

2. See p. 246, no. 8.

3. *Variant*: Handkerchief.

4. "Bark shells off when it drops it leaf." *Variant*: Tree drop his leaves.

5. Compare Jamaica, MAFLS 17: 197, nos. 127, 128.

6. Compare Sea Islands, MAFLS 16: 175, no. 182.

7. *Variant*: Apples.

8. Not a slip for high; "hanging by" is the unvarying form.

9. *Variant*: How many stems were hanging there?

10. Compare Jamaica, MAFLS 17: 190, no. 67.

11. *Variant*: Send one finger, couldn' bring; send two finger, two bring him.

*Variant*: Some men were out in a grassy hill.  
 One man couldn' bring him,  
 Two brought him.

Ans. A louse.

23. In this world it's a mountain, and upon this mountain it's a grass piece, and in this grass piece, two glasses.

Ans. A man's head.

24. One day I was comin' up a hill,

I met <sup>1</sup> a man.

Suck his blood,

Eat his flesh,

And throw away his bones. <sup>2</sup>

Ans. Cocoanut. <sup>3</sup>

*Variant*: I kill a man,

Eat his flesh,

Drink his blood,

An' leave the bawns (bones) whole.

*Variant*: I went up de hill

An' kill a man.

I drink his blood

An' throw away his flesh.

Ans. Cane.

25. Ring a man's finger ev'y day, an' always bleedin'.

Ans. Stan' poipe <sup>4</sup> (pipe). <sup>5</sup>

*Variant*: A man standin' up all day in the sun,

When you touch him, he bleeds. <sup>6</sup>

*Variant*: A man standin' in the road all day. You will hit him,  
 he will bleed, but will not move.

As you squeeze a man nose it bleed.

26. A riddle, a ring.

Here's a gold house,

Without winders, without doors,

And still the thieves broke in and steal the gold.

Ans. Egg. <sup>7</sup>

27. A woman have a tub

Without top, without bottom,

And yet still can hold flesh and blood.

Ans. Ring. <sup>8</sup>

1. *Variant*: Caught.

2. *Variant*: I broke his bones and throw away his skull.

3. See p. 245, no. 3.

4. "Open the cock (wring his head), water comes out."

5. Cp. Sea Islands, MAFLS 16, p. 159, no. 46.

6. *Variant*: Crows.

7. See p. 251, nos. 41 et seq.

8. See p. 258, no. 103.



*Variant*: A riddle, a ring.  
 Here's a gold tub  
 Be 'out bottom, top,  
 An' still can hold in blood, bones, skin an' nails.

*Variant*: My mama sent to your mama  
 To borrow a bottomless dish  
 To put raw flesh an' blood in. <sup>1</sup>

*Variant*: The Queen of Sheba  
 Send to the Queen of Babylon  
 For a bottomless dish. <sup>2</sup>

*Variant*: A riddle, a riddle aree,  
 No man can tell this riddle on to me,  
 A tub sailed to England from Barbados without a  
 bottom.

*Variant*: A tub came without a bottom.

28. A riddle, a riddle aree,  
 No man can explain this riddle on to me,  
 Exceptin' he know it as well as me.  
 Look at a glass widout a top  
 Hunt for de bottom, wont hol' a drop.  
 Ans. Glass.

29. Love I sit,  
 Love I stand,  
 Love I carry on my hand.  
 I can see Love and yet Love can't see me.  
 Ans. Pet dawg. Cut a piece of his skin and make brace-  
 lets and chair bottom. <sup>3</sup>

30. Mistress and Master  
 Drive into town  
 And yet walkin'.  
 Ans. Horse name Yet. <sup>4</sup>

31. Tittyus, tattyus  
 Toitown, tamus,  
 Tatoutees, tatoi  
 Tatoi in a tail-tree <sup>5</sup>  
 How many tees in *that*?  
 Ans. Two. <sup>6</sup>

1. Compare Antigua, JAFI 32 : 88, no. 63 ; Bermudas.

2. Compare Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 190, no. 62.

3. See p. 252, no. 47.

4. See p. 249, no. 21 et seq.

5. The long pole, "coming from the round house," which serves to steer the mill wheel, shifting it in the direction of the wind.

6. See p. 262, no. 129 et seq.

32. Something goin' through the wood all day long, still can't touch a leaf.

Ans. Song of a drum.<sup>1</sup>

33. Hickamor Hackamor<sup>2</sup> on the king kitchen door.  
All the king horses,  
All the king men  
Can't move Hickamor Hackamor  
Off the king kitchen door.

Ans. Sun.<sup>3</sup>

*Variant:* A riddle, a riddle aree,  
No man can explain this riddle on to me.  
Something on the king kitchen door,  
Take all the soldiers in the world, and king men,  
And can't get it off.

34. Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall,  
Humpty Dumpty have a great fall,  
All the king horse an' all the king men  
Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty back again.

Ans. Egg.<sup>4</sup>

*Variant:* Hoity Doity sat on a wall,  
Hoity Doity got a fall,  
Not the strongest man in the town  
Couldn't put back Hoity Doity on the wall.

35. Pick up an aigg,  
Hit it side de wall,  
He neither break, crack or fall.

Ans. Matar (Mortar).

36. In this world there's a sea,  
An' in this sea is a boat,  
An' in this boat is a woman,  
An' ever who shou' tell me  
This woman's name  
Should be blame'

An' I tell you her name twice in de riddle.

Ans. Her name is Should-be-blame'.<sup>5</sup>

*Variant:* Me riddle me ree,  
Not a man shull (shall) explain this riddle on to me.  
Dere's a lady dressed in green,  
An' I will call her name twice in de riddle,

1. See p. 257, no. 90.

2. Variant: Hickery Dockery.

3. See p. 254, no. 57.

4. See p. 254, no. 56.

5. See p. 260, no. 116.

An' shull I call her name again

I shull put de blame.

Ans. That was a parrot, the parrot did name Shull.

37. A bench reach over from here to England with a woman sitting on it. If I should call her name, I should be blame ; for I call it twice already.

Ans. Should.

38. The king have a bench in England.

How many men sitting on it ?

Ans. You say more all the time. The man that the bench belong to name More.<sup>1</sup>

*Variant* : How many mens build de king long bench ?

Ans. More.

39. Had a co' (cow). When it groans it is heard all over the world.

Ans. Thunder.<sup>2</sup>

40. My father had a cock. Every time it crowed, it crowed fire.

Ans. Gun.<sup>3</sup>

41. A hundred black birds on a house. Pick up my gun and shoot one. How many remain ?

Ans. Only one, the dead one.<sup>4</sup>

42. One foot throw down two foot.<sup>5</sup>

Ans. Bottle of rum.

*Variant* : A no-foot man bring down a two-foot man.

Ans. Rum.

43. I had a stake, too shart (short), cut both ends to make it longer.

Ans. Dat's a grave.<sup>6</sup>

44. Good mawnin', sir king !

I'se jus' had drink of my mawnin' spring ;

Enter your gyarden through a gol' ring.

Through the yaller gol' did it run,

Through the brass nipple did it come.

Ans. It was a man come to the king's house. The king tol' him that if he give him a riddle that was never found yet, he would let him off... [The riddle refers to] the queen with her brass nipple and her wedding ring, and a bottle of drawed milk to it.<sup>7</sup>

1. Compare Sea Islands, MAFLS 16 : 167, no. 91.

2. Compare Cape Verde Islands, MAFLS 15 Pt. 2 : 258, no. 259.

3. Compare Bahamas, JAFL 32 : 440, no. 8 ; Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 183, no. 7.

4. Compare Antigua, JAFL 32 : 84, no. 19.

5. Compare Antigua, JAFL 32 : 86, no. 30 ; Cape Verde Islands, MAFLS 15, Pt. 2 : 260, no. 275.

6. Compare Antigua, JAFL 32 : 84, no. 13. See p. 256, no. 78.

7. Compare Sea Islands, MAFLS 16 : 168, no. 106.

45. When I went in at de gyarden gap  
 Who did I meet but Dick Red Cap  
 With a stem in his cap  
 And a stone in his throat.  
 Tell me that riddle and I give you a goat.

Ans. Cherry.<sup>1</sup>

46. Brown I am and much admired,  
 Many horses have I tried,  
 Tire a horse and worry a man.  
 Tell me that riddle, if you can.

Ans. Saddle.<sup>2</sup>

47. Four foot up,  
 Four foot down,  
 Sof' in de middle  
 An' hard all 'roun'.

Ans. Bedstead.<sup>3</sup>

48. There were four street walkers,  
 Four down lookers,  
 Two lookers, two hookers,  
 And one lick about.

Ans. Co' (cow).<sup>4</sup>

*Variant:* Four standers,  
 One lasher,  
 Two hunters,  
 Two lookers.

49. Eat through me belly,  
 Come through me back.

Ans. Jack plane.<sup>5</sup>

50. I stood on my father's co' (cow) pen, an' saw de dead carry in  
 the livin'.

Ans. Bot (boat) carrying passengers.<sup>6</sup>

51. A black man standin' up all day  
 With his hands in his kimber (akimbo).

Ans. Pot.<sup>7</sup>

*Variant:* A black woman with her hand in her kimber, with  
 three feet.

1. This had been learned from a book. See p. 246, no. 6.

*Variant:* A wee wee man standin' up  
 With a stick in his hand : etc.

2. See p. 248, no. 17.

3. See p. 258, no. 104.

4. See p. 247, no. 11.

5. Compare Cape Verde Islands, MAFLS 15, Pt. 2 : 238, no. 144.

6. Compare Bahamas, JAFL 30 : 276, no. 15.

7. Compare Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 196, no. 116.

*Variant*: A woman standin' all day,  
Two han' in de canber  
Three foot, and a hat on.  
Cyant move exceptin' somebody go an' move 'em.

52. A woman had a plate,  
She threw it down,  
It wouldn't break.  
She put it on water  
And it broke.

Ans. Paper. <sup>1</sup>

53. As I went up Christ Church Steeple  
I saw three Christ Church people.  
They were neither men, women, or children  
But were three Christ Church people.

Ans. Man, woman, an' chil'. <sup>2</sup>

*Variant*: Me riddle, me ree,  
Not a man shall explain this riddle on to me.  
One morning I goin' up St. John's steeple  
An' all I met was Christians people  
They were neither mens, women nor children  
Still they was Christians people.

*Variant*: Pass through St. John,  
Saw eleven St. John people.  
They were neither men, women or children.

Ans. They was red ants. <sup>3</sup>

54. A house covered all over with pins.

Ans. Sea egg.

55. I can't fold the table cloth,  
I can't count my biscuits. <sup>4</sup>

Ans. The clouds and stars.

*Variant*: A table cloth cannot be folded, nor be stretched,  
cannot be counted.

*Variant*: Biscuit can't reckon,  
Our table cloth can't fall.

Ans. Sky.

56. A man have three eyes. He can only cry out of one.

Ans. Coconut.

57. A riddle, a riddle,  
Man, explain this riddle on to me.  
Joey kill five;

1. Compare Cape Verde Islands, MAFLS 15 Pt. 2 : 245, no. 178.

2. See p. 261, no. 123.

3. Cp. Sea Islands, MAFLS 16 : 163, no. 62.

4. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 159, no. 1 ; also New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 110, no. 38 ; Bahamas, JAFL 30 : 276, no. 11 ; Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 189, no. 56.

Out the seven, I choose one,  
Shot the dead an' the livin' came for' (forth).

Ans. A dead cow, an' fly fly out after shot it.<sup>1</sup>

*Variant*: In she came,  
Out she ran.

In the dead seven remained.

Ans. In a dead horse carcass a hen laid seven eggs.

58. Although I feed the child, still it cry.

Ans. Frying fish in de pan.<sup>2</sup>

*Variant*: The more I feed thee, the more thee cry.

Ans. Frying pan.

*Variant*: I had a little sister, the more you feed her, the more she cries.

59. Black man walkin' all day on a black road. Ev'y step he made, he stepped right.

Ans. Pencil an' slate.

60. Higher than a house,  
Higher than a tree,  
What can that be?

Ans. Star.<sup>3</sup>

61. What the king seldom sees,  
What God never sees,  
We see every day.  
What' that now?

Ans. Equal.<sup>4</sup>

62. Little Miss Nancy,  
In her white petticoat,  
The longer she stands,  
The shorter she grows.

Ans. Candle.<sup>5</sup>

*Variant*: Little Miss Betty,  
Sittin' on a stool,  
The longer she sit,  
The shorter she grow.

63. My father has a mill tree in the yard, only red mouth Johnny can climb it.

Ans. Grass.

64. What's that over the head and under the heart?

Ans. Hair.

1. For bibliography see MAFLS 16 : 158, no. 1 ; also New Orleans JAFL, 35 : III, no. 61.

2. Compare Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 184, no. 28, 11.

3. Compare Sea Islands, MAFLS 16 : 159, no. 42.

4. See p. 257, no. 82.

5. See p. 252, no. 45.

65. My father had a plantation

Little below damnation.

An' he work de finny,

An' he work de finny.

Ans. Plantation.

66. Two leg sat on three leg

With one leg in his lap.

In came four leg,

Snatched up one leg,

Up got two leg,

And threw three leg

At four leg

To make four leg

Bring one leg back.

Ans. A man sat on a three legged stool with a ham in his lap and a dawg came in and snatched the ham.

He got up and threw the stool after the dawg to make the dawg bring back the ham.<sup>1</sup>

67. I walked an' walked

'Til I got it.

When I got it, I 'topped

An' looked for it.

An' when I saw it, I picked it out

An' threw it away.

Ans. Pimpler.<sup>2</sup>

68. I eat out St. John,<sup>3</sup>

I drink out St. John,

St. John still remains.

Ans. Cocoanut.

69. A round, round thing as black as coal.

A long, long thing

With a little round hole.

Ans. Frying pan.<sup>4</sup>

70. If St. Andrew with horses and carriages what will poor beggars do?

Ans. Drive.<sup>5</sup>

71. Two men fighting all day, an' no person can part them but God.

Ans. Sun an' Moon.

72. What man is allowed to sit before the king with his hat on?

Ans. Coachman.

1. See p. 253, no. 55.

2. A thorny shrub.

3. Parish where riddler lived.

4. See p. 262, no. 135.

5. Cp. If wishes were horses, beggars would ride.

73. A riddle a ring

M struck R an' W came forth.

Ans. Dat is Moses struck the Rock and Water came forth. <sup>1</sup>

74. Why is Broad Street <sup>2</sup> and Joe's River so much alike ?

Ans. De river have banks two sides, and Broad Street have banks two sides.

75. Riddle ma ree,

There's no man knows this riddle on to me.

There is a man livin' in de ear (air), come back in de ear (air), eat his feed an' go back up. An' no man can't hear me.

Ans. A wild bee.

76. There is a woman livin' in the worl'.

From the time the worl' is create', never more than four weeks old.

Ans. Moon. <sup>3</sup>

77. What is mos' like a half a cheese ?

Ans. Nyew moon.

78. Me riddle me ree,

On de gravel I travel,

Over green leaves I roll,

I hol' de foal in my right hand

That never was hol' before.

Ans. That was gentleman riding a horse and de horse was wid foal and de horse drop dead. The gentleman picked green leaves and put in his hat and pick up gravel and put in his boots and tek his pen knife and cut de foal out of de horse bowels and hol' it in his right hand. Dat was de riddle he had to cyarry home to a king, and dat was de end of it. <sup>4</sup>

79. One morning I looked thro' my window when I rise from my bed and I saw hairy skairy in humbledown bumbledown, and I had to call for my gishum gasham to take hairy skairy out of humbledown bumbledown.

Ans. That was a hawg in a gentleman land in a field of potato slip, and call' for the gun to shoot de hawg out of de slips, and the gun was gishum gashum and the hawg was hairy skairy and the groun' was humbledown bumbledown. <sup>5</sup>

1. Compare Bahamas, JAFL 30 : 277, no. 21.

2. In Bridgetown.

3. Compare Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 195, no. 106.

4. For bibliography see MAFLS 17 : 210, no. 2 ; also Sea Islands, MAFLS 16 : 154, no. 12.

5. Compare Sea Islands, MAFLS 16 : 152, no. 3 ; Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 205, nos. 202-4.



80. My first is found behind the door,  
My second on the winding shore,  
My third is found in the park with deer,  
While my whole is an isle of the western sphere.

Ans. Barbados.<sup>1</sup>

81. What is that smells most in a shamis' (chemist) shop ?

Ans. Rose.

82. Who was the first person swore in the world ?

Ans. Adam.

- 82 A. Why is a horse so much like a candy stick ?

Ans. More you lick it, faster it goes.

83. Why is a tailor and a ripe bunch of bananas alike ?

Ans. Because one fit to cut and one cut to fit.<sup>2</sup>

84. Why is the sun and a French loaf of bread so much alike ?

Ans. Because one rise in the east, and one rise with yeast.

85. Why is a horse and a cocoanut tree such alike ?

Ans. Horse got legs and a cocoanut tree got limbs.

86. Who was he that lived to die, and die to live ?

Ans. That was the man who was a dyer.

87. What is that that a train can not move without and yet still its  
of no use to it ?

Ans. A noise.

88. Why a bald-pated nigger cannot enter into society ?

Ans. Because he is black-balled.

89. What is born without a soul, yet had a soul, dead without a soul ?

Ans. The whale that swallowed Jonah.<sup>3</sup>

90. What is that that is never out of sight ?

Ans. Letter I.

91. What is that which dwells once in earth, twice in heaven and  
lives in the middle of men ?

Ans. Letter E.

92. Three fourths of a lion, one half of an ass,

Tell me that city that is covered with brass ?

Ans. London.

93. Three fourths of a cross (= T)

With the circle complete (= O)

One perpendicular line with two semicircles meet (= B)

A triangular standing on its two feet (= A)

Two semicircles and a circle complete (= CCO)

Ans. Tobacco.<sup>4</sup>

1. Heard from a white Barbadian ; told him by his mother ; unfamiliar to several negroes.

2. Compare Jamaica, MAFLS 17 : 217, no. 267.

3. Compare Antigua, JAFL 34 : 87, no. 47.

4. See p. 246, no. 5.

94. A lady once asked a fellow to tell her her name. Said her name was made up of the half of July, three fourths of liar, the color of blood, and the whole of man.

Ans. Julia Redman.

95. What's the difference between a penny stamp and a man riding a donkey ?

Ans. One takes a stick to lick and the other takes a lick to stick. <sup>1</sup>

96. When did Moses sleep five in a bed ?

Ans. When he slep' with his fore-fathers.

97. Why is a tree an' a dawg so much alike ?

Ans. When they die they both lose their bark.

98. What is a door step to a door mat ?

Ans. Step father. <sup>2</sup>

99. Which is the smallest bridge in the world ?

Ans. Bridge of your nose. <sup>3</sup>

100. Who was the man that give away what he didn't have ?

Ans. There was a man who didn't have a chil', give away another man chil' at the church. Give another man daughter to her husband.

102. Up the hill gallop me not,  
In the level spur (spare) me not.

Ans. Horse.

103. What is the difference between a shoemaker shop and hell.

Ans. Because shoemaker shop have plenty of condemn' souls and both in hell.

104. What the difference between a cooper and a shipwright ?

Ans. One built to hold in water and one built to keep out.

105. Whats de difference beteen a piano and de bank of Canada ?

Ans. Because one change by note and one make to change note.

106. If drakes all would sell for a billion dollars, how much a fowl hen would come to ? <sup>4</sup>

Ans. A fowl hen will come to corn.

107. If fishes sell ten for a bit, how much a boatload will come to.

Ans. A boatload will come to shore.

108. If a stick of tobacco cost six cents and a half, how much would a pipe load come to.

Ans. Ashes. <sup>5</sup>

1. Compare New Orleans, JALF 35 : 115, no. 108.

2. Compare Sea Islands, MAFLS 16 : 172, no. 164.

3. See p. 265, no. 160.

4. See p. 257, no. 79.

5. Cp. Sea Islands, MAFLS 16 : 173, no. 156.

109. What is the best thing to do when you are in a hurry ?

Ans. Nothing.

110. Why is a soldier from the battle field like a fair lady ?

Ans. Because the soldier faces the powder and the lady powders her face.<sup>1</sup>

111. Why is a wicked boy like a bottle of medicine ?

Ans. The boy has to be taken and shaken and the medicine has to be shaken and taken.

112. Why is a shoemaker shop so much like Heaven ?

Ans. Because it has a quantity of old souls.

113. Why is a hat so much like a king ?

Ans. Because it has a crown.

114. Why is the letter " P " so much like a false friend ?

Ans. Because it is the last in help and the first in pity.<sup>2</sup>

115. Who is the head workman in the world ?

Ans. The man who makes hats.

116. What goes up in the air when it rains and comes down ?

Ans. Umbrella.<sup>3</sup>

117. Which are the two animals you go to sleep at night with ?

Ans. The calves of your feet.

118. What is that seldom used by you and generally called by others ?

Ans. Your name.

119. I lef' home with an amount in my pawket (pocket) and I went to the shop and tell the Shop Keeper if he can double the money in my pawket I will spend just as much more. I went to the next Shop Keeper and tell if he can double the money I have in my pawket I will leave jus' as much with him. Goes to four shops. You left him with ten cents and a half, and he double the amount and spend twelve cents, and he left them with nine cents and put nine more and he went to the next and tell him to double that amount. Anyhow he told him.

120. A gent'man send up three servants with oranges. Give one fifty, one thirty, give one ten. He tol' the three of them to bring one amount and sell them at one price jus' as the market gone. Not to give away none, always to bring one amount. The one who had fifty, sold forty nine for fourteen cents, the one who had thirty sold twenty for fourteen cents, the one who had ten sold seven for a penny. The market charge at six cents apiece, so the one who had forty sold one, the one who had thirty (left two) sold two for twelve cents, one who had ten (left three) sold three for eighteen cents.

121. A father died, leave eleven cows, a house, and groun', and it was to divide equal between three sons. They divide the ground and the

1. Cp. New Orleans, JAFL 35 : 114, no. 100.

2. Cp. Antigua, JAFL 32 : 87, 48.

3. Cp. Micmac, JAFL

house equal, couldn't get the cow divide, because one would have more than the other. All they do, they couldn't get any cows. They went to several parties, couldn't divide. Man saw them one day, and say if they give him fifty dollars he would divide them for them. He bring one of his cows, and put the eleven to them, make twelve get four a piece. So they had equally divided. One was to have a sixth, one a fourth, one, a third, so de one dat have a sixth get two, one to have a fourth, get three (a half, a third, and a fourth) half get six, third, get four, a sixth, get two. Then he took away his own. So he had them equally divided.

122. Was midnight on the ocean  
Not a street car was in sight.  
The sun was shining brightly  
And it rain all day that night.  
A bare footed boy with shoes on  
Stood sitting in the grass.  
Ans. A lie.
-

## FOLKLORE FROM ELEUTHERA, BAHAMAS

BY H. H. FINLAY

### OLD STORIES.

#### RABBIT MAKES BOOKIE MURDER

There was a time  
When Monkey chew tobacco and spit white lime,  
And Cockroach keep up the high low time.

One day Bul Bookie and Bul Rabbit went for a walk on the bay. They meet a little boy to his father cane field. Each decide to kill the boy, but each one want the other to begin. Last of all they get to fuss. Bul Rabbit kick Bul Bookie foolish. When Bookie came to his sense, Rabbit say to him, "Eh war (what) de madder wid yer? Look how dar lily boy do yer!" Bookie start at the little boy and kill him. Rabbit say to Bookie, "I gane tell yer kill der man chil'." Off goes Bookie, running as fast as he can, until he meet a man. When he was asked, "What's the matter?" Bein' short winded, began, "Ar ar ar sah, sah, can't tell yer war de madder wid me." By that time Rabbit catch him and tell the content of the matter. Then they flog Bul Bookie near to death. He scream and hollow, "Oh Lard, Oh Lard 'top! 'top! Oh Lard, me gut cost me to this, and I ain't get none of the cane." Bul Bookie decide never again to walk with Bul Rabbit.

#### FALSE MESSAGE : TAKE MY PLACE.

Now a certain man had a large cane field, and every other day Bul Rabbit goes there and when he meet the man son to the field he always says, "Boy, I and your dardy just done talk. He say tie me in the best cane field he has." Things went on in this way for a long time until one day the little boy say to his father, "Father, how you can send Rabbit every day to the cane fields for me to tie him in the very best field and you would not give me none?" So the old man told him if he should ever come back, "See that you tie him good and don't loose him. Come home and let me know." The very next day Rabbit came back, saying the same thing. The boy tied him very good. Rabbit had a sharp eye on the boy and say, "Look out yer dar tie me very tight." Off goes the boy to his father, told him Rabbit is caught. So they put him in a large boiler pot and covered it until they get some boiling hot water to scald him.

As they went away up comes Bul Bookie, commence, "Ber, war yer dar do yer ?" Rabbit answer, "Oh, Ber, dem people gone hum to cook some food for me and I de (?) wait on dem." Rabbit say again, "Oh Ber Bookie, we nor bin treat yer good the other day you come. Wait until dem people come wid my food and yer can take 'em all." Bookie been so greedy, agree at once, lift off the boiler cover and set Rabbit free, and went into the boiler to wait for the food. Rabbit came out and goes up a large pear tree so he can see everything. As Bul Bookie heard the people coming, he began to dance and sing, thinking of how great Rabbit love him. And while in such a glee down came the hot water. He pitch round, say, "Oh damn fool who yer ! Oh Lard, me back !" After they finish they let him go. He goes to the pear tree. As soon as he get there one pear fell, he eat it, another likewise and so on till his belly was full. Said to himself, "Rabbit fool me first time, but I got pear to eat and Rabbit ain't got none," not knowing Rabbit is giving him all the time. Rabbit stay in the tree till Bookie fell asleep, then down he came, run away. Bookie ain't know who do it yet. End.

#### PROVERBS.

1. When man dead, grass grow to him door.
2. Don't talk all you know, talk some and left some.
3. Follow fashion, kill monkey. <sup>1</sup>
4. Don't carry all your eggs in one basket.
5. Don't hang your basket higher than you can reach it. <sup>2</sup>
6. Don't t'row away dirty water until you have clean one. <sup>3</sup>
7. There are four things that can't be wrong : Believe not all you hear ; tell not all you know ; do not all you can, and spend not all you have.
8. When cockroach make dance he no ask fowl. <sup>4</sup>
9. Duck have water to wash skin, poor fowl have none to drink.
10. Don't be in a hurry to get clear with a one-eyed man, you may get one with no eyes.
11. Tik for tack, butter for fat, you kill my dog, I'll kill your cat.
12. Better for belly burst than good victual waste. <sup>5</sup>
13. Gum older than teeth, but when teeth come, teeth bite the hardest.
14. Eye winkers older than beard, but when beard come, beard grow the longest.
15. You take time you will find ants got gut.
16. Lawyer's house build on fool's head.

1. Cp. Abaco, Bahamas, JAFL 30 : 274, no. 5. Jamaica, Anderson and Cundall, no. 518.

2. Cp. Jamaica, *ibid.*, no. 14.

3. Cp. Jamaica, *ibid.*, no. 708. Abaco, *op. cit.*, no. 708.

4. Cp. Jamaica, *op. cit.*, no. 105. Abaco, Bahamas, *op. cit.*, no. 7.

5. Cp. Jamaica, *op. cit.*, no. 25.

17. In time of prosperity friends will be plenty,  
But in time of adversity not one in twenty.
18. When a man belly full he tell hungry man to keep heart. <sup>1</sup>
19. You play with puppy, him lick your mouth. <sup>2</sup>
20. Don't wade in water where you can't see the bottom.
21. Smooth water run deep. <sup>3</sup>
22. Small pilchad have big ears.
23. Every bush don't hate rabbit, yet rabbit say, "Trust no mistake  
for every bush will shake."
24. No man knows what he will come to before he die.

## RIDDLES AND PUZZLES.

1. If a good laying hen lay twenty six eggs on land, how much will  
a ship lay to sea ?

Ans. Lay two (to) the wind.

2. If a man fall from the foremas' of a square rigged ship, what will  
he fall against ?

Ans. Fall against his will.

3. What is that the more you take from it the more it grow ?

Ans. A ditch.

4. In what way you can subtract 45 from 45 and yet leave 45 ?

Ans. Simply put down the figures from

	987654321	add up to	45
Sub.	123456789	ditto	45
add up	864197532	leave	45

5. Go and bet his Majesty or the President of the United States that  
you can go in Parliament or his house and sit where he can't sit.

Ans. Sit in his lap and you can defy him that he can't  
sit in his own lap.

6. Why is it right that B should come before C ?

Ans. Because we must be before we can see.

7. If a man was studying his music lesson and walking on a slippery  
place, what should he study most ?

Ans. C sharp or B flat.

8. Why does A resemble twelve o'clock ?

Ans. Because it is in the middle of day.

9. Me riddle me riddle me yander,

Though me father have a thing, it is a very good thing,  
I hope you may clare this riddle, and I hope you may not.  
Four feet sitting in four feet waiting on four feet ?

Ans. The cat sitting in the chair waiting on the rat.

1. Cp. Jamaica, *op. cit.*, no. 20.
2. Cp. Jamaica, *ibid.*, no. 180.
3. Cp. Jamaica, *ibid.*, no. 614.

10. Me riddle me riddle me yander,  
Though me father have a thing, it's a very good thing,  
I hope you may clare this riddle and I hope you may not.  
Me father have seven fruit trees and yet he can't eat none.

Ans. A man with seven daughters and he can't marry none.

11. What kind of a hen lay the longest ?

Ans. A dead hen.

12. D father is B Brother, A Sister is E Mother, A and B is the children  
of C, now what relation is E to D ?

Ans. First cousin.

#### TOASTS.

1. Home is best, east and west.
2. One day as I was going up Nassau Street,  
The street was number nine,  
I meet three ladies passing by,  
And out of the three one was mine.
3. Jig jig your main boom, Harry got the fawl,  
Let go your tiller rope, jib, sheet and all.
4. Cheese is like cherry,  
Cherry like rose.  
And whosoever don't love a pretty girl,  
Only the best man he only knows.
5. Rum is red as ruby  
And whoever refuse it is a booby.
6. When I was a little boy and living by myself  
All the bread and cheese I get I put it up in the shelf.  
The rat and the mice come picking up and get their full suffice,  
But now I am a man and I am looking for my wife.
7. Massachusetts have some good looking girl,  
But the Bahamas Island just the same,  
And before I rather carry the blame,  
I'd weed them off the sugar cane.
8. Drink today to drown all sorrows,  
Perhaps you may not do it tomorrow.  
So whiles is life let's drink it now  
For there are no drinking after death.



9. I love my wife as well as anybody,  
But when I am off she is loving everybody,  
But when I am home she is calling me honey,  
She is trying her best to win all my money.
10. Here is to the man that love his wife  
And love his wife alone,  
For many a man loves another man's wife  
When he ought to be loving his own.
11. The Frenchman love his native wine,  
The German love his beer,  
The Irishman love his whiskey straight  
Because it give him zizeness.  
The Englishman love his 'alf and 'alf  
Because it give him good gear,  
But the American have no choice at all,  
So they drink the whole d — business.
12. Whilks and conch is plentiful along the sho',  
Black crab live in the land,  
But when the sho' get rough and muddy  
You can't get whilks nor conch :  
Black crab still in the land.
13. Here is to one and only one,  
And may that one be she  
Who love but one, and only one,  
And may that one be me.
14. A pledge I make no wine to take,  
Nor brandy red that turn the head,  
Nor fiery rum that ruin the home.  
Nor will I sin by drinking gin.  
Hard cider, too, will never do.  
To quench my thirst I will always drink  
Cool water from the well or spring.  
So here I pledge a perpetual hate  
To all who can intoxicate.
15. I am the queer little boy that been to school,  
And I warrant I am up to all kinds of tricks.  
I can turn nine upside down and make it pass for figure six.  
Yesterday I was asked my age by a good old dame.  
I said, " Lady I am nine years of age when I stand on my feet  
like this,  
But six when I stand on my head. "

16. Gin and rum is the thing that make us all compose,  
 But gin and rum is the thing that make us all wear old clothes.  
 You put gin down to your toes and up to your nose,  
 And down she goes.
17. Here is a glass of whiskey,  
 It look so red and gay.  
 It enough to make the cripple kick  
 And all the lawyers shet their books.
18. There was once an old lady in Jamaica  
 Who wipe her eyes with a piece of brown paper.  
 The paper was that thin and her finger slip in,  
 And that was a stew that old lady was in.
19. All hail the powers of old Jamaica !  
 Let Holland gin appear !  
 Bring forth the royal demijohn  
 And call the drinkers in !

20. A SAILOR TOAST.

A stand for the anchor that hang over our ship bow.  
 B stand for the boson (boatswain) of our ship.  
 C stand for the capstan where we all goes around.  
 D stand for the davit where our boat do hangs.  
 E stand for the engine of our ship.  
 F stand for the flag our ship do fly.  
 G stand for the galley of our ship.  
 H stand for the halyards of our ship.  
 I stand for the iron that hang over our ship rail.  
 J stand for the jib sheet to which you all very well known.  
 K stand for the kelson down to our ship keel.  
 L stand for the lanyards of our ship.  
 M stand for the main mast so stout and so fair.  
 N stand for the needle that never goes wrong.  
 O stand for the oars for our jolly boat.  
 P stand for the pennant of our ship.  
 Q stand for the quarter deck where our captain sometime walk.  
 R stand for the royal that seldom ... the storm.  
 S stand for the sail that drive us on so fast.  
 T stand for the tiller of our ship.  
 U stand for the union of our ship.  
 V stand for the vase of our ship.  
 W stand for the wheel where we all do steer.  
 But the next t'ree letter  
 I wouldn't bring them in rime,  
 Will be for next time.

21. Here's to the man that don't lie, nor steal, nor swear.  
And if he does, he lie in his bed when he lie.  
And when he steal,  
He steal away from bad company.  
And when he swear,  
He swear to the truth.
22. Summer may change to winter,  
Flowers may fade and die,  
But I shall ever love you  
Whiles you do think of me.
23. Take this letter to my darlin'  
Far across the deep blue sea.  
It will fill her (his) heart with pleasure,  
She will be glad to hear from me.  
How she wept when last we parted,  
How her heart were full of plain,  
When I said good by, God bless you,  
We may never meet again.
24. Old Mr. John Esau  
Went to Nassau  
To buy him a saw.  
He saw a saw,  
He bought that saw  
And of all the saw  
I never saw,  
I ever saw  
A saw sawed as that saw sawed  
That John Esau  
Bought from Nassau.
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# FOLKLORE FROM THE HALF-BREEDS IN NOVA SCOTIA.<sup>1</sup>

BY ARTHUR HUFF FAUSET

## I. BEAR STORY<sup>2</sup>

When I was a small boy my father an' I went out a trappin' an' we was goin' by a lumber camp. They stopped us to come in to have dinner. We was eatin' an' the cook says, "We're bothered by a bear here every night. We can't get him, he's pretty foxy." My father is a trapper an' he says, "Look-a here, give me pork an' grub for two or three days an' I'll ketch that bear." So he was goin' in for three days an' had to come back for a trap. Father had one weighed sixty pounds. He came back to camp an' set the trap. He asked the cook for an empty molasses barrel. He knocked both ends out an' plugged out the bung hole, an' put the trap in the mouth of the barrel. An' he run a chain through the bung hole an' fastened it so that the bear got caught he would have to take the barrel. He sot it an' left it. He come back. Mr. Barrel, trap an' all gone. It was lost. We couldn't find it for four days. It was the fall of the year, an' we give it up for a bad job. Next spring father an' I took a party out guidin'. It was a fishing trip. We was goin' along the river, an' we saw somethin' we didn't know what. We thought it was a turtle. We looked an' saw two more. It was a bear had got in a barrel. His forelegs were through an' the barrel was around him. He had carried it all winter. Next year she had two cubs. Each one had a barrel around them. We captured 'em then. The little bears had the half barrels on for corsets.

## 2. RUNNING FROM A DEAD BEAR<sup>3</sup>

There was two Indians on the hill. Sol Syres he was very old, the best trapper on the hill. He took a boy with him. They had a lot of bear traps sot. The next day they started out. He sent the boy on one trap line an' he on the other. He had two camps. The boy was scared to death all the time he was goin'. He was afraid he would see a bear or that one would be in the trap, an' he wouldn't know what in the name of God to do with it. So he goes to the trap. There was no bear there. It was a

1. These tales were collected in 1923 at Lequille, near Annapolis Royal, among the Micmac Indians who live near a negro settlement.

2. Informant : Levi Brooks. Aged about 35. Lives in Bear River about 6 miles from Annapolis.

3. Informant : Levi Brooks.

long ways to go back to camp an' he would rather lay out as to walk in the dark. He pulls for the first camp. Meantime the old gentleman had shot a bear on the way, an' had put it in the camp an' left it there an gone off to trap. The young fellow goes in. He says, "I'll make a bed an' lie down." He had no matches or nothin'. He feel around. By God, he jumped! He had four miles to go. He had to cross a lake on the ice. He said when he struck the ice both feet come from under. He struck the ice an' it knocked him out. He woke up in the morning an' his hair was fast to the ice, hard an' fast. He had to stay there till the next morning till the sun thawed him out. Then he drove for the man's camp. He ran up an' he said, "Uncle, go back an' get your gun. There's a bear there. I left him last night. I been running from him since." His uncle said, "You're a hell of a trapper. A man runs four miles from a dead bear."

### 3. THE WARNING <sup>1</sup>

I dreamt we were in a shoemaker's shop drinking beer. My brother was there. I went upstairs an' set on the top step watching the fun downstairs. My head was level with the upstairs floor. There was something bearing down on my head. I held tight on it an' came downstairs fainting, an' I knew what it was. It was a person nine foot tall, an' he was only big around as a five year old kid. He had fingers one foot long. I fell down the steps in a faint. The thing come along an' started to pick me up around the legs an' neck an' tried to rush me upstairs. Then I woke up, almost dead. It must have been the devil. A warning, I guess.

### 4. DARKENING THE HOLE <sup>2</sup>

Two darkies went huntin'. They come to a bear den just big enough for one man to crawl in. There was two holes in the den. They was peekin' in the hole. One of them said, "Sam, I believe there's no bear there." Sam said, "I believe there is." Then he says, "Well, Jack, I'll go in, I'll find out." So he crawled in the hole. He commenced lookin' around. It was darker than hell. He lit a match. The bear was out. Meantime the bear comes back an' starts in. The darky outside got scared an' didn't know what to do. So he grabbed the bear's tail. It was three inches long. He got the hole plugged up an' darkened the den. Sam was inside an' he said, "Go way from that hole an' stop darkening that hole." The other fellow said, "Who's darkening that hole? You'll know what's darkening that hole if this tail hold breaks." He only had two inches to hold on.

1. Informant : Levi Brooks.

2. Informant : Levi Brooks. Cp. for bibliography among the negroes, JAFI 35 : 292, no. 1. See p. 241 of this number.

5. PETER LABRADOR <sup>1</sup>

There was a cousin o' mine, a youngster. His name was Peter Labrador. They was camping about forty miles from here, right back in the woods. I got a letter to go in the lumber woods. I had to make a night's lodging there. If I could make it there, I be all right through the night. That night there was a terrible rain storm, — lightning, rain storm. It was springtime. This little boy went out in the road and walked through the ditches and all like that. He come back by and by an' started huntin' aroun'. I said, "What you goin' t' do?" He said, "I'm lookin' for trout line an' hook." I said, "What you goin' t' do wid dat?" He say, "Why, they's trout in the brook." There was his mother, his father an' I lookin' out the window. He hauled out two trouts that weighed two pounds apiece. He hauled them out o' this road, an' come in an' cleaned 'em an' cooked 'em. So this fellow said, "Let him go." So he went out, an' there was a mud puddle in de middle of de road. He had a railroad iron an' he takes this an' went out there on the road, an' he made this railroad afloat just like you take a little stick. I saw this m'self. He play with that all day if you don't speak to him. Soon as you speak to him, everything sunk, drop right there He was tattooed all over his chest an' all over, an' there was all kinds o' writin' on the tattoo when he come to the world. No one could read it but the priest. He wouldn't tell it, an' he died. He wasn't over twelve months before he died.

6. WHALE STORY <sup>2</sup>

Uncle Jim Muse and I (I was about eleven years of age) went up in the Blue Mountains about ninety miles from here. We were travellin' t'rou' some woods till we come to a little roun' lake on top the mountain. He said to me, "John, I guess we'll stop here over night, and we'll go to work and put up our wigwam." So we squared away for supper then. "Now," he said, "after supper you'll have to gather wood." So I gathered some wood, and by the time I gather the wood, I come to — I took it to be — some dry maples. There were about six or seven of them standing up. They look to me jus' like rotten wood. I drove my ax. It was a sharp ax, but it jumped back a couple of times. I got so I couldn't drive an ax into that stuff. I said to myself, "What kind o' wood could it be?" So I dropped my ax and went back to our wigwam and told Uncle Jim about it. He said, "We'll go an' see." So he went there with me, and he said, "Them is the bones of the whale ribs." An' I asked him (I was foolish an' young then) how did they got there. He said

1. Informant : John Pictou. Aged about 52. Guide.

2. Informant : John Pictou.

cove to the lake looked, nice and calm, an' he thought the flute would sound nice. Nice he took this to his face, an' started playin'. He first that this earth was all under the water once. The world come up, an' maybe this whale got up on this mountain. He stayed there an' died there. Next afternoon, we start for home. Them bones was twelve or thirteen feet long.

#### 7. QUARRELING BROTHERS <sup>1</sup>

There was two brothers went in the woods way up Sandy Lake. While they was there, they got anger at each other. Each fellow goin' to git his brother. The young fellow thought he was as good a man as the old fellow. So they got into it. The young fellow was too much for the old one. They parted. The young fellow walked, but the old one took his canoe and left his brother there. Now who'll get first one home? The young fellow heard the old fellow hollerin' in the rapids. He wouldn't help or stop, he was goin' right straight home. When he was walkin' long, about five miles from home, he met a bear. When he did met a bear he wouldn't stop, — bound to go home. The bear tackled himso, he stood long side a tree. When the bear come along, and the bear tug-ed, this young man didn't have nothin' to protect himself but a... <sup>2</sup>. He killed the bear, an' he left the carcass there. Then he struck a rocky ledge two miles long. He was all upset an' nervous. Every step he sink-ed several inches on this rocky ledge, an' today I can take you an' show you tracks for two miles where his feet sunk in. The other brother got home a couple o' days after with his canoe all broke up. He said to his mother, "The time I mad at my brother I think I'd kill him right there if I could, but he was too much for me." The old lady told him he better drink this cup o' tea. He drunk it an' when he drunk it, he awoke, an' come right to his senses, an' forgot all what he done.

#### 8. THE FLUTE PLAYER <sup>3</sup>

My grandfather was named Peter Pennall. In those old fashioned days he was a man that believed in a good angel and a bad angel. The bad angel had him led that he could do more than a common man in many points. He was a fifer. He went up on Le Havre River moose huntin'. One calm evenin' he made up his mind to make a kind o' blind to keep the dew off himself, an' stay all night. He made it out o' brush. Then he made a fire an' put a kittle o' water over the fire, an' started restin'. He made some tea. (In those days they picked the hemlock an' the yellow birch brush an' steeped that, an' make tea out of it. That's a kind o' tonic for the stomach, an' yet it was somethin' to drink.) So nicely the

1. Informant : John Pictou.

2. This word is obscure in my notes.

3. Informant : Joe Pennall. Aged about 50.

started playin' some old tunes. The first one was an Irish tune "Schissle le Bri." Next he played "Cock in the North." Then he played "Lord MacDonald's Reel." After that he played "Denny O'Shann." Then he stopped an' laid his flute down. By that time the water was warm enough for him to fix up his drink. So he made up his mind to have tea. While he was stirring around here, he was way in the woods quite a while. First thing he hears a fife playin' a strange tune. The last tune that was played was "MacDonald's Reel." My grandfather said, "Bless me, I'm way out here all alone. I wouldn't mind havin' some company here tonight. That fellow will have to come here an' we'll play together." Pretty soon he heard footsteps an' woods crackin', an' the leaves. A man knocked on the door an' come in. He had a little parcel under his arm. He said to my grandfather, "Good evening." My grandfather replied, "Good evening, sir, come right in. You must stay with me for the night." The man said, "Oh, no, but what is your name?"—"Peter Pennall," said my grandfather. "Well, Peter," said the stranger, "I heard you this evenin' playin' your flute. Then I started playin' mine. You're an awful good player, Peter. What do you think o' mine?" My grandfather said, "You do very well, sir, but you must stay with me tonight and we will play together." The stranger said, "No, I can not stay with you tonight; but here's a suit o' clothes, seein' you're a poor man an' might be needin' o' these. If you put these suit o' clothes on, they'll be nothin' you can't do. Not sayin' I'm comin' for fair, or nothin', but if you don't put those suit on, you won't have no luck an' you'll be a cripple." My grandfather became very angry. He said to the man, "You can take those clothes on with you, I'll not wear them. You can stay here tonight if you want, or if you've a mind to git out you kin take your feet right out o' here." The man left, an' a short time after that my grandfather became a cripple. He was a cripple for the rest of his days.

#### 9. GLOOSCAP AND THE BEAVER : HOW GLOOSCAP FORMED NOVA SCOTIA <sup>1</sup>

One time there was the old woman and Glooscap living there a long while, and any way one time he had a brother who was a mink. A little black mink. They was living there in Newfoundland, an' one time this Glooscap was a great hunter. He was a powerful man, went huntin' aroun' Newfoundland. At last he come to a beaver dam. He looked at it and said, "I'm goin' t' try get one them beavers." Well, he went to work and broke the dam. While he was brokin' the beaver dam, an' the beaver got away, then he lost him. Then this beaver come 'cross in Cape Breton. Well, he got him lost. He don't know what to do. Well, he had

1. Informant : John Paul. Aged about 40. Farmer. Basket-maker. Cp. F. G. Speck. Malecite Tales, JAFL XXX, p. 479.



big canoe. He said, "Goin' to see if I can't get that beaver," an' he went to work an' launched canoe in Newfoundland. He left his grandmother and little brother an' come 'crost at a place where there is a rocky ledge shaped like a broken canoe. He got there an' struck that rock, an' canoe got leak. He say, "Well, I'm goin' t' leave this canoe here." There yet. Well, he got off an' foot it. Come roun' to Newfoundland side, kep' trackin' this beaver, an' this beaver come 'crost to the mouth of Dorchester. From there you kin see rily water all time. He see rily water, say, "That's the place that beaver went. I'm goin' t' follow that water, maybe I find beaver." Got to Cape Dory. Stop there takin' rest. Went work gettin' some seal. He got some seal an' some kind o' fish. Says, "I'll fry some o' this oil an' grease out o' the seal." He cut it up fine so it fry good. Got a pot, — Espence's Island, nearby, that was his pot. When he got t'rough, then he t'row this meat aroun' the shore. The light stones there are the fat he threw aroun'. He took the pot an' turned it upside down. It's there yet, — Espence's Island. He remained there a while, huntin' aroun'. He got to the mainland on this side. "Now," he said, "I'm goin' to try for moose." Had his dog an' bow an' arrow. Then while he was in the yard he lost his moose. Then he chased him, an' this dog of his kind o' rattled too, an' he couldn't track this moose very well. He got left. Both of them got left at the split rock. He got to the shore an' saw the moose swimmin' toward St. John way. That's at Isle Holt. Well, he lost him, so he said to the moose, "You'll stay there." That's Isle Holt. An' he look at his dog, he say, "You goin' t' stay here too an' watch for that moose." You can still see that dog's head at Cape Split. He left the island, got roun' on this side shore, come to beaver dam again. What he mus' do, break it again. He took stick an' break it. The water lowered down an' the beaver go up Truro way. Rily waters there too. When he broke the dam he left two cliffs standing right up. You kin see them on a bright day jus' like piers. Then he walk roun' watchin' for that beaver come out somewhere. Well, then, he saw rily water goin' up to Truro way. Beaver came down by Kentville. He was watchin' aroun' Cape Rummerton (Blomidon?) on a big high mountain. He come down an' got him at Berwyck. He went work, pick up stone. Beaver come an' cross over this way. He got him, hit him in head. He went down an' skinned him. Two little lakes in the middle of the bog where he left his gall an' liver, them's Berwyck. He spread that beaver out where the bog is. You kin see the stone he used — salt water stone — pretty big.

#### 10. BATTLE OF MOHAWKS AND MICMACS <sup>1</sup>

Every little place there was Micmac camp and Mohawk on other side.

1. Informant : John Paul. Cp. Rand, *Legends of the Micmacs*, p. 200.

It was at Indian point (— — — <sup>1</sup>). After while this chief's boys playin' together with bow and arrows. After while come to a white fisher an' fired on him with bow and arrow. After while Micmac knocked fisher down. Mohawk said, "I'm goin' to take that fisher home." Micmac said, "No, you don't take it home. I killed it, it's mine." So they got in an argument, started fightin', big row. Micmac fellah took stick an' knocked Mohawk down. Kill right there. He took the fisher home. The chief wondered how he got it. Wonderful animal, he had it in a porch. Pretty soon t'other chief come along. He say, "Quite some story about my boy. My boy layin' over there, got killed by your boy. Don't like that. Got to be settled some way." Micmac chief say, "Don't like that, don't like that." Mohawk got mad. He say, "We'll have it. I'll be killed like my boy." Micmac chief say, "No. We neighbors. Nothin' like that." Mohawk say, "No, we have to. This has to be settled." The Micmac chief say, "Well, boys, I guess we'll have to help ourselves. He means business." So he give notice all over the land.

After while they started the battle right at — <sup>2</sup>. Nip and tuck for a while. After while the Micmacs began to gain. After while Mohawks worked back toward Cumberland, — getting cleaned out and getting cleaned out. Afterwards the Mohawks sneak around all the time. They see an encampment. They go in, the women, the kids run away. They take one kid, shove a stick through him, and roast him. Micmacs come back, what must do? Must go after that fellah. Dozen or twenty go after this fellah. The Mohawk get away some place, so they tracked 'em all to Grand Lake. Had big war there, near Halifax. First thing sent man out and announced war. Some one seen Lucifie on the cliff. He say, "See anything, I see Lucifie." Other Micmac say, "No, that ain't no Lucifie, that's one of them fellahs." (He was jumping around up on the cliff. He had the power to do it.) In the night they sent a man out an' said, "Now count the fireplaces and count how many there are." Well, tomorrow morning, about nine o'clock, they sent a man in. He said, "Get ready." Well, they start in and they had a big war there for two days steady. That was all right; started in, they got to Restigouche. Big town there, Mohawk settlement, chief an' all. Micmac say, "Well, we'll go over an' see what they can do." Sent a young fellah in. Mohawk got word, "Get ready, we're coming." Mohawk say, "Well, all right, I'll be ready by tomorrow ten o'clock." Well, all right, Micmac waited till that time. This here Mohawk made a long camp. They were all on one side, Mohawks on one side, Micmacs on the other. The chiefs were there and the second chiefs and all the big bugs. Well, after while they started the war dance. After while one of the head young Mohawk warriors got up with this here tomahawk. He went

1. Certain words are obscure in my notes.
2. These words are obscure in my notes.

around with that tomahawk, and the first Micmac he come to he went to hit him. Never touched him. He did that three times. Well, he set down, couldn't do nothin'. Micmac got up. He say, " Now, you sit down, see if I can't do anything. " Took tomahawk an' struck fellah right in the heart. Then they had it rough and tumble. He said, " Now we fight till I clear you off New Brunswick an' Nova Scotia an' everywhere you are, an' till I get to Cockan Waggie. You're goin' just as far as there an' no further, an' you can't get in Nova Scotia again. " This was about four hundred years ago or more.

## II. JOHN BARYO <sup>1</sup>

Over three hundred years ago there was a battle at Annapolis Roy, between French and English and Indians. Of course this French people pretty well cleaned out. Then they told the Indians, " Can't you help out ? " Of course the Indians didn't know anything about war. They was hardly civilized. The French said, " These white people goin' to take our country. " So we all went out to fight, an' after while it kep' goin' that way for three years. The English couldn't clean the Indians out. Every chance they git the English would clean the Indian settlers out. At last two men, Baryo, from Yarmout', an' his brother-in-law from Port Lawrence, fought a lot till they got tired. Then they got surrounded. Put locks an' chains on 'em. Goin' to get hanged in a few days. Baryo said, " Well, we're here now, but I'm goin' home today. " His brother-in-law said, " How we goin' to untie ourselves ? " Baryo said, " Don't matter, I'm goin' home today. "

All right, Baryo break the bonds on his arms and on his feet. Then he untie his brother-in-law. Then they go out the jail. His brother-in-law said, " Any one see us ? " Baryo said, " That won't bother us. No one will see us. " So he rubbed his brother down. He said, " After I rub you down, then we'll go. " Then they went to the post gate and they got past the guards. Baryo said, " Now then, now I'm goin' to t'row you over. " So he rubbed him some more. Then he said, " Jump, " an' pitched him over. Then he jumped over himself. Then they went through the woods toward home. Then the guards missed him, but couldn't find him. Then he let them see him. They came after him, but he cleaned up hundreds of them. Then he runned. They took mounted horses after him. He led them down through the medder. They chased him two miles. Then he made another jump, — like a crow, — up on a big hill there, then he fell in a dump like. (He fly right cross the medder, over the hill, into this dump. It was glass in this dump.) French people lived there. His foot got cut bad. He said, " Well, I'm done now, I'm done. "

A Frenchman saw him. He was glad to see the Indian. The Frenchman made a big brush pile. He cleared it nice and hid him there. He fix bed an' a quilt in there. Kep' him there for quite a while, till after while his foot got all right.

Some time afterwards he said, "Oh, I'm all right now, I can get aroun'." So the Frenchman told the sons about the Indian that he had hid. The young man said, "Whoever done it, pretty bad piece of business with him." The father said, "Now boys, I want you fellows to keep your mouth shut, 'cause I got an Indian man back there, been there almost a month. You didn't know anything about it, but I thought I'd tell you now 'cause he's goin'." The Frenchman said to the Indian, "I guess the best plan for you to do is to get home the best way you can." He begged him not to do anything more like that. All right, he went home, got to Port Lawrence, there was a lot of soldiers in the barracks there. He say to himself, "Oh, guess I'll go in, visit there a while." He had nothing but the butcher knife. He went in an' sat by the stove. He lit his pipe. No one seen him. There was a lot of high bugs there. Then somebody said, "There's an Indian man right there." He came up to him an' said, "Well, well, an Indian. You just stay there till I get my supper, 'cause you might make stink." Baryo say, "I don't know who make stink first," an' he ups an' stabs the man to death. Up an' down, he cut the high bug under the heart. Then he put the lights out. He started strikin' with his tomahawk. He got in the door an' chipped them as they come out. Two hours he stay there. He give the Indian war whoop. The English gets scared an' think there a lot of Indians there. They fight among themselves an' kill a lot. After while the battle stopped. Then he took a light an' lit it. He saw three or four Englishmen standin' there. He killed them an' went on home.

## 12. RACCOON STORY <sup>1</sup>

I was hunting racoon down there at Albert Mines, long about last November. There comes a little snow. I thought, "I'm goin' t' trap a racoon." I travelled up an' down four or five miles. It was afternoon an' I got tired an' wet. I come to some racoon tracks after while. I said, "Well, I guess I'll follow them tracks." I got to a hill an' I slipped. (There was a lot o' snow an' I was tired.) About forty or fifty yards away I see a racoon comin'. I say, "Ah, boy, I got yuh." I looked. Be God, see another, not quite so big, then another. What this racoon must do? — Come close up to me, to a root. I say, "I won't bother. I'll see what you goin' t' do." So the old big racoon kind o' sit back with his feet up on a log. The little ones was sittin' aroun'. After while

1. Informant : John Paul.

the big one sit back an' rest. After while the little ones, one come on roun' one side, an' the other on the other side. After while, this racoon begin to sing. The others began swinging aroun', having a waltz. I couldn't ketch their tune. Sounded like this :



### 13. GLOOSCAP ENTERTAINS VISITORS <sup>1</sup>

These three men visited Glooscap. They knew where he lived and go along walking together, Genub, and Megumoowesoo, and Chenoo. When they get to where he is, Glooscap says to his grandmother, "Grandmother, I feel some strangers coming." She says to him, "Well, get ready for them then." He says, "All right, I'll get ready for them." So Glooscap goes to his brother and tells him, "Get things ready, 'cause company, I feel them coming." Finally they arrived, one after the other. Chenoo was much bigger than either of the other men. Megumoowesoo was next in size, and Genub, he was the little fellow. He was a small, chunky fellow, and being the littlest of the bunch he goes in last. Glooscap was curious over Genub. They sit down and talk. They tell about their adventures and all such as that. Glooscap's brother cooks a meal with his grandmother. After this, they passed dishes around. (An old squaw game.) This was a round dish. The littlest one was wondering what good he was beside these big ones. Glooscap he hands the dish over, and says in his own mind, "Now let this dish be as heavy as the cliffs of rocks." The little fellow is taken by surprise. His hand lowers under the weight. He said nothing, but just smiled and ate his grub in peace. When he gets through, Genub says in his mind, "Let this dish be as heavy again as it was." He passed it back to Glooscap, and it almost went to the floor. Glooscap said, "Oh, a sudden change in the wind." So they git up from their feast and go outside.

They promenade around the beach. Genub says to Glooscap, "Where is your nets, — wouldn't fish go good for a change?" Glooscap says, "Yes, I got some nets out there. I guess there are some fish in there. Any you fellows want to, go and get some, and you have fish for supper." So they started to go. Genub says, "Where is your canoe? Glooscap says, "Over there." They see no canoe. But they do not remember that Glooscap play tricks. They see a cliff, a cliff rock, that looks just like a canoe. Behind this is a fine canoe. So Genub says, "Where are the paddles?" So he looks around and looks around. He sees the stand-

1. Informant : Mrs. Mary Lucy Pictou. Aged about 45. Basket-maker.

ing cliff and says, "I wonder if this is the paddle. Everything else looks big." So he takes the cliff and turns it over in his hand once or twice. True, it was the paddle. So he goes out in the canoe. He sees a whale flouncing around in the water. He says, "I wonder is this the fish." He takes the whale and ties it to the canoe, and starts for shore. He breaks the paddle going to shore. What a gale! My, oh, my, what a gale! He beats his way with the broken paddle. The other fellows were on the shore laughin'. He was not daunted. He keeps on, and goes to one mile of the shore, and he breaks his paddle again. He didn't know what to do. So he walks the water and tows the canoe with the whale tied to it.

Meanwhile, the wind was blowing furious. Genub says, "Where does that wind come from?" He looks up, and he sees a fellow up on a rock. It is Glooscap. Genub says, "You're the fellow, I'll let you have the whirlwind." So Glooscap was whirled down on the sands. So Glooscap comes down to the shore to meet him. Genub says, "I'm awfully sorry, my paddle and net busted. All I got is this fish." Glooscap says, "Oh, that's all right. My brother will make me another paddle. But we'll cook the fish and have a feast." So they cooked the fish and started a big feast.

They went into the camp. Chenoo liked cold stuff. This grandmother and Glooscap's brother had cooked the meal. They tried some more games. Glooscap's grandmother had tried everything you could think of. The last thing was fried snakes and fried lizards. Genub thought in his own mind, "I'll eat them." So they went on. But Chenoo's heart failed him. He couldn't eat, nor Megumoowesoo. But Genub say, "I'll eat. I'm hungry enough to eat a wolf." So they eat and tell stories. After a while after eating they take Chenoo home to his country. He tried to trick them and keep them there, but they filled their ears up with — <sup>1</sup>. Glooscap was wise to this, and he fills his ears up with fat, and so does Genub. So Chenoo had to stay up there alone. The other three came back from the cold regions of the north. Coming back from the north they come through a big country full of cross snakes, full of killin'. They didn't seem to bother these three men. This night they had to stay up in trees to keep away from the snakes. But they came and crawled all around them, and almost smothered the life out. Genub make bow and arrow. The men are too smart for these monsters and they kill many and also the leader. Then they come to a place full of mountains. They stride from one mountain to another. Megumoowesoo says, "These mountains are my home. I won't go any farther." So they dropped him in the mountain region.

They came along and got toward home, and Genub says, "Next time we go off together, I want you to be a little better supplied, 'cause

1. This word is obscure in my notes.

now we are coming to a place where people always are thirsty." Glooscap says, "Well, we'll give them a drink if they are always thirsty." They came to this country, and they were thirsty. They couldn't get enough to drink. Genub chases the people into the water, and then they drink and drink. Over at Glooscap's home his grandmother says, "We must gather water, 'cause little Genub has given all the water away to the people and there isn't any left for us." So Glooscap's little brother gathers water day in and day out. Finally, his grandmother says, "Guess we got all we can use now." After while there was no water for any one. Abulgemu, the old frog, gathered all he could. He saw it was going fast, and he thought he would gather all he could. But he was mean. He says to every one who comes for water, "You got to bring your prettiest daughter or else you can't have any." So every one sacrificed his prettiest daughter. Glooscap was an old bachelor. He didn't like this when he heard it. So he came home and he went to the frog. He said, "I want some water." The frog said, "There isn't any more water. Your brother gathered all he wanted." Glooscap said, "We haven't any more. We must have more." So Genub said to Abulgemu, "Give him some water. He's almost dying of thirst." But Glooscap grabbed the frog and stuck him in a pail of water. That's why frogs are hump-backed to this day. Genub smashed all the buckets of water that the frog had saved up, and that's how we have all these lakes in Nova Scotia. So I left them when they got free of the water, and I don't know where they went.

#### 14. THE NAKED BOY <sup>1</sup>

This naked boy, his mother was a widow. His father died. When he died the boy was inclined to be lazy and shiftless. His stepfather thinks an awful lot of him. There were no other children, so he pets him. His mother says to him, "Why don't you put on your clothes and stop playing in the ashes?" He would stay in the wigwam all naked, and play around in the ashes. She says, "There'll be a nice-looking girl come along sometime, you won't have no clothes on and she won't stay." So he puts on some beaded clothes and garments, and snowshoes and all like that and goes to the woods. He came back again and says, "Oh, what's the use of dressin' all up for the pleasure of lookin' at myself?" So he got all naked again. His mother says, "All right, this is going to be to your sorrow some day." She tries to persuade him to put on his clothing, but he won't listen. So one evening it was quite cold and he was lying naked as usual by the fire. He heard someone tappin' their snowshoes, brushin' off snow. It was a beautiful girl. She had a face as sweet as a lily, her hair was raven black, oh, one beautiful

1. Informant : Mrs. Mary Lucy Pictou.

face! She comes half way in. She sees the naked boy and she dodged back when she saw him. The boy wanted to go after her, but she was gone.

So his stepfather gave a charmed belt to his son and said, "Put it on." So he put on the charmed belt and some clothes, and he grabs his snowshoes and starts off. His stepfather says, "Son, be careful of your belt. That will be of help to you in days to come." The boy says, "Thank you, father," and runs on. He travels at all high speed the first day. He sees snow tracks ahead and decides to follow them. He travels and travels till night. Finally he sees a wigwam in the distance, just a little wigwam. He goes in and sits down, and as he looks around, who sets with her back to him but this beautiful girl? She only turns her head a bit and doesn't smile at him or say anything. She lies down on her side of the camp and goes to sleep. He sits there thinkin'. An old lady in the wigwam brought a birch-bark skewer over to him. There were pieces of meat on it. He takes the meat off and hands the skewer back. He eats the meat and goes to sleep. He was always inclined to be lazy, so he oversleeps himself. He wakes up, and he sees just a little fire. The girl is gone. He gets up, puts on his clothes, and eats some breakfast. For breakfast he takes some meat off the skewer. So he goes on travellin' this day, just like the day before.

The next day he comes to a little camp. There she is. She already had supper and is lyin' down. While he is eatin' she falls asleep. He soon falls asleep too, exhausted. He wakes up in the mornin' and the same thing happens as the day before. There is the little fire and the girl is gone. He eats breakfast. This time it is handed in from unknown hands. He sees footsteps in the snow and follows again. This time when he reaches the camp, he races into a quiet little settlement of Indians. It appears they are all quiet.

He follows the tracks to the largest, largest wigwam. He goes in. The mother of the camp salutes him, and says, "Welcome home, son-in-law." The girl is supposed to be his wife. He takes his place by the fire and they all chat together. They have a big feast, fine clothes, great bonfires, and all like that. Then they take the son-in-law and strip him of his clothes. They burn and cook him. Then they turn to the big feast and eat. There appears on the scenes just a tiny, shaggy dog. You could just see his eyes. Every man, boy and child picks up a bone of this fellow and takes it to the spring across the river. All the bones are gathered together. The last piece was the skull. The mother of the camp has the head and picks at it. The dog looks on at her innocently. This flies to her temper. She throws the skull at him. The dog runs off with it to the spring. The dog makes a track on every bone. He was mending the body. Then he lies down.

On the other side of the river there is a very quiet village. There is a beautiful daughter there, too. She is the favorite of her people. She is not



cruel like the other daughter. She wants water from the spring. Nothing will satisfy her but that she go to the spring and get water. Her mother tells her that she will go. She says, "No, won't you let me get one bark of water?" So her mother says, "All right," and she goes to the spring. First she lies beaver fur from the camp to the spring, so that she won't catch cold. So she takes the birch and goes to the spring to get water. When she gets there here's the lazy poor mortal, a body of a man covered with sores. She says, "Why, my poor man, what is the trouble with you? Have you met with an accident?" He says, "I don't know, I think I'm sick." So the dog hangs by and whines. The dog is his step-father. The girl picks the fellow up. He is strong now and gets up. It was the little dog doing the healin'. So she takes him home. The mother says, "Welcome, my son-in-law." So the girl became his wife.

The other family on the other side of the river sees that there is something wrong. Nothing happens for a while though. One day some of the people in his camp spoke about huntin'. The young man said, "Would not some moose meat go great right now?" They said, "Yes, you needn't to go though. We've got young men by the hundred. You've suffered so you need to stay here and rest." He said, "Oh, I'm all well now. I'd just like to go out moose huntin'." So he gets on some clothes, takes his belt, and starts out to the woods. Out there he finds a whole drove of moose. He drives them home, but he doesn't kill them. When he gets home he says, "Each young man can come and kill a moose." So each young man comes and kills a moose. They have a great feast and rejoicin'. Great bonfires, singin' and dancin'. Their enemies says, "Why, what is going on over there?" But they don't like moose. They are cannibals, and like to eat people. One man goes to the shore and shouts to the other side, "Come boys, let's go for a night at Call Rock Point." So they picked the best young man of each village, and the young man said, "I'm going, too." They didn't want him to go. The mother said, "My daughter will die if you go." But he said he wanted to go. So they let him go. There was a big rock right in a fork of the river. They climb up on the rock for the night. Each man was to tell a story. So one of the enemy tells the first story. The more he tells, the colder it gets. The young man would answer the story teller whenever it was necessary. It got colder and colder, and he would whisper to his wife, "Are you cold?" She replied, "No, not yet." So he kept on answerin' the enemy till the story was finished. Then it was his turn to tell a story. He lays his belt over his wife's back when he tells his story. This acted like a beaver skin. As he tells his story it gets colder and colder, until he got no answer from the enemy. Finally he got through. He lies down on the ground and listens. He heard two explosions. The frost had burst two of the enemy open. He went home. He took his bride home.

When he arrived there, the people all said, "What's wrong over there on the other side of the river? There seems to be something wrong."

He calls over, "Go get your corpses, we didn't want them. I don't know whether you'll eat them or not." So the next day they called for a ball game. It was a very tough game. They used a great large flat rock, a hundred feet square, maybe three or four hundred feet square. So they played with this large rock. He said, "Now I'll get my men all together, you get your men all together and we'll be over." They played and played till sundown. His strength got stronger and stronger. They tried to push him over the cliff, but they could not. So he and his men rushed for them at sundown. Over the cliff they went, and they were all killed. This was the last of the naked boy, I didn't chase him any farther.

#### 15. ALECK'S SPIRIT <sup>1</sup>

A man that lived in Bear River, — an odd life — didn't believe much in Christianity. Finally he was converted. He lived his way of life, he never went to church, an' he never saw that his children went. His wife was a church woman an' she took the child. He lived his life about seventy-five years. He was a great woodsman an' a hunter. Sometimes the men would say to him, "Say, Aleck, you had better try a little of going to church. See what the Christian Church done for us poor people." He said, "I'll see enough of that when I die." They said, "You'll die in misery." He said, "I'll take care of that." So he died after a long sickness. No one ever know what, consumption, fits, wasted away. He didn't believe in a doctor. Just like religion, no good. About fifty years ago his time was up, an' he used to do all sorts of tricks when he was in pain an' agony. This time he wanted to go out to the pig pen. His cousin, Maltai Pictou, got in the doorway. Maltai was a great big, strapping man. This sick man picks him up and deliberately sets him to one side. There was a hog in the pen weighed three hundred pounds. He picked him up, he wanted to pet his pig for the last time. The pig was squealing, but he picked it up easy. The men wanted him to go in. He said, "All right." It was getting chilly, his feet were bare an' he only had a night robe on. So he went back to bed. There was a piece of board with nails way in it. He pulls these nails out with his fingers like needles from a cushion. He was at the point of death. He get up from the bed an' do that with all nails. He play soldiers an' like that. Whatever he took hold of had to come. Finally this night of his death in the settlement they heard him coming across the bridge. Heard him walking like a horse. This shop was a house then. It was his ghost drawing a last breath. He came in an' opened the outside door. Then he opened the middle door, then he opened the one going up to the stairs. He never shut a door behind him, all open. Mr. Ben Pictou an' his son ran upstairs an' got

1. Informant : Mrs. Mary Pictou.

all the family. My mother-in-law came down an' found the doors all closed. That night people set candles around his body. They set it near his right hand. They saw a spurt of blood running up the candle. It just poured for a long time, but there was no blood on the floor. People would go in vacant houses that night, an' you could see lights an' all like that. So some one hollered to dead Aleck Labrador, a long time after this, "Come on, Aleck, let's play cards." He came, an' they all got frightened an' ran upstairs. These people were in the room, John Lewis, he's Ben Pictou's brother, Solomon Sirec, Matthew Jerney, an' Matthew Pictou, Ben's cousin. When the spirit came they blowed the light out. It took John Lewis, who was his great chum, an' clasped its hands over his forehead, an' lifted his head up. He had cold hands. He stayed there till gray daylight. He threw cards on the table an' rapped on the table an' all like that.

#### 16. INDIAN CUSTOMS <sup>1</sup>

In the olden times they had no roads. The Indians when they wanted to go over to the south shore — the Annapolis River was their waterway — oftentimes there'd be twenty-five or fifty families going across because they are of roaming disposition. Whenever people take an ill and die on the road they would make scaffolds with poles — the bodies would be rolled up in hide and birch bark and they would let them decay in them. Then they would stop at the mounds. Since Christianity they bring them to the chapel yard and bury them. All along the Annapolis Valley are mounds. The Indians had a written language of their own. They used crowfeet, birds, crosses, little dots, and images of people.

1. Informant : Mrs. Mary Lucy Pictou.

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## THIRTY-SIXTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN FOLK-LORE SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the American Folk-Lore Society was held on Jan. 1, 1925 at 3 P.M. at U.S. National Museum, Washington, D.C. with President Espinosa in the chair.

A meeting of the Council took place at 2 P.M.

The report of the Secretary was read as follows : —

### SECRETARY'S REPORT.

The membership of the Society is as follows : —

	1924	1923
Honorary members.....	7	6
Life members.....	10	11
Annual members.....	<u>373</u>	<u>342</u>
Total.....	390	359

Of this number 73 are members of the Modern Language Association and have taken advantage of the joint membership offer begun in 1924 whereby the membership in both societies may be obtained for six dollars a year.

Respectfully submitted,  
Gladys A. REICHARD,  
Secretary.

The report of the Secretary was accepted.

### TREASURER'S REPORT, 1924.

#### General Fund.

##### *Receipts.*

Balance from 1923.....	\$387.02
Dues from members at large 1924.....	309.41
Dues from members previous to 1924.....	56.35
Dues from joint members of M.L.A.....	228.00
Dues from Boston Branch.....	156.00
Dues from Cambridge Branch.....	130.00
Dues from Texas Branch.....	35.75
Dues from Canadian Branch.....	301.00
Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons Prize.....	100.00
Interest, Bank balance.....	17.78
Interest, Newell Fund.....	85.00
Sales.....	225.00
Sales through Stechert.....	604.85
Borrowed from Publication Fund.....	<u>300.00</u>
Total :.....	\$2936.16

*Expenses.*

Lancaster Press Inc., Jan. — March.....	\$591.83
“ “ April — June .....	567.47
“ “ July — Sept.....	491.44
“ “ October — December.....	500.19
Reprints and Postage.....	332.27
Stationery for Secretary and Treasurer.....	52.25
Printing slips.....	15.00
Printing leaflet Modern Language Association.....	19.50
Postage, Editor.....	14.00
“ Secretary .....	5.00
“ Treasurer .....	5.89
“ Boston Branch.....	3.00
Musical Composition.....	44.15
Printing for Secretary.....	17.25
Editorial Expenses.....	33.00
Prize in Folk-Lore.....	100.00
Balance.....	143.92
Total.....	<u>\$2936.16</u>

P. E. GODDARD, *Treasurer.*

The books of the Treasurer of the American Folk-lore Society have been audited for 1924 and the balance found correct as of December 31, 1924 as follows :

In Permanent Fund.....	\$ 2100.00
In General Fund.....	142.92
In Publication Fund.....	819.93
Total Assets.....	<u>3062.85</u>
Assets in General and Publication Funds.....	962.85
Checks uttered in 1924 but not returned.....	101.79
	<u>\$ 1064.64</u>
Dues received in 1924 but not deposited.....	3.00
Bank Balance, December 31, 1924.....	<u>\$1061.64</u>

J. ALDEN MASON.

The Treasurer's report was accepted.

REPORT OF THE EDITOR.

During the year 1924 four numbers of the Journal were issued. Owing to the financial condition of the Society it was necessary to proceed with great care, and according to the vote taken at the last annual meeting the whole manuscript for the volume 1924 was placed in the hands of a European printer who, unfortunately, is proceeding very slowly with his work. The total expense of manufacturing the Journal in Lancaster is so high that it will be necessary to change our present arrangements, and the editor suggests that this matter be referred to a special committee with power to act.

On account of the long delay in bringing out the current numbers, members who joined the Society in 1924 have not received any copies, and the editor believes that a vote should be passed instructing the Secretary to

furnish new members with all copies that are published after the date when the member joins without regard to the date appearing on the Journal.

During the year two volumes of the Memoirs of the Society were published, one volume by Dr. Elsie Clews Parsons on "Folk-Lore of the Cape Verde Islands," in two parts, the other by Dr. Martha W. Beckwith, "Jamaica Anansi Stories." The cost of the former publication was borne by the Hispanic Society of America, that of the latter by the Folk-lore Foundation of Vassar College. To both of these the Society is greatly indebted for their assistance.

The volume on Maryland Folk-Lore which was prepared by Miss Pinckney has finally been turned over to the Society by Mrs. Bullock who is also furnishing funds for the publication of the volume. It was found that the material needed thorough re-editing, and this work is nearly completed, so that the volume may go to the printer at an early date.

The Index to the first twenty-five volumes of the Journal which was prepared many years ago by Miss Mary M. Taylor has required considerable condensation since it was found not practicable to print the volume in the size in which it was originally planned. This work on which Mrs. Esther Goldfrank has been engaged for some time has been completed by Dr. Gladys Reichard, and it is hoped that now the volume may be printed.

Respectfully submitted,  
Franz Boas.

The following officers were elected for 1925 : —

PRESIDENT, Louise Pound.

FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT, Alfred M. Tozzer.

SECOND VICE-PRESIDENT, J. Walter Fewkes.

TREASURER, P. E. Goddard.

SECRETARY, Gladys A. Reichard.

EDITOR, Ruth Benedict.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS, George L. Kittredge, C.-Marius Barbeau, Elsie Clews Parsons, Gladys A. Reichard.

COUNCILLORS : for three years, J. R. Swanton, Stith Thompson, H. A. Bruce ; for two years, J. Frank Dobie, Edward Sapir, F. G. Speck ; for one year, A. L. Kroeber, Phillips Barry, Henry M. Belden.

The following papers were then given :

Presidential Address : A Comparative Study of a Spanish Version of the old Persian Tale of Goshti Fryana, Aurelio M. Espinosa.

The Gullah Negroes of the South Carolina Coast, Reed Smith.

A round-table discussion on European Elements in American Tales was carried on with the following contributors : Franz Boas, Elsie Clews Parsons, Edward Sapir, Reed Smith, Aurelio Espinosa, Truman Michelson, Frank Speck.

The announcement of Professor Boas' retirement as Editor of the Journal was followed by a rising vote of appreciation for his services.

Gladys A. REICHARD, Secretary.

## NOTES AND QUERIES

**TETON SIOUX MUSIC.** — In Volume 32 (1919) of this journal Miss Helen Roberts has given a review of Frances Densmore's collection of Teton songs. The general questions of musical form upon which the reviewer touches are so important that it seems desirable to add a few notes on this subject.

The study of form is not easy, because in transcriptions made from the phonograph, — and I presume that most of the material in Miss Densmore's book has been so transcribed, — accents are not reliable, because mechanically accents are introduced on those tones that correspond to the rate of vibration of the diaphragm. The few repeated songs (Nos. 125, 132, 133, 151, 173) show a considerable amount of freedom in the details of rhythm, partly due to the requirements of the words. Thus in No. 151, from the fourth measure on, the one version contains fourteen syllables, the other twelve, and consequently the thematic unit corresponding to this part of the song has two eighths less in the second version. For this reason our division in measures is not well applicable and we are rather dealing with well defined phrases that end in a somewhat free drawn out coda. Much of this is obscured by Miss Densmore's choice of measures. For instance, No. 125 which has a perfectly clear regular  $\frac{3}{4}$  or  $\frac{2}{4}$  rhythm has been rendered not only in a very irregular division of time, but the identity of the rhythmic structure of the repeated theme is entirely obscured. We have here, as in many songs, a brief introduction (to the occurrence of which Miss Densmore calls attention occasionally) which is followed by the theme. I should be inclined to transcribe the song as follow :

The musical notation consists of four staves, each beginning with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The notation includes various rhythmic markings such as 'a', '1', '1a', '2', and 'cor.'. The syllabic transcription below the staves is: *Ka-la pi-la e-pe-con-ua he he he*.

ti i - kē-ya wi - co - harj kiy o - ta ye - lo ko - la he - na e šre  
Co.  
ye - lo e - pe - lo

Quite similar in structure are No. 128 and No. 1, both in 5/4 measure :

i - ya - ya - pi - ye ye suj - ma - ku woy zu - ya u ye - lo  
Ko - la pi - la  
Co.  
Ni - ya tarj - in - yarj ma - wa - ni ye ri - ya tarj - in - yarj ma - wa - ni ye e e o -  
ya - te le i - ma - wa - ni na ho ho ho - tarj - in - yarj ma - wa - ni ye -  
Co.  
ye ye ye a ye a ye — ri - ya tarj - in - yarj ma - wa - ni ye e e wa -  
la - ta le i - ma - wa - ni na ho ho ho - tarj - in - yarj  
Co.  
ma - wa - ni ye — ye ye ye o ye a ye —

1. In 1a (third staff from top of page) read *bdc* instead of *bc*.



No. 79 has a  $6/4$  introduction and continues in  $7/4$ . It seems, however, likely that this is due to the fitting of the words to the theme, since the drum pursues the even rate of  $6/4$  to every group of  $7/4$ .

Wi hi-na-pe way-la-ka-nuy-we wi hi-na-pe way-la-ka-nuy-we lo  
 wi hi-na-pe way-la-ka-nuy-we lo wi hi-na-pe way-la-ka-nuy-we o-he

A similar phenomenon appears in No. 8, which consists of four themes, the first and last  $9/4$ , the two middle one  $8/4$ . The time for the voice is given as 104, for the drum 96. If the song is conceived as consisting of four parts, the nine part measures being equal in time to the eight part measures and corresponding to the drum beats, the time for the voice would be 102.

Ko-la o-te ma-ko-ze way-ko-ya-ki-pi he-na ko-ki-pe éni o-ma-wa-ni e  
 i te. sa-byé éni o-wa-le

The introduction appears also in No. 19, a song of perfectly regular structure, except that in the third repetition the theme marked 3 consists of one half note *f* and one half note *g* flat. Since there is no text it is impossible to tell whether this change has reference to the words. Slight modifications appear also in the first measure of phrase 1.

5 6 cor.

An introduction is found also in No. 130, which runs evenly in  $3/4$  rhythm.

Ma-ka si-to-mni-yar wi- co-  
 haŋ o-wa - le he e a e e e i. xo-ti-ye-wi-  
 ya o - ma-wa-ni hi a

No. 90 may be reduced to a regular  $5/4$  rhythm with a brief introduction of one measure.

No. 38 shows also extensions due to the text. The rhythm is clearly  $7/8$ . The rhythmic repetitions are quite obscured in Miss Densmore's rendering.

Ka-ta-mna-ya-ya-ay kiy-yay ya-wa-ye ki-ta-mna-ya-ya-ay  
 kiy-yay ya-wa-ye-lo u-pi-ta-ta o-ya te way ki-  
 co. ta mna wa-ye-lo he yo ma-lpi-ya o-qh-na-ty-ta i-to-ka-bya  
 ya-ya ki-ta-mna-ya-ye-lo mi-ta-ty-ye u-pi-ta-ta kiy-yay ya-wa-ye-lo/ha

The influence of the coda and of the text appears very clearly in No. 57. The song is built up of a short phrase with a hold at the end. It is arbitrary whether the phrase is written 2/4 or 3/4. The phrase 2 which does not lead to a close is analogous to 1, but is clearly in four part rhythm, while the repetition with the words 2' and 2' a is in five parts.

1      cor.      1a      cor.

2      2a      3

cor.      3a      cor.      4

4a      2'      2'a

Pe - zi-hu-ta way-ya-hi-ke ka-hen-tu e na-zhi-ye ma.

3      cor.      3a      cor.

to te-me-bi - ye a

4      cor.      4a      cor.

The structure of 22 which is apparently very irregular, may also be reduced to greater regularity by which at least the homology of the phrasing is preserved. Without the words the structure remains somewhat uncertain.

1      2      3

4      5      1a      2a

3a      4a      5a

No. 131 may also simplified as follows :

1.

co.

1.

co.

Wa - kan - tan-ka e-wa - ki-ya a-wa - ku we  
ta- euy-ke ko ma-ku we-lo he

As illustrated by the examples here given, many of the songs consist of a brief introduction, followed by a fundamental theme which is varied in rhythmic details and details of phrasing. The theme leads to a tonic. It is then repeated, leading with variation either to the same tonic, or to the lower fourth or fifth and finally to the lower octave.

Franz Boas.

1. In the second staff, instead of *eed* (wakan) read .

## REVIEWS

AT THE GATEWAYS OF THE DAY ; Tales and Legends from Hawaii, by Padraic Colum, illustrated by Juliette May Fraser. Published for the Hawaiian Legend and Folk-lore Commission by the Yale University Press, New Haven and London, 1924.

HAWAIIAN LEGENDS by William Hyde Rice. Bulletin 3 of the Berenice Pauahi Bishop Museum, Honolulu, 1923.

MORE HAWAIIAN FOLK TALES ; a collection of native Legends and Traditions, with maps and illustrations, by Thomas G. Thrum. Chicago, A. C. McClurg and Company, 1923.

HAWAIIAN HISTORICAL LEGENDS, by William D. Westervelt. Illustrated. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and London, 1923.

Four new collections of Hawaiian stories have come from the press the last two years with the object of making more accessible to English readers the traditions of the Hawaiian people.

It is mainly through Mr. Westervelt's four earlier books of tales that Hawaiian legendary material has been known in Europe. This fifth publication, called "historical", includes such diverse matter as the legends of the culture-hero Maui ; the Hawaiian version of the quest for the water of life ; tales of the migrations of Hawaii-loa, Ulu and Moikeha, whose names head old Hawaiian genealogies ; besides accounts of such modern events as the landing of Captain Cook, the overthrow of the taboo system, and episodes in the life of Kaméhaméha. None of this is new material, but it is useful in this compact form. Mr. Westervelt does not refer the reader to his sources, and he sometimes takes what seem like personal liberties with his material. In the story of Paau, for example, when Paau's son is accused of eating stolen fruit, instead of the angry father demanding the terrible exoneration, the child himself exclaims, "Cut open my stomach, oh, my uncle, and I shall be proved innocent !" — a form of nobility which does not follow Polynesian tradition. Similarly the detail of the "Splintered Paddle" differs considerably from the version Miss Green has from modern folk sources. Mr. Westervelt has done excellent work for Hawaiian tradition and this new volume bespeaks his continued efficiency in such service.

The interest and value of Mr. Rice's unique book of legends is so great that one must hope more of his collection remains to be published posthumously and certainly that the Bishop Museum will later edit the Hawaiian texts of these admirable stories. No finer version exists in print than these of the *Goddess Pele*, the *Rolling Island*, the *Menehune*. No less valuable are those tales which supplement well-known versions in the Fornander collection. This is particularly true of the story of Kana, which contains much fresh material about the birth and upbringing of the two famous Hawaiian *kupua*, Kana and Niheu, known to romantic fame chiefly through the "Helen of Troy" episode of the rescue of Hina. Mr. Rice's Pakaa story

follows Fornander only in the last part; the first part appears for the first time here and in Thrum's new collection. In both collections also the traditional Hawaiian story of the flute-god's wooing (Grey's *Hinemoa, the Maiden of Rotorua*, in New Zealand) appears for the first time in accessible form. I have from Miss Green a quite different version, as also a shorter rendering (still unpublished) of the *Rolling Island* which agrees with the main thread of this, and a brief satiric variant of the "Jonah and the whale" story with which Mr. Rice ends his collection. As a translator Mr. Rice is admirable. He keeps close to his original. He is not satisfied with anything but the best possible version of his story and one strictly true to Hawaiian life and thought.

Mr. Thrum is also an able transmitter of things Hawaiian, through lifelong acquaintance with the language and life of the people. The present volume, made up as it is from a number of contributors, is of unequal value. Mr. Westervelt's two admirable stories, for example, have already appeared in his *Legends of Old Honolulu*. But much of the material is of fresh interest. There is a useful reprint of the Paoa story after the old tradition established by the Hawaiian scholar Kamakau. There is a formulation (with map) of Fornander's theory of the Polynesian migrations and their dates, fixed by means of comparative genealogies reckoned on the old scale of twenty-five years to a generation. There are some new translations or reprints from inaccessible sources of semi-historical tales like that of Ola (also in Rice), the tale of Umi's necklace and legends, from the island of Maui. There are folk tales like that of the *Rolling Head* and of the Lizard woman's fight with Pele. Especially important are those selections which throw light upon old custom and belief like *Kukaniloko*, the stories of temple-building and temple-worship, the *Wizard Stones* and the *Menehune*.

Mr. Padraic Colum's book of tales confessedly fills quite another purpose than the discovery of fresh texts or the comparison of variants. As a medium for the transmission to English-speaking youth of the story lore of Hawaii, it would be hard to imagine a more perfect rendering. Perfect collaboration on the part of publisher and illustrator have but embellished the work of a master of story-telling. One familiar with the Fornander texts will see how strictly for the most part Mr. Colum has followed the traditional Hawaiian version and how justly his poetical renderings convey the mystifying original. When occasionally the trick of the composer encroaches upon the text, as when the kite god is interpolated into the legend of *Hiku and Kauelu*, such encroachment is scrupulously noted. As to the problem of hospitality raised against this story, a reference to its New Zealand equivalent, *Pare and Hutu*, will show the explanation of an inequality of rank to be the correct one. Mr. Colum moves carefully in unfamiliar places and respects the ghost world to which he is a stranger. He refuses to tamper with the mystery of the *Moo* as lizard or dragon. He is even a little alarmed at the unprobability of setting a Polynesian fire inside a fish. I am inclined to believe myself that this "fire" is a foreign innovation in the Punia story, for in local legends of the "shark war" the monster fish is killed by propping open the jaws (as in this story) and then rubbing a horny back against the inside of the mouth, an uncouth animalism out of keeping with the humanized story.

All this legendary material bears the mark of a more glorious past when story-telling formed a pastime of court life. It survives to-day only through folk transmission. The Fornander collection of course comes closest to this ancient past. It not only preserves the Hawaiian texts but preserves them in a style closer to the art as developed of old by competitors for the praise of gods. In these modern collections, song is almost entirely lacking. There are also certain set forms of phrase which only the older composers handle freely. Traditional tales take on local accretions and are applied popularly as place legends. Again, episodes become more and more common property and are repeated from story to story. Thrum's Oahu version of the episode in which the guardian uncles select a flawless wife for Keanini, is found in Fornander of Paka who was brought up in Paliuli. The episode of the faithless husband, first recorded in Ellis's story of the founding of the Areois society in Tahiti and familiar in Hawaii as forming the ending of Haleole's *Laeikawai*, concludes both the Aukele story and another minor romance in Thrum's collection. The winning of a race against tremendous odds by the introduction of the sprit-sail occurs in Westervelt's Moikeha story as a bride race and in both Rice's and Thrum's Pakaa tale as a bet for fish. The struggle with a huge bird which forms an episode of the Aukele story occurs in fragmentary form in Westervelt's *Lepe-a-Moa*. In Colum's version of this same story, is it quite clear that in his search for the water of life Aukele is making his way through space much as, in Milton's picture, Satan wings his way to earth? In Fornander, lessons in flying precede the expedition. Westervelt errs, I think, in making the sorceress pick up Aukele's magic "skirt" to use as a weapon of destruction instead of shaking her own, which, the supposition is, she derives from the same ancestral stock. Compare the storm raised by Laeikawai by the same method in chapter 26 of Haleole's romance. Is not this "skirt" or "*pa-u*" of the storm goddess to be collated with the "*aegis*" of western legend? Some writers argue that the respect paid to the *aegis* as a storm-producing object forbids our looking for its origin in a mere goat-skin, to which the derivation of the word seems to point; but I suppose in a pastoral community where skins serve as clothing, the goat-skin would be as good a wonder-working object as the Polynesian bark-cloth, its powers being due to contagious magic through the body of the goddess and hence useful as the manifestation of the goddess, like Aukele's gift from the *Moo*.

All this background of Hawaiian story is in its more genuine shape difficult of assimilation to the European imagination, although a Hawaiian audience enters into the spirit of an Arabian Nights' tale as if breathing native air. Hence the tendency is to smooth and humanize and soften, to lose the meaning of old customs, to incorporate European material and impose European motives. Thus any collection of Hawaiian folk-tale must be accepted at its present value as a mere reconstruction of the art of the past, however useful it is as an expression of the folk art of to-day.

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## ✓ STYLISTIC ASPECTS OF PRIMITIVE LITERATURE ✓

BY FRANZ BOAS. ✓

In the following pages I propose to discuss in how far general mental traits account for the development of poetry and of the art of narrative, and in how far special historical conditions have exerted an important influence.

First of all it may be pointed out that the two fundamental forms, song and tale, are found among all the people of the world and must be considered the primary forms of literary activity. It does not require special mention that primitive poetry does not occur without music, and that it is frequently accompanied by expressive motions or by dance. It is, therefore, more correct to speak of song rather than of poetry.

In order to give greater precision to our problem we must point out an important difference between modern and primitive prose. The form of modern prose is largely determined by the fact that it is read, not spoken, while primitive prose is based on the art of oral delivery and is, therefore, more closely related to modern oratory than to the printed literary style. The stylistic difference between the two forms is considerable.

The investigation of primitive narrative as well as of poetry proves that repetition, particularly rhythmic repetition, is a fundamental trait. All prose narrative consists in part of free elements the form of which is dependent upon the taste and the ability of the narrator. Inserted among these passages we find others of fixed form which give the narrative to a great extent its formal attractiveness. Quite often these passages consist of conversation between the actors in which deviations from the fixed formula is not permitted. In other cases they are of rhythmic form and must be considered poetry or chants rather than prose.

It is very difficult to gain a correct understanding of the form of primitive prose, because most of the available material has been recorded in European languages only, and it is impossible to determine the accuracy of the rendering. In most of the records there is an obvious attempt to adopt the European literary style. Even when the material is available in the original text we may assume that, at least in the majority of cases, it does not reach the standard of excellence of the native narrative. The difficulty of phonetic rendering of foreign languages requires such slowness of dictation that the artistic style necessarily suffers. The

number of collectors who have complete mastery of the native language is altogether too small. The best approximation to the art of narrative of primitive people is probably found in those cases in which educated natives write down the texts, or in the records taken down by some missionaries who, in long years of personal, intimate contact with the people, have acquired complete control of their language, and who are willing to give us just what they hear.

In almost all reliable collections the fixed formal parts are of considerable importance. In a few cases, as among the Wailaki of California, the connective text disappears almost completely.

It is not easy to form a correct opinion regarding the rhythmic character of the formal prose; in part because the rhythmic sense of primitive people is much more highly developed than our own. The simplification of the rhythm of modern folk song, and of the poetry intended to appeal to popular taste, has dulled our feeling for rhythmic form. It requires careful study to understand the structure of primitive rhythm, more so in prose than in song, because in this case the help of the melodic pattern is lacking.

I believe the liking for the frequent repetition of single motives is in part due to the pleasure given by rhythmic repetition. For example, the tales of the Chinook Indians are always so constructed that five brothers, one after another, have the same adventure. The four eldest ones perish while the youngest one comes out successful. The tale is repeated verbatim for all the brothers, and its length, which to our ear and to our taste is intolerable, probably gives pleasure by the repeated form. Conditions are quite similar in European fairy tales relating to the fates of three brothers, two of whom perish or fail in their tasks, while the youngest one succeeds. Similar repetitions are found in the German tale of Red Ridinghood, in the widely spread European story of the rooster who goes to bury his mate, or in the story of the three bears. In Oriental tales the incidents of the tale are sometimes repeated verbatim, being retold by one of the heroes.

A few additional examples taken from the narratives of foreign people will illustrate the general occurrence of the tendency to repetition. In the Basuto tale called Kumongoe a man leads his daughter into the wilderness where she is to be devoured by a cannibal. On the way he meets three animals and the son of a chief. In each case the same conversation ensues. "Where are you leading your daughter?" — "Ask herself, she is grown up." She replies:

"I have given to Hlabakoane Kumonngoe,<sup>1</sup>  
To the herd of our cattle Kumonngoe

1. The girl had a brother named Hlabakoane, to whom she had given a magical food, called Kumonngoe, that belonged to her father and that the girl had been forbidden to touch.

I thought our cattle were going to stay in the kraal, Kumonngoe,  
And so I gave him my father's Kumonngoe."

In an Omaha tale of a Snakeman it is related that a man flees from a serpent. Three helpers in succession give him moccasins which on the following morning return of their own accord to their owners, and every time the same conversation is repeated. When the serpent goes in pursuit it asks every animal for information in exactly the same words. In a tradition of the Kwakiutl of Vancouver Island the same formula is repeated forty times together with the description of the same ceremonial. In the tales of the Pueblo Indians the same incident is repeated four times as happening to four sisters; the yellow, red, blue, and white girl. In a Siberian tale of the Hare we hear that a hunter hides under the branches of a fallen willow tree. One hare after another appears in order to browse, espies the hunter and runs away. In a Papua tale from New Guinea the birds come one after another and try to peck open the stomach of a drowned person so as to let run out the water that he has swallowed. Still more strikingly appears this type of repetition in a tale from New Ireland. The birds try to throw the casuary off from the branch of a tree on which he is perched. In order to accomplish this, one after another alights next to the casuary on the same branch, but nearer the trunk. Thus he is compelled to move out farther and farther until finally he drops down.

Much more striking are the rhythmic repetitions in songs. Polynesian genealogies offer an excellent example. Thus we find in Hawaii the following song :

Lii-ku-honua, the man,  
Ola-ku-honua, the woman,  
Kumo-honua, the man,  
Lalo-honua, the woman,

and so on through sixteen pairs.

Or in a cradlesong of the Kwakiutl Indians :

When I am a man, then I shall be a hunter, O father !

Ya ha ha ha.

When I am a man, then I shall be a harpooneer, O father !

Ya ha ha ha.

When I am a man, then I shall be a canoebuilder, O father !

Ya ha ha ha.

When I am a man, then I shall be a carpenter, O father !

Ya ha ha ha.

When I am a man, then I shall be an artisan, O father !

Ya ha ha ha.

That we may not be in want, O father !

Ya ha ha ha.

In the Eskimo song of the raven and the geese, the raven sings :

Oh, I am drowning, help me !  
Oh, now the waters reach my great ankles.  
Oh, I am drowning, help me !  
Oh, now the waters reach my great knees.

and so on through all the parts of the body, up to the eyes.

Quite remarkable is the analogy between this song and the following Australian war song :

Spear his forehead,  
Spear his chest,  
Spear his liver,  
Spear his heart, etc.

I believe this pleasure given by the rhythmic repetition of the same or similar elements, in prose as well as in poetry, shows that Bücher's theory, according to which all rhythm is derived from the movements accompanying work, cannot be maintained, certainly not in its totality. Wundt derives the rhythm of the songs used in ceremonies from the dance, that of the working song from the movements required in the performance of work, — a theory practically identical with that proposed by Bücher, since the movements of the dance are quite homologous to those of work. There is no doubt that the feeling for rhythm is strengthened by dance, the movements required in the execution of work, not only in the common work of groups of individuals who must try to keep time, but also in industrial work, such as basketry or pottery that require in their execution regularly repeated movements. The repetitions in prose narrative as well as the rhythms of decorative art, so far as they are not required by the technique, are proof of the inadequacy of the purely technical explanation. The pleasure given by regular repetition in embroidery, painting, and the stringing of beads cannot be explained as due to technically determined, regular movements, and there is no indication that would suggest that this kind of rhythm developed later than the one determined by motor habits.

As soon as we enter into the art forms of a single cultural group, we may observe that there are peculiar features which are not the common property of mankind. This is clearest in certain forms of cultural life that are spread over large areas without reaching universal distribution. It is striking that certain literary forms are found among all the races of the Old World while they are unknown in America. Here belongs particularly the proverb. The important position held by the proverb in the literature of Africa, Asia, and also of Europe until quite recent times, is well known. In Africa particularly do we find the proverb in constant use. It is even the basis of court decisions. The importance of the pro-

verb in Europe is illustrated by the way in which Sancho Panza applies it. Equally rich is Asiatic literature in proverbial sayings. On the contrary, hardly any proverbial sayings are known from American Indians.

The same conditions are found in regard to the riddle, one of the favorite pastimes of the Old World, which is almost entirely absent in America. Riddles are known from the Yukon River, a region in which Asiatic influences may be discovered in several cultural traits, and from the Eskimo of Labrador. In other parts of the continent careful questioning has failed to reveal their occurrence. It is striking that even in New Mexico and Arizona, where Indians and Spaniards have been living side by side for several centuries and where Indian literature is full of Spanish elements, the riddle, nevertheless, has not been adopted, although the Spaniards of this region are as fond of riddles as those of other parts of the country.

As a third example I mention the peculiar development of the animal tale. Common to mankind the world over is the animal fable by means of which form and habits of animals, or the forms of natural phenomena are explained. The moralising fable, on the other hand, belongs to the Old World.

The distribution of epic poetry is also wide, but nevertheless limited to a fairly definitely circumscribed area, namely Europe and a considerable part of Central Asia. We know in America long, connected tribal traditions, but up to this time, no trace of a composition that might be called a romance or a true epic poem has ever been discovered. Neither can the Polynesian legends telling of the descent and deeds of their chiefs be designated as epic poetry. The distribution of this form can be understood only on the basis of the existence of ancient cultural relations.

On the ground of the distribution of these types two conclusions may be established: the one that these forms are not necessary steps in the development of literary form, but that they occur only under certain conditions; the other that the forms are not determined by race, but depend upon historical happenings.

If at the time when Europeans first came to the New World the literature of the Americans did not possess the three types of literature which we mentioned, it does not follow that they would have appeared at a later time. We have no reason whatever to assume that American literature was less developed than that of Africa. On the contrary, the art of narrative and poetry is highly developed in many parts of America. We must rather assume that the historical conditions have led to a form different from that of the Old World.

The distribution of these forms among Europeans, Mongols, Malay and Negro proves the independence of literary development from racial descent. It shows that it is one of the characteristics of the enormously extended cultural area, which embraces almost the whole of the Old

World, and which in other features also appears in distinct contrast to the New World. I mention here only the development of a formal judicial procedure, founded on the taking of evidence, the oath and the ordeal, and the absence of this complex in America ; and the absence in America of the belief in obsession and of the evil eye which are widely known in the Old World.

These conclusions are much strengthened by the study of the literature of more restricted areas. The investigation of European fairy tales has led to the conclusion that in contents and form they embrace many survivals of past times. Not only Grimm's theories but also Gomme's views are based on this opinion. It is quite evident that the modern European fairy tales do not reflect the conditions of the state of our times, nor the conditions of our daily life, but that they give us an imaginative picture of rural life in semifeudal times, and that, owing to the contradictions between modern intellectualism and the ancient rural tradition, conflicts of viewpoints occur that may be interpreted as survivals. In the tales of primitive people it is otherwise. A detailed analysis of the traditional tales of a number of Indian tribes shows complete agreement of the conditions of life with those that may be abstracted from the tales. Beliefs and customs in life and in tales are in full agreement. This is true not only of old native material but also of imported stories that have been borrowed some time ago. They are quickly adapted to the prevailing mode of life. The analysis of tales from the Northwest coast and from the Pueblos gives the same result. Only during the period of transition to new modes of life, such as are brought about by contact with Europeans, do contradictions develop. Thus it happens that in the tales of Laguna, one of the Pueblos of New Mexico, the visitor always enters through the roof of the house, although the modern houses have doors. The headman of the ceremonial organization plays an important role in many tales, although the organization itself has largely disappeared. The tales of the Plains Indians still tell of buffalo hunts, although the game has disappeared and the people have become tillers of the soil and laborers.

It would be erroneous to assume that the absence of survivals of an earlier time can be explained as due to the permanence of conditions, to a lack of historical change. Primitive culture is a product of historical development no less than modern civilization. Mode of life, customs and beliefs of primitive tribes are not stable ; but the rate of change, unless disturbances from the outside occur, is slower than among ourselves. What is lacking is the pronounced social stratification of our times that brings it about that the various groups represent, as it were, different periods of development. So far as my knowledge goes we find the cultural, formal background of the art of narrative of primitive people almost entirely determined by its present cultural state. The only exceptions are found in periods of an unusually rapid change or of disinte-

gration. However, in this case also a readjustment occurs. Thus the stories of the modern negroes of Angola reflect the mixed culture of the west African coast. In the cultural background of the narrative, survivals do not play an important role, at least not under normal conditions. The plot may be old, but it undergoes radical changes.

These remarks relating to literature do not mean, of course, that in other aspects of life ancient customs and beliefs may not persist over long periods.

The differences of cultural life which are reflected in literature have a far-reaching effect not only upon the contents, but also upon the form of the narrative. The motives of action are determined by the mode of life and the chief interests of the people, and the plots give us a picture of these.

In many typical tales of the Chukchee of Siberia the subject of the tale is the tyranny and overmastering arrogance of an athletic hunter or warrior and the attempts of the villagers to free themselves. Among the Eskimo a group of brothers often take the place of the village bully. Among both groups of people who live in small settlements, without any hard and fast political organization, the fear of the strongest person plays an important role, no matter whether his power is founded on bodily strength or on supposed supernatural qualities. The story uses generally a weak despised boy as savior of the community. Although tales of overbearing chiefs do occur among the Indians, they are not by any means a predominant type.

The principal theme of the Indians of British Columbia, whose thoughts are almost entirely taken up by the wish to obtain rank and high position in their community, is the tale of a poor man who attains high position or of the struggles between two chiefs who try to outdo each other in feats that will increase their social standing. Among the Blackfeet the principal theme is the acquisition of ceremonies, possession and practise of which is a most important element in their lives.

All these differences are not entirely those of content but they influence the form of the narrative, because the incidents are tied together in different ways. The same motive recurs over and over again in the tales of primitive people, so that a large mass of material collected from the same tribe is liable to be very monotonous, and after a certain point has been reached we obtain only new variants of old themes.

However, much more fundamental are the differences which are based on the general difference of cultural outlook. The same story told by different tribes may bear an entirely different face. Not only is the setting distinct, the motivation and the main points of the tales are emphasized by different tribes in different ways, and take on a local coloring that can be understood only in relation to the whole culture. An example selected from among the tales of the North American Indians will illustrate this point. I choose the story of the star husband, which is told on

the prairies, in British Columbia, and on the North Atlantic coast. The prairie tribes tell that two maidens go out to dig roots and camp out. They see two stars and wish to be married to them. The next morning they find themselves in the sky married to the stars. They are forbidden to dig certain large roots, but the young women disobey the orders of their husbands and, through a hole in the ground they see the earth below. By means of a rope they climb down. From here on the story takes distinctive forms in different geographical areas. In one form the adventures of the women after their return are described, in the other the feats of the child borne by one of them. The central view point of the same story as told by the Indians of British Columbia is completely changed. The girls of a village build a house in which they play and one day they talk about the stars, how happy they must be, because they are able to see the whole world. The next morning they awake in the sky, in front of the house of a great chief. The house is beautifully carved and painted. Suddenly a number of men appear who pretend to embrace the girls but kill them by sucking out their brains. Only the chief's daughter and her younger sister are saved. The elder sister becomes the wife of the chief of the stars. Finally the chief sends them back with the promise to help them whenever they are in need. They find the village deserted and the star chief sends down his house and the masks and whistles belonging to a ceremony which becomes the hereditary property of the woman's family. The tale ends with the acquisition of the house and the ceremony, the matters that are almost the sole interest in the lives of the Indians. In this way the story becomes one of the long series of tales of similar import, although the contents belong to an entirely distinct group.

As a second example I mention the story of Amor and Psyche which has been cast into a new mold by the Pueblo Indians. Here the antelope appears in the form of a maiden. She marries a youth who is forbidden to see the girl. He transgresses this order and, by the light of a candle, looks upon her while she is asleep. Immediately the girl and house disappear and the young man finds himself in the wallow of an antelope.

Equally instructive are the transformations of biblical stories in the mouth of the native. Dr. Benedict and Dr. Parsons have recorded a nativity story of the Zúñi in which Jesus appears as a girl, the daughter of the sun. After the child is born the domestic animals lick it, only the mule refuses to do so and is punished with sterility. The whole story has been given a new aspect. It is made to account for the fertility of animals, and tells how fertility may be increased, a thought uppermost in the minds of the Pueblos.

In still other ways does the interest of the tribe enter into the character of their literature. A people that have an appreciation of beauty will express it in the form of their narrative. This explains the difference of style between some Polynesian tales with their highly colored descrip-



tions and the barrenness of many Indian traditions ; or the relative wealth of the tales of the Tsimshian when contrasted with those of the Plateau tribes. Let me give a few examples illustrating these points. In the Fornander collection of Hawaiian tales we read : " They admired the beauty of his appearance. His skin was like to a ripe banana. His eyeballs were like the young buds of a banana. His body was straight and without blemish and he was without an equal." In the story of Laieikawai it is said : " I am not the mistress of this shore. I come from inland, from the top of the mountain which is clothed in a white garment." It would be a vain task to search for similar passages in the literature of many a tribe.

Descriptions and poetic metaphor appear more frequently in songs. However, even these are not found everywhere. The songs of the Indians of the Southwest suggest that the phenomena of nature have impressed the poet deeply ; but we must remember that most of the metaphors and descriptive terms are determined ceremonially. As an example I give the following song of the Navaho : <sup>1</sup>

On the trail marked with pollen, may I walk,  
With grasshoppers about my feet, may I walk,  
With dew about my feet, may I walk,  
With beauty, may I walk,  
With beauty before me, may I walk,  
With beauty behind me, may I walk,  
With beauty above me, may I walk,  
With beauty under me, may I walk,  
With beauty all around me, may I walk,  
In old age wandering on a trail of beauty, lively, may I walk,  
In old age wandering on a trail of beauty, living again, may  
I walk. It is finished in beauty.

Of similar character is the following song of the Apache : <sup>2</sup>

At the east where the black water lies, stands the large corn,  
with staying roots, its large stalk, its red silk, its long leaves, its  
tassel dark and spreading, on which there is the dew.

At the sunset where the yellow water lies, stands the large  
pumpkin with its tendrils, its long stem, its wide leaves, its yellow  
top on which there is pollen.

1. Washington Matthews, *Navaho Myths, Prayers and Songs*. University of California Publications, vol. 5, p. 48, lines 61-73.

2. P. E. Goddard, *Myths and Tales from the White Mountain Apache*. Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History, vol. 24, 1910 p. 131.

The following song of the Pima has also ceremonial significance : <sup>1</sup>

Wind now commences to sing ;  
Wind now commences to sing.  
The land stretches before me,  
Before me stretches away.

Wind's house now is thundering ;  
Wind's house now is thundering.  
I go roaring over the land,  
The land covered with thunder.

Over the windy mountains ;  
Over the windy mountains,  
Came the myriad-legged wind.  
The wind came running hither.

The Black Snake Wind came to me .  
The Black Snake Wind came to me.  
Came and wrapped itself about,  
Came here running with its song.

The following Eskimo song which describes the beauty of nature is well known : <sup>2</sup>

The great Kunak mount yonder south, I do behold it ;  
The great Kunak mount yonder south, I regard it ;  
The shining brightness yonder south, I contemplate.  
Outside of Kunak it is expanding,  
The same that Kunak towards the seaside doth quite encompass.  
Behold, how yonder south they shift and change.  
Behold, how yonder south they tend to beautify each other,  
While from the seaside it is enveloped in sheets still changing,  
From the seaside envelopped to mutual embellishment.

Important differences are also found in the tendency of uniting single episodes to a more complex unit. Among some people the episodes are anecdotically short ; among others the wish for a more complex structure is felt. Often this is accomplished by the meagre device of concentrating all the anecdotes around one personage. But in other cases there is an effort to bring about an inner connection between the tales. Thus the raven tales of Siberia and Alaska are on the whole connected only by the individuality of the raven and by his voracity. In southern

1. Frank Russell, *The Pima Indians*, 26th Annual Report, Bureau of American Ethnology, Washington, 1908, p. 324.

2. Henry Rink, *Tales and Traditions of the Eskimos*. London, 1875, p. 68.

British Columbia some of the elements of these tales have been brought into an inner connection : The thunderbird steals a woman. In order to recover her the raven makes a whale of wood and kills the gum because he needs it to caulk the whale. In another tale the killing of the gum is the introduction to a visit to the sky. The sons of the murdered gum ascend to the sky to take revenge. Among the Pueblo Indians a large number of single incidents are combined into a connected origin tale.

It must not be assumed that the literary style of a people is uniform ; on the contrary the form is quite varied. Unity of style is not found in decorative art either, for many cases can be adduced in which different styles are used in different industries or among different groups of the population. Just so we find in a tribe complex tales that have definite structural cohesion, and brief anecdotes ; some told with an evident enjoyment of diffuse detail, others almost reduced to a formula. An example of this are the long stories and the animal fables of the Eskimo. The former treat of events happening in human society, of adventurous travel, of encounters with monsters and supernatural beings, of deeds of shamans. They are novelistic tales. On the other hand many of the animal fables are mere formulas. Similar contrasts are found in the tales and fables of the negroes.

The styles of songs vary also considerably according to the occasion for which they are composed. Among the Kwakiutl we find long songs in which the greatness of the ancestors is described in the form of recitatives. In religious festivals songs are used of very rigid rhythmic structure, accompanying dances. In these the same words or syllables are repeated over and over again, except that another appellation for the supernatural being in whose honor it is sung is introduced in each new stanza. Again of a different type are the love songs, which are not by any means rare.

We have found that the literatures of all the people about whom we have information share one feature, namely rhythmic form ; that, however, in detail there are great variations ; particularly that some literary forms, like the proverb and the riddle that appear to us as the most natural products of literary activity are not by any means universal.

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✓ MOUNTAIN WHITE FOLK-LORE: TALES FROM THE SOUTHERN  
BLUE RIDGE ✓

BY ISABEL GORDON CARTER.

During the past few years much attention has been directed towards the old ballads still to be found among the inhabitants of the Blue Ridge Mountains. While the collection of ballads has gone steadily on, so far as the writer knows no collection of the old folk tales has been made in this region. This is not surprising since there are so few people who can tell the old stories. Not infrequently people remember hearing the tales when they were young although they do not remember them in sufficient detail to tell them. The stories were told to entertain children.

The present group of tales was collected in the summer of 1923 from three informants. The first fifteen stories were told by Mrs. Jane Gentry of Hot Springs, North Carolina. Mrs. Gentry was born in Randolph County, North Carolina. She heard the stories when she was a child from her grandfather who had learned them from his mother. At first Mrs. Gentry could not take seriously the writer's request for stories. She had given Cecil Sharp and others many of the ballads appearing in their collections but no one had asked for the stories which she had always told to amuse children. But she kindly agreed: "Old Jack, Will and Tom Tales they are called. They're the oldest stories that ever been in existence, I reckon. Old Grandpop aluz told us — we'd hire him to tell us. Law, he could tell 'em!"

The stories are taken down exactly as Mrs. Gentry told them. Speech is rapidly changing in the Blue Ridge and there is little consistency in the use of such words as "clomb" for "climb", "uz" for "was", etc., — the two forms may appear in the same sentence. In "Little Dickie Wigbun", she sometimes spoke of "clear apsul rum" and sometimes of "clear apful rum", and when questioned said that her grandfather had used both terms.

The second informant, Susie Wilkenson, was born in Sevier County, Tennessee, in "the year of the Rebellion". When a baby she was taken to Mississippi but the family soon returned to East Tennessee and settled again in Sevier County. In the summer of 1923 she was living near Elkmont, Tennessee. Her ability as a story teller was by no means as great as that of Mrs. Gentry and many of her stories are mere fragments. She told the next six stories.

The last two short tales are not the old tales told to children but are included to show the type of stories told by the men. They were repeat-

ed by Mr. John Campbell of Townsend, Tennessee, who was about eighty years old. He said that when he was a boy the men used to gather around an open fire and see "who cod tell the biggest".

I. OLD BLUEBEARD.<sup>1</sup>

One time they was an old man and woman had three sons, Jack, Will and Tom. Will was the oldest one, Tom he was next and Jack was the least one. The old woman and the old man died and left Jack, Will and Tom to look after the place. They was workin' away over in the field and each tuk his time goin' to git dinner. Tom, he was the oldest, was first and he tried to see what a good dinner he could git up. He hung the meat up afore the fire to boil and he fixed some turnips and some potatoes and fixed everything nice for his brothers and when hit was ready he went out to blow the horn — they didn't have no dinner bell in them days — and when he blowed the horn down the holler he saw an old man comin' with his beard as blue as indigo, his teeth as long as pipe stems and his thumbs tucked behind him.<sup>2</sup> And the man says, "Have ye anything to eat?" Will says, "No," cuz he didn't want the old man to come in and eat up the nice dinner he'd fixed up for his brothers. Old Bluebeard says, "Well, I'll see about hit!" And he went in and eat up everything Will had cooked up. And Will had to fly around and fix up something for his brothers. He fixed up what he could, but he couldn't fix much cuz he didn't have time. Then he went out and blowed down the holler and when his brothers come in they says, "What in the world tuk you so long to fix up such a shabby dinner?" And Will says, "Well, I fixed ye up a good dinner, but when I went out to blow for ye to come in an old man come up the holler with his beard as blue as indigo, his teeth as long as pipe stems and his thumbs tucked behind him and he walked in and ate up everything I'd fixed. So I had to fly around and fix you something else."

Tom says, "Well, I knowed he wouldn't have eat it all up if I'd been here." Will says, "All right tomorrow is your day and we'll see what he does to you." So next morning Tom put him on some meat to boil in front the fire and when he come in from the new ground he got him some turnips and potatoes and pumpkin and baked him some bread and fixed him up a good dinner. And when he went out to blow the horn he saw an old man comin' up the holler with his beard as blue as indigo, his teeth as long as pipe stems and his thumbs tucked behind him and he said, "Have ye anything to eat?" And Tom says, "No." Old Blue-

1. Bolte & Polivka, CLXVI ; see also Friedrich Panzer, "Studien zur germanischen Sagengeschichte", I, Beowulf Munich, 1910.

2. "With his beard as blue as indigo, his teeth as long as pipe stems and his thumbs tucked behind him," is spoken very rapidly.

beard says, "Well, we'll see about that." And he went in and eat up everything Tom had fixed except jest a little bit of pumpkin. And Tom had to fly around and git up something for his brothers and when they come in Jack says, "Why didn't you keep him from eatin' hit up?" Tom says, "Tomorrow is your time to git dinner and see if you can keep him from hit." And Jack says, "Bedad, I will."

So next day Jack put him some meat to boil in the fireplace and got some turnips and potatoes and fixed 'em and when he went out to blow the horn for his brothers to come in, old Bluebeard was a comin' up the holler with his beard as blue as indigo, his teeth as long as pipe stems and his thumbs tucked behind him. Jack says, "Now, uncle, you jest come in and have something to eat." Old Bluebeard says, "No, I don't want anything." Jack says, "Yes, but you must come in and have dinner with us." Old Bluebeard says, "No, I don't want to," and he tuk around the house and tuk out down the holler. Jack tuk out down the holler after him and saw him git down a den — a hole in the ground — and when the brothers come home and Jack was gone they thought old Bluebeard had eat Jack up 'stead of his dinner but after a while Jack come in and they says, "Jack, where you bin?" Jack says, "I bin watchin' old Bluebeard, watchin' where he went to, and I watched him go down a hole in the ground and I'm goin' to foller him." So Jack tuk a big old bushel basket out and put a strop on hit and him and his brothers went to old Bluebeard's hole. Will says he was agoin' down. Jack says, "We'll take turns. Will, go first." So Will he climbed in the basket and they let him down in the hole and when he shuck the rope they pulled him up and asked him what he found. Will says, "Well, I went until I saw a house and then I shuck the rope." "Oh shaw, Will, what ud you shake the rope then fer? Why didn't you find out what was in the house?" Will says, "Well, you go in and find out." Tom says, "All right I will." So he clumb in the basket and went down 'til he was on top the house and then he shuck the rope and they pulled him up. When he told 'em he shuck the rope when he was on top of the house, Jack says, "You're nary one no account but me." So he went down and looked in the room and there sat the prettiest woman he ever saw in his life. And Jack says, "Oh! you're the prettiest woman I ever saw in my life and you're goin' to be my wife." "No," she said, "Old Bluebeard ul git you. You better git out of here." "Oh no, he wont," says Jack. "He's a good friend of mine and I'm goin' to take you up and marry you." "No," she said, "you wait 'til you get down to the next house. You won't think nothin' of me when you see her." So Jack put her in the basket and shuck the rope. And when she come out, Will says, "Oh! you're the prettiest woman I ever saw in my life!" and Tom said, "Oh! you're the prettiest woman I ever saw in my life."

Jack went on down to the next house and looked in and there was

the prettiest woman he ever did see, the other wan't nothing along side this one. Jack says, "You're prettiest woman I ever saw and you're goin' to be my wife. My brothers can have the other one but I'm goin' to have you." She says, "Oh no, Jack, when you go down to the other house you won't think nothin' of me." "Yes, I will too," says Jack. "You jest come git in this basket." So he put her in the basket and shuck the rope. Then he went down to the next house and there was the prettiest woman. Jack says, "Oh! you're jest the prettiest woman I ever did see and you're goin' to be my wife. My brother's kin have the other two but you're goin' to be my wife. Come git in this basket." But afore she was pulled up she give him a red ribbon and told him to plait it in her hair so he'd know her when she come out and she give him a wishin' ring. Jack put her in the basket and shuck the rope. When the brothers saw her they stopped talkin' to the other two and fell in love with her right away. Tom says, "You're goin' to be my wife." Will says, "No, she's goin' to be mine." And they started fightin'. She says, "I won't have nary one. I'm goin' to marry Jack." They said, "No, you won't fer we'll leave Jack down there." So they pulled up the basket and they commencet to fight and left Jack down there.

Jack jest sit there and Old Bluebeard come in and walked around but he didn't give Jack nothin' to eat. Jack jest sit there and after a while he turned the ring on his finger seein' how he'd fell away and said, "I wish I was in my old corner beside the fire smokin' my old chunky pipe." And there he was and there was the woman with red ribbon plaited in her hair and she said, "Oh Jack!" And they was married and they uz rich when I left there.

## 2. LAZY JACK AND HIS CALF SKIN. <sup>1</sup>

They was an old man and old woman had three sons, Jack, Will and Tom. Jack was awful lazy. So they didn't give Jack anything when they see they had to die, with the exception of one little old poor calf and Jack was too lazy to feed hit.

So the other boys was over in the new ground a clearin' away and Jack's little old calf were over there a buzzin' round eatin' lin bushes and sech, and they cut a tree down and killed it. So they come on over to the house and said, "Killed your little old calf over there, Jack. You can go over and skin it and eat it or just let it lay there." "Bedads, I'll go over and skin it," says Jack. So he went over and skinned it and come on back and brilled the meat. He sit there in a corner and brilled and brilled hit 'til he got the meat all eat up. Gin he got the meat all eat up the hide was good and dry. So he got the hide down and he sewed hit all up good and he left the tail on and filled it with old shucks and cobs so when he shuck hit he could make hit rattle good.

So he tuk hit by the tail and started off down the road one morning, a draggin' hit all day until late that evenin' he come to a house. He called, "Hello! Can I stop here this evenin'?" Woman come to the door, says, "Yes, I guess ye can. My husband's gone but Mr. Passenger's here and I guess ye can stop the night." So she met Jack at the door and jest sent him on up stairs. Didn't offer him no supper or nothin'. So instead of gettin' in bed, Jack lay down on the floor and peeked thru a knot hole to see what they all did there and he saw her fix the finest supper. They jest had everything that cud be thought of, baked pig and stuffed goose and roast chicken and pies and cakes. And her and Mr. Passenger sat down and started eatin'. So Jack was a yin' up there jest starved to death. So they eat all they cud eat, then tuk and put hit all away and got out all kinds of drinks. Jack watched good where they put hit. So they was sittin' a drinkin' and they heard her husband come a whistlin'. So the old man said, "Where'll I git. Where'll I git." She said, "Jump in that big chist and I'll lock you up." So he run jumped in the chist and she run got all the drinks put away and she run jumped in the bed. So the husband come in und said, "Old woman, got anything cooked to eat around here?" — "Yes, I guess you'll find some bread on the table," she says.

So Jack saw the man a eatin' down there so he dragged the cowhide around and old man said, "What's that?" Woman says, "Little old crazy boy stopped here to stay the night. Guess that's him makin' that noise." Man said, "What's his name?" — "Says his name's Jack." So the man hollered, "Jack, come down here and have some supper with me." Jack says, "Don't care if I do." So Jack didn't eat two bites of the bread 'fore he stuck his hand back and shuck that cowhide so hit made a noise. So he fired in on the old cowhide and went to beatin' on hit. "Shut your mouth, you blobber mouthed thing," he says. Old man says, "What's hit sayin', Jack? What'shit sayin'?" Jack says, "Oh I don't want to tell, the big mouthed thing. I'm afraid it will make the woman of the house mad." Man says, "Now, you go ahead and tell me. I don't care for the woman of the house. You tell me what hit said." Jack says, "Well, hit says over there in that buffet there's roast pig and stuffed goose and roast chicken and pies and cakes." Man says, "Is they, old woman?" — "Yes, little bit I was a savin' fur my kinfolks." Man says, "Jack and I er your kinfolks, you bring 'em out here." So the old woman got up and set 'em out all the good eatings. They didn't eat long 'fore Jack reached out and shuck the little old calf agin'. Said, "You shut your mouth, you blobber mouthed thing." Old man says, "What's hit saying Jack? What's hit sayin'?" "Oh, I don't want to tell," says Jack, "I'm afraid it will make the woman of the house mad." "Now, you go ahead and tell me," says the man. "Well, hit says over in that cabinet is whiskey and brandy and gin and all manner of drinks." — "Is they, old woman?" — "Yes, little I was savin'".



for my kinfolks." — "Well, Jack and me er your kinfolks, you bring 'em out here." So she brung 'em out.

The man begin to git a little foxy. "What'll you sell that fer?" — "Oh, I couldn't sell hit." — "I'll give you five hundred guineas for hit." — "Well," Jack says, "if you give me that chist over there and five hundred guineas you kin have hit." (My mammy always told that a five dollar bill was as much as a guinea.) So old woman says, "You can't sell that old chist. That's a chist my poor old father give me." Man says, "I bought that chist and I paid fer hit too, and I'm a goin' to sell hit." So the man and Jack traded and the man holped Jack git the old chist up on his shoulders. So Jack carried the old chist a little ways. He didn't want hit 'cept to tease the Old Passenger. He said, "I'll jest drap this in the well." Old Passenger says, "Oh don't put me in the well. I'll poke you out five hundred guineas if you'll not put me in the well." So Jack put down the chist and took the five hundred guineas that the Old Passenger poked out. Jack jest tuk hit and went on. Old Passenger didn't have sense enough to say if you'll let me out. So some people come along and heard the Old Passenger a hollerin' and they run back toa house and said they was a talkin' chist up the road. They let the Old Passenger out.

Jack went on home and he had him a load of money. So his brothers said, "Jack, where'd you git all that money." — "Sold my cowhide, how'd you think I'd get hit?" So his brothers run out and shot some big fine horses and skun' em. And they didn't give 'em time to dry or nothin! They jest sewed 'em up and started. So the flies just got after them and they drug 'em around and nobody wouldn't let 'em come in with old green flies. So they come home and says, "Jack, we're agoin' to kill you. You can have your choice. You can be shot, hung, or drown." He said, "Well, I reckon you kin jest drown me." So they sewed 'im up in a sheet and Jack walked with 'em about a mile down to the river. So when they got down there they poked Jack in but they didn't have no string to tie him. Their conscious was so guilty over killin' their brother neither one of them wanted to go back to the house to git a string. "Well, ye can both go back," says Jack, "I'll not leave." So while Jack was a layin' there a man come up the road with a big immense sheep drove. "Stranger, what are you doin' here?" — "I'm fixin' to fly to heaven," says Jack. "In a few minutes two little angels ul come and fly up to Heaven with me." So the man said, "I'm old now and if you'll let me go to heaven in your place I'll give you my sheep drove." So Jack says, "All right," and he jumped out and drove his sheep up the road a bit and then he come back and holped the old man git in the sheet. He saw his brothers acomin' and he hide in the thicket. So they come on down and tied up the sheet and throwed hit in the river. So then Jack started to holler, "Sheep! Sheep! Open up the gates and let me in." "Where'd ye git them sheep?" says his brothers. "Got

'em in the river. Where did you think I got 'em ? " — " Oh, Jack, you reckon we could git a sheep drove ? " — " I reckon so, but I'm not agoin' to fix up your sheets. You'll have to yourselves. I'll throw you in. I could have got a lot more if you'd throwed me out in the river farther. " So they throwed one of the brothers and he begin to kick about. " What's he doin' that fur ? " says the other. " Oh, he's gathering his sheep. " — " Oh, Jack, hurry up and throw me in fore he gits em all. Throw me farther. " So Jack throwed him in and then he driv his sheep drove home and when I left there Jack was rich.

### 3. HARDY HARDBACK. <sup>1</sup>

A man, an old king, he got so rich that he put out an oration that anyone that could do more than his old witch or could find anyone who could do more might have his youngest daughter and half his kingdom. So they was an old poor man and he had three sons, Jack, Will and Tom. And they decided that they'd try for a fortune. So Will he told his mother he was going over to the king's house to see if he could break the enchantment of the lady. He had to walk way long ways. His mother cooked him up a haversack full of rations. So Will started out but if he couldn't do as much as the old king's witch could, the king would kill him, cut his head off and set it up on a pole. So when he got over to the king's house he hollered, " Hello ", and the king come out and said, " What'll you have ? " He said, " I come over to see if I could break the enchantment of the lady. " King says, " Now if ye can't do as much as my witch, I'll kill ye and cut your head off and set hit up on a pole. " " I know hit, " says Will. King says, " Do you think ye can hit the iron hackle as hard as my witch can ? " — " Yes, bedads, I think I can. " King says, " Come, old witch, " and she popped her back against that hackle and popped like a rubber ball and danced all over the floor. Will he come in and pounced agin that hackle and stove hit through his body and hit killed him and the king cut his head off and set hit up on a pole.

So then Tom decided he wanted to go. His mother said, " Oh Tom, don't go, Will was killed. " " Well, bedads I'm going anyway, " says Tom. So Tom, he starts out and meets the same little old dried up man that Will met, so he said, " Good morning, Tom. " Tom says, " Good morning. " He said, " Where ye started ? " Tom says, " None of yer business. " So Tom had his haversack of rations and he tramped a long ways over to the king's house and he says, " Hello, " and the king come out and says, " What'll ye have ? " Tom says, " I come over to see if I could break the enchantment of the lady. " " Well, if ye don't, I'll kill ye, " says the king. " Ye know that, don't ye ? " " Yes I know hit, " says Tom. " Come in, " says the king. " Can ye hit that iron hackle with your back as hard as my old witch can, or can ye find anyone who

can ? ” — “ Yes, bedads, I think I can. ” So the old witch come in, hit agin the iron hackle, bounced off like a rubber ball and danced all over the floor. Tom he come in, stove his back against the hackle and hit stove into his back and killed him. King cut his head off, put hit up on the pole. By that time he was a gettin’ a pretty long pole full of heads.

So Jack decided he wanted to go and he got to beggin’ his mother to cook up a haversack full of rations. Mother said, “ Now, Jack, you’re all we’ve got. ” Jack said he was a goin’ anyway. But his mother wouldn’t cook up a haversack full of rations so he jest tuk some old dried bread un started out. When Jack got out he met the same little dried up man. He says, “ Good morning, Jack. ” Jack says, “ Good morning, father — good morning, uncle, ain’t ye a goin’ to have some breakfast with me ? ” — “ Where ye started, Jack ? ” — “ Well, uncle, I’ve started to try to make a ship sail on dry land. ” — “ Well, you take my stick, Jack, un go back around the way I’ve come to a spring. And you stir my stick in that there spring until hit turns to wine and you’ll see a new tin bucket and tin cup. Gin ye get back here I’ll have yer ship made. ” So Jack went and stirred in the spring until hit turned to wine and there sat the tin bucket and he filled hit and come back and the little old man had the ship made, and they sat down and eat their bread and drank their wine. He said, “ Now, Jack, you git in this ship and say, ‘ Sail, ship sail ’ and hit’ll sail. Now, Jack, you take in every man that you see between here and the king’s house. Now when you see a man you say, ‘ Hey ! What’s your name ? ’ and when he tells you say, ‘ Come here and git in this ship and say, Sail, ship, sail, ’ and it ul sail right along. ” So Jack was sailing along and he looked up on the mountains and he saw a man hitting his back against the trees and knockin’ ’em every which away. Jack says, “ Hey ! What’s your name ? ” — “ Hardy Hardback. ” — “ Hardy Hardback ? Hardy hard back I think you are, come un get in here. ” So they sailed on a little ways and he saw a man out in the pasture jest a eatin’ up the sheep and hogs. “ Hey ! What’s your name ? ” says Jack. “ Eat Well. ” — “ Eat Well ? Eat well I think you are, come and get in here. ” Went on a little ways and he saw a man up the holler jest drinking up the little springs and branches. Says, “ What’s your name ? ” — “ Drink Well. ” — “ Drink Well ? Drink well I think you are, get in here. ” So Drink Well got in and Jack said, “ Sail, ship, sail, ” and it sailed right on. So went a little ways and saw a man running. He’d run a ways on one leg, then take hit up and run a while on tother. Jack says, “ Hey ! What’s your name ? ” — “ Run Well. ” — “ Run Well ? Run well I think you are. Come git in here. ” So Run Well got in and they sailed right out ; went a little further saw a man standing with a gun like he was a shootin’ a hare in the skies. “ Hey ! What’s your name ? ” says Jack. “ Shoot Well. ” — “ Shoot Well ? Shoot well I think you are, ” says Jack. “ Come on git in here. ” So he got in and Jack said, “ Sail, ship, sail, ” and they sailed right out. Little further saw a man a

listenin'. He'd put one hand over one ear, and one over the tother. "Hey. What's your name?" says Jack. "Hark Well." — "Hark Well? Hark well I think you are. Come on git in here." So Hark Well got in and Jack says, "Sail, ship, sail," and it sailed right out. So they sailed on a little ways 'til they got to the king's house. Jack hollered, "Hello," and the king come out and says, "What ul ye have?" Jack says, "I come over to see if I could break the enchantment of the lady." — "Well, if you don't, I'll kill ye." "Yes, I know hit," says Jack. Said, "Do you think you can hit the iron hackle as hard as my old witch can, or can ye find anyone who can?" — "Yes, bedads, I think I can." So the king called his old witch and she stabbed her back agin the iron hackle and bounced off like a rubber ball and danced all over the room. "Hardy Hardback, come in here," says Jack. Hardy Hardback come in and struck that iron hackle and stove hit through the wall, jumped off on the floor and danced all over. King says, "Well, now do you think you can eat as much as my old witch can, or can ye find anyone who can?" — "Yes, I think I can. Come in here, Eat Well." So Eat Well come in and they assigned each a horse apiece. Eat Well jumped out and eat up his horse, and a cow or two, and a couple of sheep, and some pigs, and the old witch didn't have one horse eat up. So they called 'em in. Said, "Well, now do you think you can drink as much as my old witch can, or can ye find anyone who can?" "Yes, I think I can," says Jack. "Drink Well, come in here." So they assigned them a creek apiece and Drink Well jumped in and drank his up, and a spring or two, and was drinking the river up when they called 'em in. "Well now," says the king, "can you find a man that can run as fast as my old witch can?" "Yes, I think I can. Run Well, come in here." So they give 'em an egg shell apiece and started 'em to the ocean after an egg shell full of water. So Run Well run on to the ocean, got his water and come on back and met the old witch half way. She said, "I'm tired." He said, "I'm tired, too." She says, "Let's sit down and rest and not run ourselves to death for other people."

So they went up above the road a few steps to a nice grassy place and sat down and rested. She says, "Lay yer head over here and rest." She had an old jaw bone in her pocket and if she could git anybody to sleep and put that under their head they wouldn't wake up until that was knocked out. So Run Well being tired, she waited 'til he uz asleep and put that jaw bone under his head. She poured his egg shell out and started on to the ocean. Jack began to get uneasy and said, "Hark Well, hark well and see where Run Well's at." — "Jack, he's layin' asleep half way between here and the ocean with a jaw bone under his head, and he'll never wake 'til that's knocked out." "Shoot Well, shoot well and shoot hit out," says Jack. So Shoot Well shot and knocked hit out. Run Well jumped up and picked up his egg shell and started to the ocean. When he was comin' back he ketched up to the old witch and

knocked the old witch, and come on back to the king's house. And they was married 'fore the old witch got there and when I left they was rich.

#### 4. JACK AND THE FOX. <sup>1</sup>

One time they was an old man and three sons, Jack, Will and Tom. He called 'em up and divided his fortune. Give 'em all their portion and started 'em out to see who could marry the richest. Jack says to his father, "I don't want but one thing you've got, that's the old pet fox." Will and Tom got theyselves all dressed up fine and started out. They didn't want Jack to foller 'em, he looked like such a slab, so they made him go by hisself. So he tramped all day long. Finally along about dark he looked up the hill and saw a farm house and he thought he'd better go there and try to git lodgin' fer the night. Didn't have a penny, jest old pet fox. He went on up to the house and out in the yard he said, "Hello!" And here come the prettiest little cat walkin' to the door. "Who keeps house here?" says Jack. She says, "Cat and a mouse. I use to be a woman but the witches got mad at me and witched me into a cat, but," she says, "if you'll stay here three days and nights and not let a thing come into this house, not the least thing even down to a mouse, I'll be a pretty girl and I'll marry you." So he squeezed the old fox and it said, "Gold enough." "Yes, bedads, I will," says Jack.

So he put his old fox down and he cut him some clubs and fixed hisself at the door. Everything from a elephant to an ant tried to come in on him that night — all kinds of varmints. Next morning he went to the cat about hit and there's the prettiest baby he ever saw. So he got breakfast. The varmints weren't bad to try to come in of a day — always at night. And that night he got him some lamps and candles and he jest killed snakes and rats an other varmints all night long. Next mornin' he saw jest the prettiest little girl he ever did see. And he squeezed the fox and hit says, "Gold enough." So he fit all that night and she was a pretty woman and they uz married. So they hitched up the horses and carriage and started out fer his father's so as Jack cud show him his wife.

When they got near, they heard the banjo and the fiddle and music and all, and Will and Tom and their wives was there. So Jack jest pulled out on a turnpike and left his wife and put on his old clothes and tuk his pet fox under his arm and went in. So Will he pushed his wife behind one door, Tom, he pushed his behind the beds so they wouldn't see Jack he was so shabby. So Jack come on in and he squeezed his fox and hit says, "Gold enough." And then Jack, he went and got his wife and carriage and all and drove up. And Tom tuk his wife out one door and Will tuk his out the other — 'cause they weren't rich. So Jack he come out the right end of the horn. He married plumb rich.

## 5. THE ENCHANTED LADY.

One time they's an old king and he got so rich and he put out an oration that anyone who cud break the enchantment of his youngest daughter cud have her and the half of his kingdom. And the way to break the enchantment was to stay in sight of a rabbit twenty-four hours. But if you couldn't keep the rabbit in sight twenty-four hours the king killed ye. But if ye cud, you killed the king. So they's jest lots and lots went over. Every time one ud start over they'd meet a little old dried up man. He's ask 'em where they was goin' and they jest sass 'em and go on. So this little old Jack, he started over. So he met the little old man. "Where you goin', son?" — "Well, Uncle, I'm goin' over to the king's house to try to keep in sight of a rabbit twenty-four hours." "Take this drill and go right over in a pine thicket; you jest put this little old drill down and the rabbit ul jest take right out around hit and go 'round and 'round until hit falls over dead." So Jack put hit in his pocket and went over to the king's house. Says, "Hello." King comes out and says, "What'll ye have?" "I've come over to try and break the enchantment of the lady," says Jack. "You know if ye don't I'll kill you, don't ye?" "Yes, I know hit," says Jack.

So the old king stove out and ketched a rabbit right down in the thicket and he give hit to Jack and while he was a ketchin' the rabbit Jack jest wretched down and stuck the drill in the ground and the rabbit tuk out around hit. So the old king begun to git kind of sick. He didn't know what was the matter but he seen Jack was a goin' to git him. So long in the evenin' he says to his daughter, "Jack's goin' to git to kill me. I wonder if you kin go down there and buy that drill." So she went down to where Jack was and tried to buy the drill off him. Jack says, "If you'll hug me and kiss me right good." So she did but he said, "No, I'm goin' to have you and half the old king has got." So she went on back and told the old king and he sent his oldest daughter. She offered Jack a pile of money. Jack says, "No, but if you'll hug me and kiss me right good, you kin have hit." So after a while he says, "Now you've hugged me and kissed me, but I'm goin' to kill him and have your sister." So the oldest sister went on back. "Well," says the king, (It was between sun down and dark) "I guess Jack's goin' to kill me." So he went in where the queen sit a smokin' her pipe and says, "Mammy, you go down and see if you kin buy hit." She went down un told Jack all the disheartenin' tales she cud. Jack says, "If you'll hug and kiss me right good, I'll let ye have hit." So she hugged and kissed him right good, but when she got through, Jack says, "I'm goin' to kill the old king, I'm goin' to have a half of his fortune and his youngest daughter. That's the oration and I'm goin' to stick to hit." So she went on back. Long in the evenin' old king says, "I'm goin' to die, I'm goin' to take this bowl and we'll have Jack sing hit full fer me 'fore I die."

So king went down and says, " Jack, will ye sing the bowl full for me ? "  
Jack says, " All right. "

" Your youngest daughter she come down,  
Oh fer to buy my drill ;  
She hugged me and she kissed me well,  
Fill, bowl fill.

" Your oldest daughter etc.  
" Your queen she come down  
Oh fer to buy my drill  
She hugged..... "

" Stop ! Jack, stop ! Oh, oh, oh, don't sing that, Jack, " says the old king, " jest kill me. " So Jack killed him and married his daughter and when I left there, Jack uz rich.

#### 6. JACK THE GIANT KILLER.

One time they was a fine wealthy man lived way out in the forest. But he couldn't have nothing, hogs and sheep and cows and sech like because the giants killed 'em. So he went out and put him up an ad-ver-tise-ment (Put up a board or hew out the side of a tree and write what he want to.) So he put up one for some one to clear land. Little old boy Jack saw hit and he tramped and tramped until he got away out in the forest and he called, " Hello. " Old man hollered, " What'll ye have ? " Jack says, " I've come to clear yer land. " " All right, " says the man. It was Sunday evenin' un they uz havin' supper. The old lady says, " What'll ye have for supper, Jack ? " He said mush and milk. While they was makin' the supper a preacher come in an' they sit the mush away and they fried him a chicken and fixed some coffee and fixed a good supper. After supper Jack tol 'em he wanted a piece of leather so he made him a pouch, a sort of haversack thing to tie around his waist. Next morn-ing they got up, asked Jack what he'd have for breakfast. Said, " Jest give me that cold mush and milk. " He'd take a spoonful and then poke one in a hole in his pouch. So he got it full. Then he said he was ready to go to work. So man says, now he says, " Jack, I don't want you to back out, but I'm no a wantin' any land cleared. I want to kill them giants over there and I'll give a thousand dollars a head for them — some of 'em has two heads, and I'll give you five hundred dollars down, and five hundred dollars when you come back. " Jack says, " Give me a tomihawk (that's a thing like a hatchet 'cept it has two heads to hit. They used hit in olden times. Indians use to use hit to scalp with.) and I may be in for dinner, and hit may be night when I git in. " So they give him a tomihawk and he went over in the forest and climb a great long pine. Along about one o'clock he looked way down in the holler and saw

a great old giant a comin' up with two heads. So he says to himself, "Land I'm gone." So the old giant come up, and he says, "What are you doin' up there?" Jack says, "I'm a clearin' timber." Giant says, "Come down from there, you aint got sense enough to clear timber, you have to have an ax and chop down timber." So Jack come down a little way. "Have ye had yer dinner?" says the Giant. Jack says, "I've had my dinner." Giant says, "I'm sorry, I jest come to ask you to come down and take dinner with me. Come down, let's wrestle and play a while." Jack says, "All righ, bedads, I'll be down." So Jack come down and down, till he got right on a limb a top the giant. He had no idea of comin' down when he started, jest tryin' to bluff the giant. Jack says to the giant, "I can do somethin' you can't do." Giant says, "What is hit?" Jack says, "I can squeeze milk out of a flint rock." Giant says, "Oh ye can't do hit?" Jack says, "Yes I can, you hand me up one and I'll show you." So Giant handed him up one, and Jack gits hit right close to his little old pouch and squeezes milk out on the rock and drapped the milk on the giant. Giant says, "Hand me down that rock; if you can squeeze milk out of hit, I can." Jack handed it down to the giant. The giant was so stout that when he put his hands to hit, he just crushed it into powder. Jack says, "I told you you couldn't squeeze milk out of hit. I can do something else you can't do." — "What's that?" — "I kin take a knife and cut my belly open and sew hit up again." Giant says, "Oh you can't neither." "Yes, I can," says Jack. "I'll show you, hand me your knife." So the giant hands him up his knife and Jack cut that pouch open and sewed hit up again. "Now didn't I tell you I could?" Giant says, "Hand me down that knife," and he just rip his belly open and fell over dead. So Jack crawled back down and tuk his tomihawk and cut off his head. And that evening late he come waggin' him in a giant's head. That jest tickled the forest man and he paid Jack a heap of money and says, "Now Jack, if you kin jest get the rest of 'em; they's a whole family of 'em."

So next morning Jack took his tomihawk (or Tommy hatchet) and went over and climb the big old pine agin. So long about noon he looked down the holler and he saw two giants a comin' each with two heads on. So they begin to get closter and closter. Jack climb down and tuk out down the holler and as he went he filled his shirt tail with rocks. After a while he come to a big old holler log and he climb in hit with his shirt tail plumb full of rocks. So the giants went up and mourned over their brother. And they went down past Jack sayin', "Poor brother, if we jest knew who it was a murdered him, we'd shore fix him." Jack was a layin' in there with his heart jest a beatin'. They past the log and said, "Let's pick up this log and carry hit down to poor old mother for some kindlin". So they each tuk an end and carried hit a little ways. Jack thought he'd try his rocks on 'em. So he crawled up pretty close to the end and throwed a rock and hit one of the giants. Giant says to the



other one, "What you hit me for?" Giant says, "I didn't hit you." — "Yes, you did too." Then Jack crawled back and throwed a rock at the other giant. "What you hit me for? I never hit you." — "I didn't hit you." — "Yes you did too." So they fit and they fit and fit and directly they killed each other; one fell one side of the log dead and the other on the other side. So Jack crawled out and cut their heads off and went on back home. So he was gettin' him a pretty good load of money and was gettin' awfully tickled. The forest man were plumb tickled too and said, "Jack, if you jest can get the rest. But watch out they don't get you." "Bedads they won't git me," says Jack. So next mornin' he says, "Give me my tomihawk," and he went on out. So along in the evenin' he looked down the holler and saw a little old giant comin' up about his size. "Well," says Jack, "I've about got 'em from the looks of this one." This little giant come up a talkin' to hisself. Looked up in the tree and saw Jack sittin' there. "Stranger, can you tell me who has killed my poor old brothers?" — "Yes, I killed your brothers, and bedad, I'll come down and kill you if you fool with me." — "Oh please, Jack, please Jack, I'm all the child my mother's got left, and you kill me there won't be nobody to git her wood this winter and she'll freeze to death. If you'll come down I'll take you home with me and we'll have the best dinner." So Jack went on down. Giant went to his mother and says, "Jack come home with me, and he says he's the one who killed brothers but he's not much." So Giant's mother says, "Well, come on in Jack, you'uns go out and play pitch crowbar awhile." Jack couldn't lift it. Little old giant pick hit up and throwed hit about one hundred yards. Jack went over and picked up one end and begin to holler, "Hey, uncle. Hey, uncle." Giant says, "Hey, Jack, what you hollerin' about?" — "I've got an uncle in the Illinois who is a blacksmith and I thought I'd jest pitch hit to him." — "Oh don't do that Jack, hit's all we have." — "Well if I can't pitch hit to Illinois, I won't pitch hit at all." Little old giant slipped back to the house, "Mother, I don't believe Jack is much stout." "Well, we'll see," says the mother. "Here boys, take these pails down to the river." Little old giant tuk the buckets and when he got to the river he stove in his bucket and put hit up full and then he stove Jack's in and put hit up full. Jack begun to roll up his sleeves. Little old giant says, "What you goin' to do Jack?" — "Oh thought I'd carry up the river." — "Oh don't Jack, mother might walk in her sleep and fall in." — "All right," says Jack, "but I wouldn't be ketched a carryin' that little old bucket." So they went on back. The mother had a big hot oven sittin' in front of the fire with a plank across hit. "Get on this plank Jack and I'll ride ye," says she. So Jack got up un she shuck him and shuck him trying to shake him into the oven but he fell off on the wrong side. "Let me show you," says old mother giant, and she got on and Jack give her a shake and popped her in the oven, and he had him a baked giant in a minute.

Little old giant came in, says, "Mother, mother, I smell Jack." Jack says, "No you don't, that's your mother ye smell." When little old giant sees Jack, he begin to holler, "Oh! Jack, I'll give ye anything if you won't kill me." — "All right, give me a suit of invisible clothes." So he give him invisible suit and Jack just went over the house and tuk what he wanted, all that was any account, because the giant couldn't see him. And Jack tuk a sword and walked up to the little old giant and stuck hit in him and went and got him some silver and when I left there, Jack was plumb rich.

#### 7. SOP, DOLL, SOP <sup>1</sup>

They was a poor little old orphan boy growed up in the country and his name was Jack and he never could find anything he could do. So he found an advertisement of a man wanted a miller. So he tramped across the mountain and went a long ways 'til he come to the Miller's house. Got there one Sunday afternoon. In them days they didn't never come up to the house and ring the door bell, they always hollered, "Hello." So Jack hollered, "Hello." Miller says, "What'll ye have?" "I've see yer advertisement," says Jack, "and I've come to work fer ye." — "I'm in need of a miller." — "Well, bedad, I've come to tend your mill fer ye." "Well, I'll jest tell ye now I've hired lots of millers but they always died," says the Miller. "Well, I'd jest as soon be dead as alive. I've got no home and no place to stay," says Jack.

"Well, you're the kind of man I'm looking fer," says the Miller. "We'll go down and I'll show ye around about the mill. Now you'll have to cook here on this fire place; here's yer meal un yer meat and yer skillet. Jest make yourself at home and cook what ye need." "Well, bedads, I'll get along all right," says Jack. So Jack baked him some bread un made him some coffee un fried him some meat. So he didn't put his meat un bread up on the table, jest put 'em on the floor and sat down beside 'em. He had him a little brass lamp and the light of the fire place and the moon was shining as bright as daylight. All at once the little old cabin got as dark as midnight. He got up and chared up his fire and when he looked around every crack in the house was full of cats — jest as thick as they cut stick — with their eyes jest shinin'. That sort of scared him and he jest sit down and commenced to eatin'. All of a sudden one big old black cat jumped out in the middle and hollered, "Sop, doll, sop." Then all the cats sat down on the floor. She walked up and popped her paw in his meat sop and licked hit and hollered, "Sop, doll, sop." He began to get scared and he said, "Stick your old paw in here again and I'll whack hit off." So she stick hit in and hollered, "Sop, doll, sop." "If you do hit again," says Jack, "I'll hack it off." She did hit

again and he hacked it off. When he hacked hit off, it fell into the fryin' pan — hit was a woman's hand with a ring on the finger and she holler-ed, " Whar-a-a, " and they all went out the cracks and the moon shined back in as bright as day. So he tuk that hand and he wrops hit up in some tissue paper and drops hit down in his coat pocket.

So next morning he wuz up bright and early and had his breakfast over and was grinding and whistling when the miller comes down. Said, " Why, hello, Jack, I see you're still alive. " " Yes, bedads, I'm still alive, " says Jack, " but I'll tell ye what I done last night. " And he telled all about the cats. " Show ye what I done too, " and he pulled this hand out of his pocket. So he handed out this hand to the man. And he says, " That's my wife's hand. " Jack says, " Oh surely not. " He says, " Yes hit is. " Jack says, " Well, she was a big black cat when I hacked hit off. " -- " Well, hit is, " says the Miller, " fer this is a ring I put on her hand yestiday. " So he tuk the hand and went up to the house. Says, " Nancy, let's see your right hand. " She poked him out her left. Says, " Nancy, hit's yer right hand I want. " She begin cryin' and said, " I haven't any. " So he says, " Now tell me all about this, Nancy, and I won't have you burned. "

" Well, I didn't want you to have a miller. I wanted you to keep the mill yourself. So I got all my friends and witched 'em into cats, and got 'em to witch 'emselves into cats and we put pizen into the miller's sop. And when I went, put pizen into this man's sop he hacked off my hand. " So he gathered up all the other witches and had 'em burned and that made the other husbands mad, and they had his wife hung. He wouldn't let 'em burn her 'cause he had said she shouldn't be. So Jack made an end of a good many witches.

#### 8. OLD STIFF DICK. <sup>1</sup>

They uz a little old boy long time ago, didn't have no mammy or poppy, jest growed up in the hog weeds, and he didn't even know his name, but everybody called him Jack. And he jest stayed here and yonder, wherever he could drop in at night. So one day he was a walkin' the road and he had him a belt around his waist and he had him a little old knife and he was a whitlin' and makin' him a paddle. So he come along past a mud hole and there was a lot of little old blue butterflies over hit. So he struck down with his paddle and he killed seven of the butterflies. So he goes on a little piece further and he comes to a blacksmith shop, and he gets the blacksmith to cut letters in his belt, " Stiff Dick killed seven at a lick. " So he goes on a piece further and he passes the king's house. King runs out and says, " I see you're a very brave man ; I see where you've killed seven at a lick. " — " Yes, bedads,

1. Bolte & Polivka, xx.

I'm a mighty brave man." So the king says, "Stranger, I want to hire a brave man to kill some animals we have here in the woods. We have a wild municorn here killin' so many people, soon we'll all be kilt. If you'll kill that municorn, we'll pay you one thousand dollars, five hundred down, and five hundred when you bring the municorn in." So Dick says, "All right." So the king paid him five hundred dollars. Stiff Dick stuck that in his pocket and said to hisself, "Bedads, if they ever see me around here again." And he tuk out. When he got way up in the mountains the municorn smelled him and here it come,

Whippity cut,  
Whippity cut,  
Whippity cut.

Stiff Dick tuk to runnin' and the municorn after him. The municorn was jest clippin' Stiff Dick. They run up the mountains and down the ridges. So long late in the evening they started down a long ridge, the municorn jest a runnin' after Stiff Dick. And away down at the end of the ridge Stiff Dick saw a big oak and he made a beeline to see if he cud clumb hit. So the municorn was jest a gettin' so close that agin they got there the municorn was jest behin' him. Jack jest slipped around the oak right quick and the municorn stove his horn into hit and he just rared and plunged. As soon as Stiff Dick saw he was fastened for all time to come, he went on to the king's house. King says, "Did you get the municorn?" Dick says, "Municorn? Laws an massy, never was nothin' but little old bull calf come tearin' out there after me. I jest picked it up by one ear and tail and stove it agin a tree and if you all wanst hit, you'll have to go up thar and git hit." So the king got him a great army and went up and killed the municorn, come back and paid Jack five hundred dollars more. King says, "Now, Stiff Dick, there's one more wild animal living up here, a wild bull-boar. I'll give five hundred dollars now and five hundred more when you ketch hit." Jack tuk the five hundred dollars and says to hisself, "You'll never see me anymore." But after he'd gone a little ways here come the wild boar after him,

Whippity cut.  
Whippity cut,  
Whippity cut,

All day long around the mountains, across the mountains and down the ridges, all the day just a runnin'. So along late in the evenin' away down in the holler he saw an old house and when he got down there the door was open. So he run right in the door and up the wall and the wild boar run right after him and laid down under him. Boar was tired and soon fell asleep So Dick eased up the wall and over and down the outside

and shut the wild boar up in there. So he went down to the king's house. King says, "Did ye git the wild boar?" Stiff Dick says, "Wild boar? Laws a massy, I never saw nothing but a little old boar pig come bristlin' up after me. I jest picked hit up by the tail and throwed hit in an old waste house. And if you all wanst hit, you'll have to go up thar and git hit." So king got up an army of men and went up and killed the wild boar and went back down and paid Stiff Dick his other five hundred dollars. King says, "Now, Stiff Dick, there's one more wild animal we want to git killed. That's a big brown bear." So he give Dick another five hundred dollars. Stiff Dick says to hisself, "If I can jest get out of here no brown bear ul never see me." So he got way up on the mountain; old brown bear smelled him and here he come, —

Whippity cut,  
Whippity cut,  
Whippity cut.

Across the hills, up the ridges, every way to dodge the bear. The bear uz right after him. So late in the evenin', way down at the end of a ridge he saw old pine tree that had been all burned over and was right black. Jack made a beeline fur that tree. The bear was jest a little ways behind when Jack run up the tree. Bear was down at the root of the tree and he was so mad he tried to gnaw the tree down. Hit gnawed and gnawed. Jack keep a easin' down on another old snag and another old snag and directly he got on a snag jest above the old bear and the old snag broke and Jack fell just a straddle the old bear and they jest burnt the wind. Stiff Dick was so tickled and so scared, too, that he was jest a hollerin' and screamin' and directly he run the bear right thru the town and the soldier boys heared him a screamin' and they run out and shot hit. Stiff Dick got off it when it fell, and he was jest a swearin' and a rarin'. He was swearin' he was breakin' hit for the king a riddy horse. And king come out and heard Stiff Dick a swearin' he was a breakin' the bear for the king a riddy horse and he got mad and made the soldier boys pay Dick five hundred dollars. And when I left there Stiff Dick was rich.

9. WHITEBERRY WHITTINGTON.<sup>1</sup>

Whiteberry Whittington was a hired boy and he lived with the king, and he loved the hired girl. So he was out helpin' to kill beef one day and he got some blood on his shirt. The king's daughter she was kinda in love with him. So when he got back he says to the hired girl and the king's girl, "Whichever one washes this stain out my shirt, that's the one I'm goin' to marry." So the hired girl she washed hit out, he knowed

1. Bolte & Polivka, XC, XCIII, CXXVII.

she would, and he married her and lived with her until they had three children.

One day King's daughter says, "I washed that shirt and you said whichever one washed that stain out your shirt, that's the one you was goin' to marry." "Yes, I did," says Whiteberry Whittington, so he left with the king's daughter. And the hired girl she was home jest a mournin', and at last old woman come by and says, "Why are you always a grievin' and a cryin'?" The hired girl told her how her husband had left her and gone away with the king's daughter. Old woman says, "If you'll give me one of these children, I'll tell you where your husband is. But," she says, "you'll have to climb the glassy hills and wade the bloody seas to git to him." — "I don't mind that but I hate to give up one of my little children." She wasn't a aimin' to give hit up to her at all. Old woman says, "Well, when you find your husband you kin come back and git the child." So she wouldn't give it to her and the old woman says, "Well, now listen, if you give me this child, I'll give you this beautiful fan and help you git your husband." So she give her a child and started on her way with the two children and she travelled and travelled until she met another old woman who looked like the first one. "Oh! these two pretty children," she says. "You've jest got to give me one of them." So the hired girl says, "No, I've already had to give one to the old witch and I can't give way nary nother one." Old woman says, "You'll never find your husband if you don't give me one of them children." Girl says, "Oh, I can't give nary nother child." Old woman says, "Give me one of them children and I'll give you this pretty comb and it'll help your husband to love you and I'll help you find him." So she give the old woman one of the children and she tuk the comb and started on. So she clumb the glassy hills and waded the bloody seas and went on. Travelled on for about two more days and met another old woman who says, "Oh, this pretty baby, I'm bound to have this pretty baby." — "No, I jest can't give you this baby. I've had to give the other two children to the old witches and I have to hunt my husband and I jest don't believe I could live if I had to give up this one." The old woman says, "If you'll give me this one, I'll give you this pretty string of beads, and if you don't, you'll never find your husband and you'll never live nuther." So she tuk the string of beads and give the old witch the child and went on to the place her husband and the king's daughter was, and it want but a day or two before she saw Whiteberry Whittington, and it want but a few more days 'fore she saw the king's daughter. King's daughter says, "Oh, that pretty fan, I've got to have that pretty fan." "No," hired girl says, "You got my man and that's enough for you." — "No, I've got to have that fan, I'll send my husband over to spend the night with you." — He wasn't her husband of course because he'd married the hired girl. The king's daughter jest said that. She was anxious to git him to come over so she could tell him how

the king's daughter had lied her and lied him. So she give the king's daughter the fan.

So the king's daughter went home and told him he was to go over. So he went over, he jest minded the king's daughter like he was a little brown puppy, and the king's daughter says, " You got to take this dost of laudnum because I don't want her a talkin' to you." So when he got over there, she wanted him to have some supper with her. But he said no, he was sleepy and wanted to go to bed. So she fixed the bed and he went to bed. She crawled in behind him. So she says,

" I've clumb the glassy hills and waded the bloody seas,  
My three little babes I've give for thee,  
Turn over to me, my fair Whittington. "

But he was jest so sound asleep he couldn't wake. So in two or three days the king's daughter happened to notice the comb. " Oh, what'll you take for that comb, I just must have that comb. " — " No, you have my man and that's enought for you. " — " Say, if you'll give me that comb, I'll send him back to stay all night with you. " So she give her the comb. So the king's daughter give him another dost of laudnum and he wouldn't eat no supper and all during the night she'd talk to him, but couldn't git him to wake enought to speak to. She'd say,

" I've clumb the glassy hills and waded the bloody seas,  
My three little babes I've give for thee,  
Turn over to me, Whitberry Whittington. "

He'd never move. So in two or three days the king's daughter saw her beads. " Oh, I'm jest bound to have them beads. " — " No, you got my man, you got my fan, you got my comb. I'm jest not goin' to let you have these beads. " — " I'll let my man come and stay all night with you if you'll jest let me have them beads. " So she let her have the beads. So that night when she give the laudnum to Whiteberry Whittington, he jest spite hit down in his boot and went on over. So she told him what a hard time she'd had to git to him, how she had had to give up her children. She told him that the king's daughter lied him and that she was the one that washed the blood out. So he went back to the king's daughter and says, " You jest lied me and I'm goin' back with my wife, kill the old witches and git my children. " So he tuk his wife and they went on back and stopped at every house and killed the old witch and tuk the children and when I left there, they was rich and livin' happy.

10. OLD FOSTER. <sup>1</sup>

They use to be an old man, he lived way over in the forest by hisself, and all he lived on was he caught women and boiled 'em in front of the fire and eat 'em. Now the way my mother told me, he'd go into the villages and tell 'em this and that and get 'em to come out and catch 'em and jest boil they breasts. That's what she told me, and then I've heard hit that he jest eat 'em. Well, they was a beautiful stout woman, he liked 'em the best (he'd a been right atter me un your mother) so every day he'd come over to this woman's house and he'd tell her to please come over to see his house. "Why, Mr. Foster, I can't find the way." — "Yes, you can. I'll take a spool of red silk thread out of my pocket and I'll start windin' hit on the bushes and it'll carry ye straight to my house." So she promised him one day she'd come. So she got her dinner over one day and she started. So she follered the red silk thread and went on over to his house. When she got there, there was a poor little old boy sittin' over the fire a boilin' meat. And he says, "Laws, Aunt," — she uz his aunt, — "what er you doin' here? Foster kills every woman uz comes here. You leave here jest as quick as you can."

She started to jump out the door and she saw Foster a comin' with two young women, one under each arm. So she run back and says, "Jack, honey, what'll I do, I see him a comin'?" "Jump in that old closet under the stair and I'll lock you in," says Jack.

So she jumped in and Jack locked her in. So Foster come in and he was jest talkin' and a laughin' with those two girls and tellin' the most tales, and he was goin' to taken 'em over to a corn shuckin' next day. Foster says, "Come on in and have supper with me." So Jack put up some boiled meat and water. That's all they had. As soon as the girls stepped in and seed the circumstance and seed their time had come their countenance fell. Foster says, "You better come in and eat, maybe the last chanct you'll ever have." Girls both jumped up and started to run. Foster jumps up and ketched 'em, and gets his tomihawk and starts up stairs with 'em. Stairs was shackly and rattly, and as they went up one of the girls wretched her hand back and caught hold of a step and Foster jest tuck his tomihawk and hacked her hand off. It drapped into whar she was. She laid on in there until next day atter Foster went out then Jack let her out.

She jest bird worked over to where the corn shuckin' was. When she got there Foster was there. She didn't know how to git Foster destroyed. The people thought these people got out in the forest and the wild animals ud ketch 'em. So she says, "I dreamt an awful dream last night. I dreamed I lived close to Foster's house and he was always a wantin' me to come to his house."



Foster says, " Well, that ain't so, and it shan't be so, and God forbid it ever should be so. "

She went right on, " And I dreamt he put out a red thread and I follered hit to his house and there uz Jack broilin' women's breasts in front the fire. "

Foster says, " Well, that ain't so, and it shan't be so, and God forbid it ever should be so. "

She went right on, " And he says, 'What er you doin' here? Foster kills every woman uz comes here. ' "

Foster says, " Well, that ain't so, and it shan't be so, and God forbid it ever should be so. "

She went right on, " And I seed Foster acomin' with two girls. And when they git thar the girls their hearts failed 'em and Foster ketched 'em and gets his tomihawk and starts up stairs with 'em. "

Foster says, " Well, that ain't so, and it shan't be so, and God forbid it ever should be so. "

She went right on, " The stairs was shackly and rattly and as they went up, one of the girls wretched her hand back and caught hold of a step and Foster jest tuk his tomihawk and hacked her hand off. "

Foster says, " Well, that ain't so, and it shan't be so, and God forbid it ever should be so. "

She says, " Hit is so, and it shall be so and here I've got the hand to show. "

And they knowed the two girls was missin' and they knowed it was so, so they lynched Foster and then they went and got Jack and bound him out.

## II. OLD CATKINS. <sup>1</sup>

They was an old man and an old woman and they had three girls and the mother died. One of the girls was awfully lazy when she was a grow-in' up, and the other two girls jest fairly hated her. So she'd always say when they was a fussin' at her, " That's all right; Catskins ul come out the big end of the horn someday. " So when the mother died the father tuk her wedding dress and put it away and said whenever he found another woman who looked as nice in that dress he'd marry agin. So the girls, they fussed so much at Catskins they really made her father think she was no good and he didn't get her no pretty things or nothin'. So one day the two oldest girls were off visitin' so Catskin, she jest tried herself to see what a nice dinner she could git for her father. So they was eatin' dinner that day and her father said, " Catskin, I believe you're the smartest girl I've got. " That tickled Catskins pretty near to death. So after she washed and cleaned up, she thought she'd try on her mother's wedding dress. She'd never been dressed up before in her life.

1. Bolte & Polivka, LXV.

So her father was up on the hill a ploughin' and he looked down in the yard and he saw someone with his wife's wedding dress on. So he loosed the horse from the plough jest as quick as he could and went down and said, " Who was that with my wife's wedding dress on ? " She said she didn't know. He said, " Yes, you do know and you've got to tell me too. " — " Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you'll get me a dress the color of every cloud that ever floated in the ereal I'll tell ye. " So he went and got the dress just as quick as he could. Then she said she had to have one the color of every bird that ever flew in the air and then she'd tell him. So he went and got a dress the color of every bird that ever flew in the air. And then she said she had to have a dress the color of every fish that ever floated in the sea. So he went and got that. And then she said, " Twas me. " And that made him mad and he said he was goin' to beat her up and she had to leave home. So she tuk her dresses and started out to git work. And on the way she left her dresses at the dressmaker's and told her she'd come and redeem 'em. So she went on to the king's house and she went round to the back door, and so she knocked and a colored girl went to the door and she said, " Could I see the queen, please ? " And the colored girl hunted the queen and brought her to the door and the girl says, " Do you want to hire some more help ? " Queen says, " Do you want to work with the darkies ? " She says, " Yes, I don't mind. I'd jest as soon work with the colored girls as anybody. " So Catskins just went in and pushed up her sleeves and went to work, and she soon had the rest of the girls jest ashamed of theyselves. She had the kitchen jest a shinin'. So the queen come in and says, " My goodness, you'll have the other girls ashamed of theyselves. " Says, " There's goin' to be a big dance down at the club house Saturday night and I'll dress you up in some of my clothes and let you go and have a good time. " So Saturday night rolled around and the queen come and dressed Catskin up and started her down to the ball to have a good time. Catskins went down where her dresses was and drug out the one the color of every cloud that ever floated in the ereal and she put hit on and went on down to the ball. So she sure enough did have a good time. The king's son was there and he danced with her, and he got to liken her and thought she was the prettiest thing he ever saw. So they give out they'd be another ball the next Saturday night and wanted 'em all to be there. So she promised 'em she'd be there. So she went back and she tuk the queen's dress to her and told her what a good time she'd had and the queen said, " 'You jest keep a workin' like you been and you can go to all the balls they is and I'll dress you in a heap fine dress next time. " So she jest made things shine that week. And the queen just fell in love with her and so the next Saturday night she brought her a fine dress. But Catskins went out and got her dress the color of every bird that ever flew in the sky and she fixed herself up and went on to the ball. So the king's son was there and jest fell in love with her. So he told

her he loved her and he told her he'd bring the ring next week. So that week Catskin jest spread herself to see how much she could do. So next Saturday night the queen brought out the finest dress and sent her to the ball to have a good time. But Catskins went out and got her dress the color of every fish that ever floated in the sea. So the king's son was there and he brought her the ring and when the ball was over, he wanted to take her home. She said, "No, you're not goin' to take me home. If you take me home, I'll not get to come back no more." He was bound to take her home, but she said, "You're not goin' nary step." So she went on home alone. Well, there was nary nother dance give out and there they was. The king's son didn't have no way to know whar she was and he couldn't find her nowhere. So he got sick ; got bad sick. So his mother was jest gettin' all kinds of doctors. He said, "Now, mother, don't get nary doctory fer me 'cause my heart's broke." So he went to bed and wouldn't eat nary a bite. The queen, she was all the time a cookin' tryin' to get him to eat a bite. One day Catskins says, "Let me cook him a cake." She said, "Oh Catskin, he wont eat what you cook him." She said, "Well, he did eat my cookin' every day. Let me try hit. I jest believe he would." So his mother said, "Well, honey, go ahead and bake. I'd jest give anything in this world if I could see him eat jest one bite." So Catskins went to work and she baked a little cake and she put the ring in hit and carried it to his mother and she begged his mother to let her carry hit up stairs. So his mother consented to let her carry hit upstairs. Catskins says, "I'll jest take it to the door and hand it in to you." So Catskins carried hit up to the door and handed hit in to the queen and Catskins jest peeked in and smiled. And the king's son said, "Oh, mother, let Catskins come in, she smiles jest like the girl at the ball." So his mother says, "Eat a little cake " Catskin fixed hit so he could find that ring. So when he bite the cake and found the ring he said, "Oh, Catskins, you're the girl I saw at the ball, come help me up." So she holped 'em up and they uz married and when I left there they uz rich.

Note. — When asked why girl was called Catskins, she said, "She was raggy and she didn't have no new clothes, her sisters jest wouldn't give hit to her, so they patched her dress with the old cat's hide." When asked to repeat where dance was to be held, she changed from "a big dance at the club house," to "a big dance Saturday night."

## 12. JACK AND THE NORTHWEST WIND. <sup>1</sup>

Once they was a boy and he got awful triffing. He got so thinly clad he was about to freeze to death and he got hit into his head he cud stop the northwest wind. So he had an old uncle lived way out in the north-

1. Bolte & Polivka, XXXVI, LIV.

west so he thought he would go to that uncle. So he went out there and his uncle said, " Jack, where you started ? " " Well, bedads, I've started to stop the northwest wind. I'm about to freeze to death, " says Jack. " Oh, Jack, don't do that ; if you'll go on back home and leave that northwest wind alone, I'll give you a rooster and you can jest pat him on the back and say, ' Lay a gold egg, 'and he'll lay ye a cap full. " So Jack tuk his rooster and stuck him under his arm and started. Uncle says, " Now don't you stay over at that house. " So he told him how to go so as not to stay there. So boy tuk his rooster and went over to that house, and called to stay all night. So one of the boys come to take Jack's rooster to put it away and Jack says, " Now this rooster is all I've got to make my living so take good care of hit. You can jest pat him on the back and he'll lay gold eggs. "

So the boy jest eased the rooster in his hen house and next morning he gave Jack his old rooster. They uz awful good to Jack ; wouldn't charge him a penny. So he went on home. When he got there, he let the rooster down and patted him on the back and said, " Lay a gold egg, " and he wouldn't lay none, so that made Jack mad and he killed him and eat him. So when he got his old chicken eat up, heuz cold and thought, " Bedads I'm going to stop that northwest wind. " So he went on out to his uncle's and when his uncle saw him, he says, " What you doin' back here ? " " I've come to stop the northwest wind ; I'm about to freeze to death, " says Jack. " That old chicken was no account and I jest killed hit and et it. "

" Now, Jack, you'll jest go on home and let that northwest wind alone. I'm agoin' to give you a sword and hit ul cut forty inches through anything — cut trees down, cut heads — jest anything. If you'll jest go on home. Now don't stop over at that house, Jack, if you do, they'll steal hit. They've got swords jest exactly like hit and they'll put you in one of theirs. " So Jack gets his sword and starts out an goes right over to that house and stays all night. So the boy says, " I'll take care your sword fer ye. " " All right, " says Jack. " But take good care because it'll cut forty inches through anything. " So boy jest takes hit and puts hit in his box and puts one of his own swords in Jack's box. So next mornin' Jack gets up and takes his sword and goes on home with it. And when he gets there he takes the sword and puts it down in his wood yard and says, " Cut away, cut away, sword, " and it wouldn't do nothin', so he got awful mad and sold his sword for about a dollar and started back to stop the northwest wind. So he got back over there where his uncle lived. And his uncle says, " Jack, what you doin' back here, and where's your sword ? " — " That sword want no good and I sold hit for a dollar and I'm goin' to stop the north wind. " So his uncle says, " I'll tell ye what'll I'll do. If you'll go on home and let the northwest wind alone, I'll give ye a club and when you say, ' Play away club ', hit'll jest bust up anything. " — " Well, bedads, I will. " So he got his club and started

and went right on over to that house and stopped to stay all night. And he told that boy all about his club. So way in the night Jack was layin' there awake and heard the boy say, "Play away club." And the club began to play away and just knocked the boy over and jest addled him. And Jack got his rooster and his sword and tuk his club and went on home and when I left there Jack was plumb rich.

### 13. JACK AND THE BEANSTALK. <sup>1</sup>

Once there was a little boy and he didn't have no mother or no father and his grandmother was a raisin' him and she uz awfully mean to him. So she whipped him one morning and she whipped him awfully hard and he was cryin'. So she was sweepin' the house and she swept up a bean and she says, "Here, take this bean and go out and plant it and make you a bean tree." He went out and planted it and he played around all day and was very good after that. So next morning he got up and ran out early to see about his bean tree and hit had growed to the top of the house. So he run and said, "Grandmother, my bean tree is as high as the house." So she slapped his face and said, "Go on out of here, you know it's not up yet." When she went out, sure enough it was high as the house. So hit made her kind a sorry and she give him a piece of bread and butter. So next morning he jumped up and ran out and says, "Granny, my bean tree's as high as the sky." So she slapped him again and says, "Son, don't come in here telling such lies as that, you know hits not as high as the sky." So after a while when she got thru cleanin' up she went out and sure enought it did look like the bean tree had growed up thru the sky. So Jack played around all that day and looked at his bean tree and next day he decided he'd climb hit. So he started and he told his grandmother, "I'll hack you off a mess of beans as I go up." So he clumb and clumb and throwed her down the beans. Atter a while he come to a big field. So he got out and got to wandering around in that field and he saw a house. So he went to this house and then he saw the old giant's wife was a sittin' thar and she says, "Law, little boy, what you doin' here? don't you know the giant ul be in directly?" — "Oh, hide me, do please hide me," says Jack. And atter a while she hid him under the bed. So directly the old giant come in and says, "Fi fo fiddledy fun, I smell the blood of an Englishman. Dead or alive I'll have his bones to eat with my bread and butter." His wife says, "Aw now, poppy, don't talk that way, that was just a little old boy that was here this evenin' and he's gone now." So the giant et his supper and Jack lay there under the bed and he looked out at the giant's boots and a gun. Fastened to the bed cords they was the prettiest china bells. So he wanted the china bells and he wanted the

boots and he wanted the giant's gun. So he laid there 'til they was all asleepin' and he eased out and got the giant's gun and down the bean stalk he went. So he laid around all next day, he rested and next morning he started to climb the bean stalk again. So he clumb back up the field and went back to the giant's house. " Law, Jack, what you come back for? The giant thinks you stole his gun and he'll sure eat you up. " — " No, no, he wont, jest let me crawl under the bed one more night. " So she let him crawl under the bed. So the old giant come in says, " Fi foo fiddledy fun, I smell the blood of an Englishman. Dead'or alive I'll have his bones to eat with my bread und butter. " — " Aw, poppy, don't talk that way, it's jest that little ol poor boy comin' back here everyday. " So Jack, he laid there and studied what he'd get next, so way in the night he got out and got the giant's boots and went down the bean tree. So atter he got down he laid around two or three days, but he wanted them bells so he decided he'd go again. So he clumb up the bean tree and went to the giant's house and when the giant's wife saw him she says, " Law, Jack, the giant's awfully mad at you, he thinks you stole his boots. You better go way before he ketches you. " — " Aw, he wont ketch me, jest let me come in one more time. " So he crawled under the bed. So the giant come home and says, " Fi foo fiddledy fun, I smell the blood of an Englishman. Dead or alive I'll have his bones to eat with my bread and butter. " — " Law now, Poppy, " says his wife, " that little old boy's been here but he ain't comin' back again. " So Jack laid there under the bed and he begun untying the bells and every now and then one ud make a noise and the old giant ud say, " Fi foo fiddledy fun, I smell the blood of an Englishman. Dead or alive I'll have his bones to eat with my bread and butter. " Then another bell ud go " dingle " and he'd say, " Fi foo fiddledy fun, I smell the blood of an Englishman. Dead or alive I'll have his bones to eat with my bread and butter. " So finally at last Jack, he got 'em all untied from the bed cords and got 'em down. And he started out for the bean stalk and they begun to go " dingle. " And the giant says, " Fi foo fiddledy fun, I smell the blood of an Englishman. Dead or alive I'll have his bones to eat with my bread and butter. " And tuk out after Jack. And when they got to the bean stalk, Jack clumb down and then he looked up and here come the giant right atter him. And Jack hollers, " Give me a hand ax, granny, give me a hand ax. " And he begun to hack and hack and down come the bean tree and down come the giant too.

#### 14. LITTLE DICKY WIGBUN. <sup>1</sup>

He was a little bit of a man and his wife didn't like him nary a bit. She loved the old passenger. I don't know what the old passenger was. They uz men use to travel about and they called 'em the old passenger.

1. JAFL, 1916, vol. 29, p. 122.

So she was all the time playin' off like she was sick and sending little Dicky Wigbun to the Clear Apsul Springs to get clear Apsul Rum fer her. (I don't know what clear Apsul Rum were, it's just in the story; they didn't really have anything like hit.) She was hopin' the wild var-mints ud get him and eat him up and she cud have the old passenger. So one day he uz going down to the spring and he met the peddler. Peddler says, "Dicky, where you started?" — "I've started down to Clear Apsul Springs to git my wife some Clear Apsul Rum." Peddler says, "Dicky, I'm jest as sorry fer you uz I can be. Your wife don't care nothing fer you." — "You think she don't?" — "No, she's jest sendin' you off down here to see if you wont get killed by the wild animals. You jest get in this knapsack of mine and let me carry you back to your house and let you see what's going on." "Well, I believe I will," says Dicky. So Dicky got in the haversack.

Got to Dicky's house and the peddler says, "Kin I stay all night?" — "Yes, I guess ye can, but my husband's not here." So he went in and says, "Mrs. Wigbun, kin I bring my haversack in? I dropped hit in a mud hole down the road a piece and I'm feared I'll get my rations wet." — "Yes, I guess ye kin." So the peddler went out and cut a couple of holes so's Jack cud see out and just picked him up and carried him into the house.

So the peddler says, "Let's all sing some little ditties." "All right," the passenger says. "Well now, Mrs Wigbun," says the peddler, "you sing the first one, then Mr. Passinger, you sing the next one and then I'll sing one."

So Mrs. Wigbun sings :

" Oh, Little Dicky Wigbun  
To London he's gone  
To buy me a bottle of Clear Apful Rum,  
God send him a long journey never to return  
Thru the green wood and below. "

" Well now, Mrs. Wigbun, that's a pretty song, sing hit agin. "

" Oh, Little Dicky Wigbun  
To London he's gone  
To buy me a bottle of Clear Apful Rum,  
God send him a long journey never to return  
Thru the green wood and below. "

" Well now, Mr. Passenger, you sing yourn. "

" Oh, little Dicky Wigbun thinks  
Who eats of his sweets and drinks of his drinks,  
And if God spares my life  
I will sleep with his wife  
Thru the green woods and below. "

"That's pretty, sing hit agin."

"Oh, little Dicky Wigbun thinks  
Who eats of his sweets and drinks of his drinks,  
And if God spares my life  
I will sleep with his wife  
Thru the green wood and below."

"Now, Mr. Peddler, you sing yourn," says Mis' Wigbun.

"Oh little Dicky Wigbun, he's not very fur,  
And out of my knapsack I'll have him to appear  
And if friends he don't like, I stand to his back  
Thru the green fields and below."

"So they hung the old passenger all right away  
And they burnt Dicky's wife the very next day  
Thru the green fields and below."

#### 15. OLD GALLY MANDER.<sup>1</sup>

Once they was on old woman and she was so stingy she wouldn't spend a penny and she lived on ash cakes and water. She had a big long leather sack hanging up in the chimney with her money in hit. She didn't have any money 'cept gold and silver. So her hired girls got so they pilfered around and tried to find her money. So she sent her son over the ocean to git a girl who wouldn't know anything about her money. So he went and got her a girl that evenin'. And the girl fixed 'em the supper. So after supper the old woman wanted to go out a visitin'. So the old woman says, "Don't you look up the chimney." So of course as soon as the old woman was out of the house, the girl went and looked up the chimney and got to gougin' 'round with her stick and directly the big long leather purse fell down and she looked in hit and seed the silver and gold and she just tuk hit and started out.

Directly she passed old cow. Old cow says, "Oh come pretty lady milk my old sore bag." — "I've got no time to fool with your old sore bag. I'm goin' over the ocean." Went on a little way and met an old horse. "Oh come pretty lady wash my old sore back." — "I've got no time to wash your old sore back. I'm goin' over the ocean." Went on a little way, met a peach tree all loaded down to the ground with peaches. "Oh come pretty lady and pick off some of my peaches and rest my poor tired limbs." — "I've got no time to pick your old peaches. I'm goin' over the ocean."

Old woman come home, seed the girl was gone, looked up the chimney and seed her purse was gone and just tuk out down the road a hollerin'. "Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my

1. Bolte & Polivka, XXIV.



great long leather purse." So she started off down the road at a loop-loopy-te-loop. Met the old cow. "Old cow, have you saw anything of a girl with a long leather purse?" — "Yes, run, old woman, and you'll soon overtake her." — "Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." Pretty soon met the old horse. "Old horse, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?" — "Yes, old woman, and you'll soon overtake her." — "Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." Met the peach tree. "Peach tree, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?" — "Yes, old woman, she's right down there at the side of the ocean." — "Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." And got to the ocean caught her, flogged her up and pitched her into the ocean.

Old woman tuk her purse, went back home, lives long time by herself. Then sent her son out to hunt her another girl away out where nobody didn't know 'em. So the girl come and the old woman liked 'er very well. After while old woman says, "Now, I'm goin' out to visit, don't you look up the chimney while I'm gone." So when she got out of sight the girl wanted to look up the chimney for curiosity. Got her stick, got to gougin' into hit, and directly the leather purse fell down. Looked inside and it was full of gold and silver, and she tuk out down the road. Directly she met old cow. "Oh come, pretty lady, and milk my old sore bag." — "I've got no time to milk your old sore bag, I'm goin' across the water." Went on, met the horse. "Oh come, pretty lady, and wash my old sore back." — "I've got no time to wash your old sore back, I'm goin' across the water." Went on, met the peach tree. "Oh come, pretty lady, pick off some peaches and rest my poor tired limbs." — "I've got no time to pick off your peaches, I'm goin' over the water." So old woman come in, looked up the chimney. "Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." So she tuk out down the road. Directly she come to old cow and said, "Have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?" — "Yes, old woman, and you'll soon overtake her." — "Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." Directly she met old horse. "Old horse, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?" — "Yes, run, old woman, and you'll soon overtake her." — "Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." Come to peach tree. "Pretty peach tree, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?" — "She's right down by the side of the water." So the old woman shuck her and flogged on her and pitched her into the water. Then she tuk her long leather purse and went back home. "I'll stay by myself and eat ash cakes all the days of my life 'fore I'll bother with ary other girl."

But attar a while her son went way off where nobody didn't know 'em and brought her back another girl. Old woman, she jest stayed there

and wouldn't go out un visit but atter a while she went out to visit. Says, "Don't you look up that chimney." So the girl tuk her stick and went to the chimney un gouged, un gouged, un directly the purse fell down. She opened it and it was full of gold and silver, so she grabbed hit up and started. She passed old cow. "Pretty fair maid, come milk my old sore bag." She says, "Yes, I'll milk your old sore bag," and she milked it and bathed it and bathed it. She passed the old sore horse. "Pretty lady, won't you bathe my old sore back?" — "Yes, I'll bathe your old sore back." So she bathed it and bathed it. So she come to the pretty peach tree. "Pretty fair lady, won't you come pick off some of my peaches and rest my poor tired limbs?" — "Yes, I'll pick off some of your peaches." So she picked un picked un picked. Peach tree says, "You climb up here in my limbs. The old woman ul be here in a minute."

Old woman come home, looked up chimney seed her long leather purse was gone, "Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." She tuk out down the road. "Old cow, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?" — "Yes, she passed here long, long, long ago and forgot about hit." — "Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." Met old horse. "Old horse, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?" — "Yes, she passed here long, long ago and forgot about hit." — "Gally Mander, Gally Mander, all my gold and silver's gone and my great long leather purse." Come to peach tree. "Pretty peach tree, have you saw a girl with a long leather purse?" — "Yes, but she's over the ocean long ago." Old woman, "What'll I do, what'll I do?" — "Go home and eat ash cakes all the days of your life." And that's what she got fer bein' so stingy.

#### 16. THE KING AND OLD GEORGE BUCHANAN.<sup>1</sup>

In olden times they was a king (jest a king of the United States, I reckon — that's jest the way they told hit) and they was old George Buchanan, he was called the king's fool, and he didn't like the way the king made the rules. The king made a law that anyone come in and asked him to pardon 'em he'd pardon 'em and not law 'em. George Buchanan didn't like this law, so he kept a doin' things and then askin' the king to pardon him. Finally at last he come in and told the king to pardon him fer knockin' a man's hat off the bridge and the king did and then George said, "His head was in hit." But the king had done pardoned him and couldn't do nothing. The king told him he'd behead him if he didn't come to the king's house to-morrow at noon, "Clothed and

1. Campbell, *Tales of the West Highlands*, vol. II, p. 406 :

"There are a great many similar saws current which are generally fathered on George Buchanan, the tutor of James VI."

onclothed, riding and walking." So George tore one breech leg, one shoe and one sock, one half hisshirt. He bridled his old ram sheep and put a saddle on hit and throwed one leg over hit and time of day come he went hoppin' up to the king's door. So the king says, " I thought I told you to come clothed and onclothed and a ridin' and a walkin' both " " I did, sir, " says George. " Part of me's clothed, part of me's onclothed, one of my legs rode and one walked. "

So the king tuk him to be his fool but before he tuk him he went to George's house ; wasn't anyone there but George's sister who was in back room. King says, " Where's your mammy ? " and George says, " She tuk some honey to go to town to buy some sweetenin' . " (Tuk some honey and went to git some sugar.) He headed the king that way. " Where's your poppy ? " — " He's gone to the woods. What he kills he'll throw away and what he don't kill he'll bring back. " (He uz picking off lice.) — " What's your sister doin' ? " — " She's in the back room mournin' fer what she did last year. " (She uz having a baby.) You see George headed the king every time.

So George, he was called the king's fool. So he tried to do one thing and another to make the king make good laws. The king had a law that a man could burn his own house down anytime he had a mind to. So George built a house next to the king's and filled hit with shavin's. King says, " George, what er you doin' ? " George says, " I'm fixin' to burn my house. " King says, " George, you can't do that, hit'll ketch my house. " George says, " Hit's the law. " So king says, " If you won't burn hit I'll pay you a good price. " George says, " All right, if you make a law that you can't burn a house without you tear hit down and pile hit up. " That's the law now.

The king keep a pardonin' George fer things he'd do, and atter awhile he told him that whatever George wished he could have. So George wished to be the king and the king his fool. So the king says, " George, you headed me all the time, now you got my seat. " So George sat up there a while and then give hit back to the king if the king ud promise not to grant nothing until he seed what he was a grantin'. So the king told him, " Now, George, you leave here and don't you show yourself on Scotland land anymore. " So George he left and put England dirt in the bottom of his shoes and got England dirt and put in his hat and he come where they was havin' court, and the king said, " Fetch him here ; I told him I'd behead him if he ever stood on Scotland land anymore. " And they went and fetched him and he says, " I'm standing on England land and livin' under England land. " So he headed the king agin. And the king never could head George and George never would let the king make no bad laws.

" Jest come to where they was a holdin' court to law people you know. "

## 17. THE LOUSE SKIN

A king had three daughters. He got a big louse skin and he said the first man who come there and knowed that skin could have his daughter. They was none that come knew it. They could hear someone come to the gate and holler, "Hello," but they couldn't see nobody. But they was always a fine horse hitched up and saddled but couldn't find no man. At last one day the old man went and saw a frog and frog says, "Well, mister, you said who ever knew that skin could have your daughter." Old man says, "I did." "Well," says the frog, "hit's a louse skin." So the frog jumped up on the horse and told the girl to jump up behind him and they went on home. Frog had a fine house and everything in hit. Had the house jest full of pretty bed clothes and everything. He asked the girl which she would rather he would be, a frog of a night and a man by day, or a man by night and a frog of a day. And she said she would rather he would be a man of a night and a frog by day. He told her to het up a kettle of water right hot and pitch him in hit and he could be a man. She was afraid hit would kill him but he said no. She's afraid and started a cryin'. He says, "What you cryin' fer?" and she says, "I'm afeared hit will kill you." He says, "Well, jest fer that you pitch me in hit and I'll be a man fer always." So she pitched him in hit and he was a man. Now he never let her pitch him, jest made her think hit 'cause he could turn hissself into anything he wanted.

18. TOM FOX.<sup>1</sup>

Young lady a courtin' and her sweetheart was goin' to kill her and bury her. He come to her yard gate and called her out and told her to meet him at such a place; they was goin' to be married. So she went and got there and when she got there they was a tall pine and she seed her grave was dug. So she clim that pine and watched fer him. And the wind blowed and her heart ached and she watched fer one and two come.

I climbed a pine and set up there,  
And watched fer one,  
And two come,  
And the wind blowed and my heart ached,  
And what a hole Tom Fox did make.

## 19. THE IRISHMAN.

There was an Irishman come to America, he went to a house and wanted to stay there the night, but they told him thar wasn't room

1. Holliwell, *Popular Rhymes*, JAFL, 1917, vol. 13, p. 49.

but that there was a house which didn't nobody dare to live in and he could stay thar if he wanted to. So he went thar and after he went to bed in come a woman with a candle in her hand. "Well, what do you want?" said the Irishman. And she told him that her husband went away and while he was gone a neighbor man came in and killed her. "You go make oath of it and if he denies hit, I'll appear the day of the trial." So the next day the Irishman made oath of hit and they had him arrested and he confessed to hit and they had him destroyed.

## 20. OLD NOTCHY ROAD.

There was a road they called old Notchy Road in olden times. One man lived at one end of hit, and nother one at tother end of hit, which whar seven miles. And in the middle there lived a man and this man was a gettin' rich. And they accused him of murdering people. So man at end of the road told the man at the other end that he would send him word when some one past and fer him to watch fer them.

There was another man had a wife and two children, and his wife's mother lived about one hundred miles from them. And she sent her daughter word her father was dead and she needed her. So she went and she stayed all night at the middle house and they told her to come back a past and stop agin. So when she come back she stopped agin. And the next morning he wanted to take her through a nigh way. He tuk her off and turned into a wilderness to a big pit. He wanted to take her things and throw her in the pit so he told her to take off her things. She said, "Turn your back fer I never stripped before a man and I never will." So he turned his back and she pushed him into the pit. Then she ran and told what she had done and they come and found him dead at the bottom of the pit with all the people he had killed. And there were about a thousand.

## 21. THE THREE GHOSTS.

A young man a traveling went to a house to call. Nother man told him he could stay over in a new house where there was plenty, but the house had been hanted. So the man went thar that night. After he had been thar a while, rize up three young ladies. He says, "What's wrong with you three ladies?" They said, "Our brother killed us and put us away because this was to be our house so now we come back and hant him."

Well, one of the young ladies give him a handkerchief and said, "Whar ever you go, fan this in people's faces and they'll always love you; keep hit and you'll have friends." The other young lady gave him a five dollar gold piece and said, "Put this in your pocket and no matter how much you spend it you will always find it in your pocket." The other one gave

him a walkin' stick and said, "Always present that (point hit) and people will have to answer you."

He travelled to a fine house where a man and woman and three daughters lived. He tuck a notion he wanted to stay thar. He sit down to eat pretty close to the old lady and one of the girls. He tuk out his handkerchief and wiped his mouth. The mother and daughter got a whiff of it and fell in love with him and wanted him to stay. So he stayed and the others got a whiff of his handkerchief and all fell in love with him, the girls and mother. And he wanted to stay and marry one of the girls, and after a while the old man give out and said he could. And he tuck one and pinted his stick at her and talked to her and she wasn't the one he wanted. Then he talked to t'other one and she wasn't the kind he wanted, and then he talked to the one he wanted, and the last one was the one he wanted. And they were married and stayed on and always had plenty of money.

## 22. THE POWDER HORN.

Once there was a man went out hunting and he went a long way and atter a while he got tired and it was a gettin' night and so he hung his powder horn up on a little bright yellow hook that was hangin' there and he lay down and went to sleep. When he woke up, his powder horn was gone. So he went on home and stayed all day and next evenin' he went back up there and there was the new moon with this powder horn hangin' on it and he jest took it on home.

## 23. THE BENT GUN.

There was a man use to hunt on a little old round mountain and they was a deer there and jest couldn't git it. He chase it and chase and it 'ud go round and round the mountain and he couldn't git clost enough to hit it. So he went on home and made the barrel of his gun jest to the curve of the mountain and he went on back to where he could see the deer and then he fired and atter a while here come the deer jest a split-tin' past him and then he heard the bullit jest a wisting atter the deer and they went round that little old mountain two or three times that away, but atter a while the bullet ketchd up to the deer and kill it and he took it on home.

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## POPULAR BELIEFS AND CUSTOMS AMONG THE YIDDISH-SPEAKING JEWS OF ST. LOUIS, MO.

BY LEAH RACHEL YOFFIE.

The children and grandchildren of Russian, Polish, and Galician Jews in this country, who comprise the Yiddish-speaking group, are fast becoming Americanized. With the gradual completion of the Americanization process, many customs and traditions are dying out. These include not only accepted and sanctioned religious observances, but also many beliefs and superstitions which grew up among the people. Many of them are survivals of ancient Jewish practices, some of which have been discussed in this Journal.<sup>1</sup> Others, however, are difficult to trace to their source, being, most likely, customs that the Jews copied from their non-Jewish neighbors in the centuries which that wandering people spent among strangers. This paper is an attempt to present the popular customs and superstitions which still prevail among Yiddish-speaking Jews of St. Louis, Mo. The task of gathering the material extended over a period of several years, all of it being collected from the older Russian Jewish immigrants, most of whom have been in this country twenty or thirty years.

*The evil eye.* The most widespread superstition among Yiddish-speaking Jews has to do with the evil eye. There is a deep-rooted belief among *all* Jews in this sinister influence. The German Jews, as well as the Russian and Polish Jews, will preface or add to every word of praise or compliment, some expression that is designed to ward off this danger. The German Jews, like their Christian neighbors, say "unbeschrien,"<sup>2</sup> while the Russian and Polish Jews say "kein ein hora" (no evil eye). There is sanction for this belief in the Talmud, and even liberal-minded Jews will try to rationalize this superstition by saying that the psychological effect of hatred or envy is often keenly felt by the object of these passions, especially by little children, who are easily affected by an angry or jealous glance. However, this fear of hatred or envy extends not only to persons, but in some subtle way to invisible powers also. It is almost like the Greek conception of the jealousy of the gods, although there is no idea of divine envy in the feeling of the Jews. In Russia, it was customary to take a child influenced by the evil eye to some old man or

1. Present-day Survivals of Ancient Jewish Customs, JAFL v. 29, pp. 412-417.

2. See Wuttke : Deutsche Aberglaube der Gegenwart, Berlin, 1900, pp. 166, 184, 386.

Superstition

Yiddish-Jewish  
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woman who had the power of "absprechen." <sup>1</sup> In this country the practice has died out almost entirely, but amulets are often worn, as they were in Russia, as a prophylactic.

*Amulets.* These amulets and charms, worn around the neck, consisted of Hebrew prayers sewed in a piece of cloth, jewelry blessed by a "gitter yid," <sup>2</sup> coral beads, coins or medals, and even garlic tied in cloth. The use of amulets and charms for magic purposes was quite common among the ancient Hebrews, as among all primitive peoples, and it has persisted to the present day. Not so many years ago these amulets were more common in St. Louis than they are to-day, but they are still used by the older women. Salt or garlic, or both, are often put into a child's pocket or around its neck in a cloth, or a red band is tied around its wrist, to ward off the evil eye. Another charm is to dip the hem of the child's garment in wine and wipe its face with it, or to put garlic into its ear. The use of amulets has often been prohibited by Rabbis, and many are the controversies that resulted among Jewish scholars as to their sanction. <sup>3</sup> Most of the amulets worn or carried by Jews to-day are in the form of Hebrew writings or prayers. During the World War many of the Jewish soldiers carried a *Mezuzah* in their pockets. This is a small scroll enclosed in a metal case which is placed on the door-posts of Jewish homes, because of the Biblical injunction, "And thou shalt write them upon the door-posts of thy house and upon thy gates." The scroll contains the Hebrew words, "Hear, O Israel," and the verses in the remainder of the chapter (Deut. 6, 4). It is not intended to be used as a charm or an amulet, being merely a symbol and a reminder to the Jew of the holy word of God. But its use as something that will bring "luck" has become almost universal. The writer met a young Jew from Chile who had come up to St. Louis to study medicine at the University, and who carried a *Mezuzah* in his pocket, "for luck," he said.

In a number of European countries the Christians wear Jewish symbols for luck, while the Jews sometimes wear Christian ones. In South Russia the Hebrew words for, "Hear O Israel," are worn for amulets by non-Jews, while Jews wear Christian symbols. <sup>4</sup>

Wuttke states that Hebrew writings are used by the Germans as amulets, especially Psalms 36 and 37. <sup>5</sup> As far back as Talmudic days, the *Mezuzah* and *Teffilim* (phylacteries) were used as amulets by the heathen. <sup>6</sup>

1. See Wuttke, p. 324, for "besprechen".

2. JAFL v. 29, pp. 412-417.

3. Cf. "Der Hamburger Amulettenstreit", *Mitteilungen zur Jüdischen Volkskunde*, vol. 12, 1903, pp. 89-114.

4. "Jüdische Amulette" in *Mitteilungen zur Jüdischen Volkskunde*, 1900, p. 75.

5. Wuttke, *Deutsche Aberglaube*, p. 342.

6. "Jüdische Amulette," p. 74.



The most common preventive of the evil eye influence is *spitting*. When a mother fears that her child may be under the power of the evil eye, she licks the child's forehead three times, spitting after each lick. This is usually done after a child has been frightened. It is customary to spit after a person who is thought to have an evil influence. The writer, when a child in Russia, used to hear the old women chant an old Ukrainian rhyme, when they spat after such a person, which sounded something like this,

"Naha za nahoi, v'sa zlelcha za taboi."

(One foot after the other; all evil follow you.)

Evil eye superstitions go back to Bible times,<sup>1</sup> and the Talmud prescribed death as a penalty for magic or superstitious practices. Yet in another part of the Talmud some Rabbis try to justify the belief in the evil eye as not superstitious. Modern Rabbis have done likewise. Dr. Joel in *Der Aberglaube und die Stellung des Judenthums zu demselben* (Breslau 1881) says that the "evil eye has nothing in it that is mystical or magical; it means in the Bible, in the Mishna, etc., simply envy"<sup>2</sup> Magic and the belief in spirits were condemned. "One great reason which induced the Hebrews to condemn magic and the like was that it was so closely connected with idolatry," says T. W. Davies.<sup>3</sup> The gods of the heathen were thought to be demons by the Jewish Rabbis, and naturally all intercourse with them was forbidden.

*Spirits and magic.* In spite of this, a belief in spirits and their power over men was prevalent among the Jews, and persists even to this day. It is true that this belief is not definitely acknowledged, but there is a tacit and subtle fear of incurring the enmity or hatred of invisible powers. This accounts for the "unberufen" and "unbeschrien" of the German Jews referred to above, and for the many examples of euphemism in Yiddish speech. Wuttke proves<sup>4</sup> that "Unberufen" was said so as not to call the evil spirits who might be envious of the person complimented or praised. It is true, the German Jews adopted this expression as well as "unbeschrien" from their Christian neighbors, but, on the other hand, the practice of being chary of praise, compliment, or boasting, goes back to Talmudic days. This precaution is very carefully observed among Yiddish-speaking Jews to-day. "Kein ein hora" (no evil eye) is frequently heard in Yiddish speech. A visitor

1. Jewish Encyclopedia, vol. I, p. 546.

2. Quoted by T. W. Davies, in "Magic, Divination, and Demonology among the Hebrews and their Neighbors," Jas. Clarke & Co., London and Leipzig, 1898, pp. 33-4.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 38.

4. *Aberglaube*, p. 166.

or friend dare not compliment a child on its beauty or cleverness without using this expression. In fact, one will often say, "She's not pretty at all," in speaking of a child, and the mother will understand the visitor's subtle praise and be grateful for his delicacy and thoughtfulness! It is not good form among Yiddish-speaking Jews to be too lavish of praise or compliment, for the speaker is likely to call down the enmity of the evil eye, although he himself may not be envious. Double weddings are considered unlucky among Jews. Wuttke cites this superstition among Germans (p. 368), and gives as a reason that so much felicity may incur the jealousy of the gods. On the other hand, Jews are cautioned against grieving too much lest a worse fate befall them. <sup>1</sup> "Behüt Gott far ergers," <sup>2</sup> is a warning proverb. (Do not tempt Providence, is a free translation.)

Other practices which may be survivals of a belief in spirits have to do with "offerings." Many Jews pour off a little water before drinking from a glass. This, of course, was the Roman libation to the gods, and the Jews may have borrowed it centuries ago. When a Jewish housewife bakes bread, she always throws a piece of dough into the fire. <sup>3</sup> Wuttke cites this among the Germans (p. 402). When a room was papered or painted, among the Jews in Russia, a spot was always left uncovered. The writer asked some old Russian Jews why this was done, and was told that it was a reminder of the destruction of Jerusalem. It very likely has no connection in the minds of these people to-day with spirits, but its origin must have had some such significance. *Choice Notes* (p. 67) has this interesting parallel: "A recent old cottage tenant at Poliphant, near Lancelston, when asked why he allowed a hole in the wall of his house to remain unrepaired, answered that he would not have it stopped up on any account, since he left it on purpose for the piskies (Cornish for pixies) to come in and out as they had done for many years."

A word should be said here about British parallels of many Jewish superstitions. If, as tradition has it, Jewish slaves were brought by the Romans to work in the tin mines of Britain, <sup>4</sup> it may be that these parallels are survivals of that contact. "Market Jew" and "Mara Zion" (Hebrew for *bitter* Zion) are place names in south Cornwall to-day!

People are cautioned not to walk alone on a dark road lest they encounter evil spirits, nor to drink from, nor wash in a broken vessel, for spirits may lurk therein. Modern Jews try to rationalize this superstition by invoking the germ theory! One should not whistle in the house for fear of summoning evil spirits. At a wedding a glass or plate is broken and the words "Good luck" pronounced. This again, Jews tell

1. Cf. Frazer's "silent widow," Folk-lore of the Old Testament, vol. 3, ch. 17.

2. JAFL v. 33, p. 134.

3. JAFL v. 29, p. 412.

4. *Choice Notes*, pp. 68-69, "Superstitions of the Cornish Miners."

us, is to remind them of the destruction of Jerusalem even in their happiest moments. Wuttke mentions the sacrifice of roosters at weddings to ward off evil, among the Slavs and Germans. <sup>1</sup> Grimm <sup>2</sup> says, "On return from a wedding the bride gives the bridegroom a glass of beer or wine which he drinks and then he throws the glass backwards; if it breaks, they have good luck."

A woman in child-birth has Hebrew prayers (usually Psalms) hung over her bed to keep away the evil spirits. <sup>3</sup> Wuttke <sup>4</sup> parallels this by saying that the Bible or prayer book is put under the pillow of a woman in child-birth and afterwards put into the child's cradle.

Nail parings must never be thrown away, for spirits are likely to find them. <sup>5</sup> There are many parallels of this superstition among other peoples. Frazer says that clipped hair and nails are carefully disposed of by many primitive tribes; <sup>6</sup> for these parts of one's body can be used for magic. The Banks Islanders bury their nail parings. <sup>7</sup> Liebrecht says that the Norwegians burn their nail parings or bury them, and that the Icelanders are told to cut their nails in three pieces or the devil will make a ship of them. <sup>8</sup> It is a universal Jewish custom not to throw away nail parings, accompanied in many countries by ceremonies in which pieces of wood are wrapped with the parings which are then disposed of in various ways. <sup>9</sup> In St. Louis they are usually burned or buried.

*Counting* is another taboo which Frazer traces to the fear of spirits. <sup>10</sup> Most Jews will not count people, although they have no objection to counting animals and other possessions. When little Jewish boys play games in which they have to count their fellows, it is not unusual to hear them say, "Not one, not two, not three," etc. The injunction against counting goes back to the plague which resulted from the counting of the people in the time of King David. Rational-minded Jews will tell you, and rightly so, that the census *did* cause the plague, because in order to be counted great masses of the people were herded together in unsanitary quarters of the cities. Naturally, to simple minds, counting people became a thing of horror. Frazer tells us that many black races of Africa will not count their children nor their cattle, <sup>11</sup> because the spirits will, hear and kill them, and that in Europe, among the Lapps, Scotch High-

1. P. 291.

2. Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube, vol. 3, No. 514.

3. Jewish Encyclopedia, vol. 4, p. 29.

4. Deutsche Aberglaube, p. 379.

5. JAFL v. 29, p. 412.

6. The Golden Bough (in one volume), Macmillan, 1922, pp. 233-71.

7. Jewish Encyclopedia, v. 5, p. 425.

8. Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, Heilbronn, 1879, p. 367.

9. Mitteilungen zur jüdischen Volkskunde, vol. 1, pp. 81-82.

10. Frazer: Folk-lore in the Old Testament, Macmillan, 1918, chapter on "The Sin of a Census."

11. *Ibid.*, pp. 556-7.

landers, and others, there is the same objection to being counted. The Scotch Highlanders refuse to count their cattle or a catch of fish, because it would "spoil their luck". In Shetland, it is said, an outbreak of small-pox always followed the taking of the census.<sup>1</sup> "Among the fisherfolk on the north-east coast of Scotland neither boats at sea nor a gathering of people could be counted. Nothing aroused the fisherwomen more than to be pointed at with the finger and counted aloud."<sup>2</sup>

*Pointing with the finger.* Many Jews will not point with the finger, but use the closed hand instead. They can give no reason for doing this. There are a number of interesting parallels of this practice. "Novices in the Manx fisheries have to learn not to point to anything with one finger; they have to point with the whole hand or not at all."<sup>3</sup> Grimm cites a few parallels. All of them, however, have to do with pointing upward. Do not point with the finger at the sky. Children must not point the finger to heaven, or they will kill an angel. It is bad luck to point the finger at a storm. If you stick your finger up in the air, you put out God's eyes. "Bei leibe, weise nicht mit dem Finger, du erstichst einen Engel." He who points at the moon, will have a wooden finger.<sup>4</sup> Liebrecht cites numerous cases of the same superstition.<sup>5</sup> *Am Urquell* has a variant: "Do not point to your own face to show a defect on others, or you will get the defect."<sup>6</sup> The Jews are usually careful not to do this, also.

*The Threshold.* Many Jews are careful to step *over* the threshold, never on it. Frazer says that "the threshold is believed to be haunted by spirits..... in many lands people have been careful to avoid contact with the threshold."<sup>7</sup> He states that the practice was common among the Tartars in the Middle Ages, in modern Syria, and among many other peoples. Grimm states<sup>8</sup> that in Germany it is thought bad luck to slam doors, because spirits dwell all around the door posts. However, in the minds of the Jews there is no association of this practice with demons or spirits. The writer found no one who could give any reason for avoiding the threshold.

*The kid and the milk.* Another common practice among Jews which Frazer associates with magic, is the separation of milk from meat in the diet. This is a universal custom among orthodox Jews, and is one of

1. *Ibid.*, p. 560.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 561.

3. Rhys: Celtic Folk-lore, p. 346.

4. Grimm: Deutsche Mythologie, vol. 3, Aberglaube, Nos. 334, 937, 1021, 598, 947, and 1123 respectively.

5. Liebrecht: Zur Volkskunde, Heilbronn, 1879, p. 341.

6. *Am Urquell*, vol. 3, p. 39.

7. Folk-lore of the Old Testament, chapter XII, "The Keepers of the Threshold."

8. Deutsche Mythologie, chapter on Aberglaube.

the most strict requirements of the dietary code. It is based on the command, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in its mother's milk." Since it would be difficult to know always which is the meat of the kid and the milk of its mother, all meat must be kept from all milk and its products. Frazer insists that "not to seethe a kid in its mother's milk" is based on sympathetic magic, — the fear of injuring the cow through sympathetic magic, and he cites many examples of this aversion among primitive tribes.<sup>1</sup> Many tribes of East Africa will not eat meat and milk together for fear of such an act killing their cows.<sup>2</sup> Many also avoid eating vegetables with milk or with meat. "There is a firm belief that the cows would sicken should milk and meat or vegetables meet in the stomach."<sup>3</sup> Frazer believes that the milk and meat rules of the Jews "belong together as parts of a common inheritance from a time when their forefathers were nomadic herdsmen subsisting mainly on the milk of their cattle, and when they were as afraid of diminishing the supply of it as are the pastoral tribes of Africa at the present day." But the Jews maintain that the command was given for humanitarian and health reasons, as were all the dietary laws in the Old Testament.

T. W. Davies, in "Magic, Divination, and Demonology among the Hebrews and their Neighbors," has this interesting comment on not seething a kid in its mother's milk: "Maimonides and others saw in this an allusion to a magical broth which was sprinkled over trees, plants, and fields, to make them fertile..... It is likely we have a reference to an ancient form of sacrifice, similar to the sacrifice of blood." <sup>4</sup>

*Exorcism — Disease.* The exorcism of spirits is seldom met with in the superstitions of the American Jews, although this practice was quite common among their ancestors in Biblical times. There are a few survivals, however. In Russia, many of the ignorant Jews went to a "gitter yid" — a "good Jew" — to heal them of disease. Often he gave them amulets to wear, though frequently he laid his hands on the sufferer. In this country that sort of thing is not done, although one finds a rare case of it where an old man or woman is supposed to have some magic power of healing. Mothers with sick children will sometimes resort to such a person. There have been a few such people in St. Louis from time to time although not one has attained any great vogue. The writer knows an old man, however, who claims that he has a magic formula for healing the "rose" — *erisipelas*. He learned this formula in Russia from a ninety-year-old man who on his death-bed handed it on. The present possessor of the formula will not divulge it, for he says that it will lose its efficacy if it is told; it must be handed down before death to some

1. Folk-lore of the Old Testament, vol. 3, chapter 2.

2. *Ibid.*, p. 152.

3. Quoted from John Roscoe, *The Northern Bantu*.

4. Page 37.

holy man, who in turn will have the power to use it. When the writer quoted a formula from Grimm for the cure of "rose," the old man said that his was nothing like it. The charm in Grimm <sup>1</sup> runs as follows : "Hillig ding wike, wike un verslike, brenne nich un stik nich !" The St. Louis man's charm begins, he says, with three words which he does not understand because they are not Hebrew, but which he thinks are names. Then follow the Hebrew word "yossir" (take away), the word "rose," and four other words which he does not know the meaning of. This sounds like an invocation to spirits asked to drive out the disease. The old man, however, will not divulge these words, nor will he say what they sound like, but he is quite sure they are nothing like Grimm's formula, which, by the way, goes back to the year 1790.

A common superstition for the prevention of disease is *spitting*. If one is badly frightened, he must spit three times, in order to ward off any harmful effects of the fright. <sup>2</sup> A person who gets something in his eye should lift the other eyelid and spit three times. This practice is found among many different races and nations. When some one speaks of illness, it is well to spit as a precaution against being stricken by the disease that is mentioned. When a child is ill, the mother will often lick its forehead, spit, and say, "Mir far dir, mir far deine beiner," by which she hopes to draw the sickness away from her child to herself. Disease as well as misfortune may be caused by the ill will of some person, especially one who has been wronged. If this occurs, the sick or unfortunate must go and ask forgiveness of the man he has wronged. There are also many prayers to the dead for intercession in illness, especially to dead parents, who are believed to retain their power of watchful care and devotion even after death. A most unusual superstition relating to disease was discovered during the influenza epidemic. Some old Russian Jewish women suggested that the marriage of two feeble-minded persons would stop the epidemic, and they named a harmless idiot boy as a possible person to marry off. The Jews in Russia believed, they said, that such a marriage would stop a plague. <sup>3</sup> Amulets similar to the evil eye type are worn to prevent disease. Coral beads are believed to be very efficacious. Onions and garlic are also potent. Wuttke cites a superstition of onions hung in the sick-room to draw disease to themselves. <sup>4</sup> A practice of children in St. Louis which the writer has observed, is to close one's mouth when passing a house where there is a contagious disease placard. This will prevent taking the disease. Here are a few examples of folk-medicine common among St. Louis

1. Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube, vol. 3, No. 794, from Bielefeld, p. 462.

2. Cf. Am Urquell, v. 3, p. 231, and Wuttke, p. 184.

3. See Jewish Encyclopedia, vol. xi, p. 599, of a marriage during the cholera in Kovno between a lame young man and a deaf-mute or hunchback woman.

4. Deutsche Aberglaube, p. 101.

Russian Jews, and often used among their Gentile neighbors : for sore throat, a stocking filled with hot salt, tied around the neck ; for hic-coughs, nine sips of water ; for boils or swelling, hot onion poultice ; for burns, flour.

A belief common in Russia, and found here, is in the *Dibbuk* and *Gil-gel*. This is a survival of the Biblical belief that some people are possessed of evil spirits. A man with a *Dibbuk* is possessed of some evil spirit who makes him do all sorts of queer things. This belief has practically died out in this country, but occasionally one hears a reference to the idea, and the two words are occasionally used by Russian Jews, although usually facetiously. The *Dybbuk*, translated from a Yiddish play by Ansky, which has had several successful seasons in New York, is based on this superstition.

*Numbers.* The belief in magic numbers still prevails. Seven and nine are not merely magic numbers : they are considered sacred. Wuttke <sup>1</sup> gives three, seven, and nine as magic numbers among the Germans. Many of the younger Jews in this country have adopted the belief in thirteen as an unlucky number, although it is quite foreign to Jewish tradition. In fact, thirteen was considered more or less of a good number ; it is the year at which Jewish boys are received into the faith. Besides, Maimonides' thirteen articles of faith are considered holy. In the Cabala, of course, numbers played a tremendous part, and were used in all sorts of magical formulas and incantations. There is an interesting charm against the evil eye in the *Mittheilungen zur Judischen Volkskunde*, <sup>2</sup> which is quoted from the writting of a Cabalist. " Put seven live coals into a bowl of water, saying over each coal numbers *eleven* and *two*. Think each time on the *name* Ogolo. Let the sufferer drink and bathe in this water. "

*Names.* From earliest Bible times, the Name has had for the Jew a peculiar sanctity. The ineffable name of God was then, as it is now, a thing too holy for thought, not merely for speech. Both Frazer and Wuttke have pointed out the connection between the name and the soul, spirit, or breath of life, among primitive peoples. Frazer <sup>3</sup> quotes the following : " The Celts, and certain other widely separated Aryans, unless we should rather say the whole Aryan family, believed at one time not only that the name was a part of the man, but that it was that part of him which is termed the soul, the breath of life, or whatever you may choose to define it as being. " (Quoted from Professor (Sir) J. Rhys, *Welsh Fairies, The Nineteenth Century*, XXX, July-December 1891, pp. 566 sq.) In his book on *Celtic Folk-Lore* Professor Rhys says again <sup>4</sup> :

1. P. 90.

2. 1900, p. 41.

3. Golden Bough, vol. 3, p. 319.

4. P. 627.

"The words in point for 'name' seem to prove that some of the ancient Aryans must have in some way associated one's name with the breath of life." The Semites must have felt this, too, because the Jews, at least, seem to have something of this feeling in their attitude toward names. There is really frantic desire to name a new-born child after some one who has died, and no greater calamity can befall the dead than not to have some one named after him very soon after his death. The family of a deceased person is grieved if there is no infant born immediately afterwards who can take the name of the dead, and people often go to those not related to them and beg or pay them to name a child for someone who has recently died. The writer has never heard any Jewish person say why there is such concern about handing down the name of the dead, but she cannot help but feel that an old idea of immortality was associated with this custom. In some way the life of the dead seems to be continued in that of the newly-born infant, and the handing down of the name seems to have been a transfer of soul to a new body. This idea, however, is never expressed by the Jews to-day, not even by the most ignorant, although the custom of transferring names in this fashion is universal among Jews.<sup>1</sup> On the other hand, among orthodox Jews it is positively forbidden that children be named for a living person. They believe that when such a thing is done, the person from whom the name is taken will die. There are many parallels of this belief among primitive people. Frazer says that "among the Gilyaks of Saghalien no two persons in the same tribe may bear the same name at the same time; for they think that if a child were to receive the name of a living man, either the child or the man would die within the year."<sup>2</sup> Grimm says that first-born children having parents' names die before the parents.<sup>3</sup> Practically the same customs are found in modern Greece and Macedonia.<sup>4</sup> Greek children are named after grandparents, but not after *living* grandparents, except with their permission. In Macedonia it is believed that one or the other must die if a name is duplicated. "That is why, even in old Greece, a living father's name is never given to his son."<sup>5</sup> There is a belief among the Macedonians that the soul is re-incarnated in the children. "Thus, dead persons' names must be given to newly-born children."<sup>6</sup>

1. The writer has been told that this practice was more or less current among New Englanders in the 17th and 18th centuries; it was customary to name a child for an earlier child that had died.

2. The Golden Bough, vol. 3, p. 370.

3. Grimm: Deutsche Mythologie, vol. 3, Aberglaube, No. 31, p. 435.

4. Hardie: "The Significance of Greek Personal Names," *Folk-lore*, Sept. 1923, p. 249.

5. *Ibid.*

6. Cf. Pub. Soc. for Advancement of Scandinavian Study, II, 235 ff. (March, 1916).



Another indication that the name is synonymous with the spirit in Jewish thought is the custom of giving a sick child an additional name to save it from death. <sup>1</sup> The belief is that the angel of death will not recognize the child under its new name and therefore not take it. <sup>2</sup> Frazer says that some Eskimos take new names when they are old, hoping thereby to get a new lease of life. <sup>3</sup> This superstition is common in Guinea, Kamtschadka, Siam, among the Dajaks, and among the Mongols. <sup>4</sup> Dr. Marcus Landau, Wien, says, "Long after the exile people began naming children after dead ancestors and other relatives," and he states further that "giving sick children additional names is sanctioned by a Rabbi in the Talmud." <sup>5</sup>

It is considered bad luck for a daughter-in-law to have the same name as her mother-in-law, for then her children cannot be named after their grandmother.

That names were used to conjure with, and employed in magical formulae is shown in one very interesting survival. Mention has already been made of the prayers that are hung over the bed of a woman in childbirth. These are usually Psalms, but among them is often contained a charm to ward off the evils of Lillith. Lillith was Adam's first wife, and is considered a witch and sorceress. In this charm Lillith's thirteen names are given. "These are my names!" is followed by : Lillith, Abbitu, Amsarfo, Haqqaus, Orem, Hiqpodu, Ijln, Matrota, Abanuqtah, Satrunah, Qalihcatasah, Thilatuj, Piratsah. <sup>6</sup>

Wuttke tells us that the Hebrew *name* of God is used as a charm by German Christians. <sup>7</sup> The Jews never throw away Hebrew books or writings that contain the Hebrew name of God ; these are always burned. For the same reason, any prayer book or sacred Hebrew book that is dropped, must be kissed when it is picked up.

*Days, Times, and Seasons.* Monday is considered an unlucky day among Jews, and Tuesday a very lucky day. One never begins any important work nor starts on a journey on Monday, but Tuesday is a most propitious day for such ventures. This belief goes back to the story of the creation. When God finished his work on each of the days of the first week, He "saw that it was good," but this is not said for the second day, or Monday. On the third day, however, the expression "And He saw that it was good," appears twice : therefore the preference for

1. Cf. Frazer : *Golden Bough*, vol. 4, p. 158.

2. JAFI, v. 29, p. 412.

3. *Golden Bough*, in one volume, p. 244.

4. Richard Andree : *Zur Volkskunde der Juden*, Bielefeld and Leipzig, 1881, quoted in *Mitteilungen zur Judischen Volkskunde*, 1902, p. 2.

5. *Mitteilungen zur Judischen Volkskunde*, 1902, p. 2.

6. Cf. *Mitteilungen zur Judischen Volkskunde*, vol. 25, p. 2, 1908, "Das Kind bei den Juden". Regina Lilienta, Warsaw.

7. *Deutsche Aberglaube*, p. 181.

Tuesday.<sup>1</sup> Monday is considered an unlucky day to begin work among other people besides Jews. Among the Germans it is considered unlucky to begin a journey on Monday, to be married on Monday, or to move on that day. "Montags Anfang hat keinen guten Fortgang."<sup>2</sup> Wuttke tries to explain it by saying that Monday is connected with the moon, therefore with night or darkness. Tuesday, however, Wuttke tells us, is considered a good day for weddings, trials, etc.<sup>3</sup> Could it be possible that the Germans borrowed these two superstitions from their Jewish neighbors? Among the Jews these go back to Talmudic days, because the explanation cited above is given by one of the Rabbis in the Talmud. In Silesia people are told not to move on Monday, nor to begin anything new on that day.<sup>4</sup> Grimm in "Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube," No. 821, states that what is begun on Monday will not last a week, and in No. 771, that on Monday, one should not lend, nor remain in debt, nor put on a stocking inside out. In No. 1140, on Monday do not go into service, nor move into another dwelling, nor begin anything new; it will not last the week. We find the superstition about Monday in a recent number of the JAFL, *Signs and Superstitions Collected from American College Girls*, "It is bad luck to start on a journey on Monday."<sup>5</sup> In some parts of Devonshire, Tuesday is considered a lucky day.<sup>6</sup>

Jewish women do not like to sew on Saturday night (the beginning of the Jewish week), especially not on white cloth, for that suggests sewing on a shroud; nor do they sew on the day of the new moon.<sup>7</sup> The Galician Jews do not sew on Saturday night.<sup>8</sup> The Silesians say that what is woven or knitted on Saturday night the mice will gnaw.<sup>9</sup>

Grimm says that,<sup>10</sup> "He who spins on Saturday night hastens his death." Jews are cautioned to take the table-cloth off the table on Saturday night, or their creditors will come to collect. Wuttke says, "Do not spin on Saturday night, or you will spin your gallows rope."<sup>11</sup> And also, "Do not work in the moonlight, particularly not spin, nor sew, or you sew your shroud."<sup>12</sup> One other superstition about days is found among Jewish children: If you tell a lie on the Sabbath, you will die. If you laugh when you get up in the morning, you will cry before the day is over.

*Animals.* An unlucky sign that many Jews believe in is to have a

1. JAFL v. 29, p. 412.

2. Wuttke: *Deutsche Aberglaube*, p. 59.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 60.

4. Am Urquell, v. 3, p. 39.

5. JAFL v. 36, No. 139, p. 3.

6. Choice Notes, p. 171.

7. Am Urquell, v. 4, p. 118.

8. *Ibid.*, v. 4, p. 90.

9. *Ibid.*, v. 3, p. 39.

10. *Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube*, No. 680.

11. *Deutsche Aberglaube*, p. 62.

12. *Ibid.*, p. 301.

cat cross one's path, not particularly a black cat, however, as the negroes, Irish, etc. believe. There are not many superstitions about animals among Russian Jews, perhaps because they are not very fond of animals. This may account for the objection they have to letting boys play with cats. They believe that it makes the boys stupid. The only other superstition the writer has found is the common one about the cat's washing herself indicating the coming of visitors. This is quite common among American folk. It is also given in Grimm. <sup>1</sup>

*Foretelling the future.* There are not very many superstitions about foretelling the future, since the Rabbis have always frowned upon this practice, and have classified it as idolatry. In Russia, Poland, Galicia, and so on, the less educated Jews often consulted a "gitter yid" about their future, but in this country that practice has practically died out.

*Dreams.* Nor is there much dream lore in this country, although the ancestors of the Jews had a profound belief in the power of dreams, as many instances in the Bible testify. No one must ever tell a dream to another. This prohibition is based on an old story that is told in the Talmud. One day a woman went to a great Rabbi to ask the meaning of a dream. The Rabbi told her she would have a son, and this came true. The next time the woman came again to have a dream interpreted, but the Rabbi was not at home. One of his disciples told her, however, that her husband would die, and this came true. Since that time, we are told, there have been no interpretations of dreams given, and no one is permitted to tell his dream to another. There is a strong feeling among Jews, however, that dreams go by opposites. If you dream of dying, you will live long, and so on. The writer has found no instance among St. Louis Jews where dreams are given any significance except that they go by opposites. But the Jewish Encyclopedia says that Jews believe it is unlucky to dream of money. <sup>2</sup> This is rather interesting in connection with Shylock's, "For I did dream of money bags last night!" One way to prevent bad dreams, some Jews believe, is to put a prayerbook under your pillow at night.

*Love and Marriage.* There are very few superstitions about love or marriage among Yiddish-speaking Jews, partly because, the writer believes, of the peculiar marriage customs among the Jews in Russia and neighboring lands. A marriage broker was employed to arrange matches which the parents approved. The wishes of the young people were consulted to a certain extent, it is true, but only within the limits of their parents' previous approval. Besides, the young folks were married off very early, before they had much time to think about the subject. In this country the occasional marriage-broker still does a good business. Marriages, the Jews believe, are made in heaven, and "der

1. Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube, No. 72.

2. Jewish Encyclopedia, v. XI, p. 598.

bescherter" or "die bescherte" (the destined one) will come in God's own time. The writer does not know of any love charms, divinations, etc. among Jews. The belief that marriages are made in heaven is common to Oriental peoples. Liebrecht, in *Zur Volkskunde*, quotes Davies in the *Transactions of the Royal Asiatic Societies*, and says that this function was in the hands of a special divinity called *Yuelaon*, and the function itself is called *Yewyuen* "having a connection in fate." <sup>1</sup> The latter name has a striking resemblance to the Ineffable Name of God in Hebrew.

It is unlucky to take away a sweetheart from an orphan girl. Barrenness or the death of children will result from a marriage of this kind. The elder sister must always marry first. The Bible story of Leah and Rachel may serve as a precedent for this; it was not an uncommon practice among primitive people. <sup>2</sup> A modern example of this custom is found in Dutchess County, New York, among the descendants of the Dutch settlers. <sup>3</sup> When a daughter-in-law comes into the house for the first time, throw a broom in her way. A superstition about intermarriage with Gentiles is found among the German Jews of St. Louis, who believe that such an intermarriage will bring down the wrath of God. Strange to say, there is no similar belief among the Russian Jews.

*Women.* A man must not pass between two women. This is Talmudic <sup>4</sup> advice, and is likely due to the same Oriental attitude that makes the orthodox synagogues prescribe the gallery for the women worshippers. The reason given is that women distract men from their prayers. Grimm has this interesting parallel: "Da liesse sich mancher eher todtschlagen, ehe er durch zwei Weibespersonen durchginge." <sup>5</sup> When a woman is barren, she should promise to do some charity. Women in menstruation are not permitted to enter certain parts of the synagogue, nor to touch either the ark or the scroll of the law. This taboo on women in menstruation is quite common among primitive peoples, and Frazer gives numerous examples of it. Such a woman is considered unclean. <sup>6</sup>

In Russia it was customary for women to have their hair cut at marriage and to wear wigs for the remainder of their lives, but in this country none of the young women do this, and wigs are seen only on the old women who were married in Russia. The reason for shaving the hair is that in ancient Israel an adulteress had her head uncovered, therefore the association of ideas has put the ban on uncovered heads in virtuous wives. Frazer explains this in the Ordeal of the Bitter Water. <sup>7</sup>

1. *Zur Volkskunde* (Heilbronn, 1879), p. 358.

2. Cf. Frazer: *Golden Bough* (one volume), p. 368.

3. *JAFL* v. 36, No. 139, p. 20.

4. *Jewish Encyclopedia*, vol. xi, p. 598.

5. Grimm: *Deutsche Mythologie*, vol. 3, *Aberglaube*, No. 938 (*Aus Christ. Weises drei erznarren*).

6. *The Golden Bough* (in one volume), pp. 207-208.

7. *Folk-lore of the Old Testament*, vol. 3, chapter 5.

*Children.* Many beliefs, customs, and superstitious practices among Jews have to do with children. Before birth, the soul of the child dwells among the angels, where the prophet Elijah teaches it Torah (the Law). Under the pillow of a woman in child-birth, put an iron knife and a prayer-book. Iron is efficacious against demons. Mention has already been made of hanging Hebrew writings over the bed of a woman in child-birth. A pregnant woman must be given anything that she desires to eat, and she must not be permitted to look at ugly or disagreeable sights, for fear of pre-natal influences. To ward off this possibility, such a woman must stick her finger under her belt. A woman in child-birth must never be left alone. You must never rock an empty cradle. This is a general superstition, and is mentioned by Wuttke, Grimm, Liebrecht, and others.<sup>1</sup> Another general superstition common among Jews is that stepping over a child will prevent its growth.<sup>2</sup> The antidote for this is to step back.

Various cures for sick children are resorted to. The most common is the use of amulets already discussed in the first part of this paper. Put a key under a child's pillow, so that he may be as strong as iron, or put a prayer book under his pillow to ward off disease.<sup>3</sup> Put a bag containing herbs around the child's neck. When the child cries very much, get an old woman to "absprechen an ein hora."<sup>4</sup>

A number of rhymes and charms are spoken by the mother over her child.

Zollst wachsen in der leng un in der breit,  
Wie a Purim keiletsch.

Kein ein hore, kein tzore, kein beis eig.<sup>5</sup>

Mir far dir, mir far deine beiner. (Referred to above.)

Tzu gesund, tzu leben.<sup>6</sup>

A greps arois, a gezond arain.

Never curse your children. Many mothers will use various euphemis-

1. Wuttke : Deutsche Aberglaube, p. 394.

Grimm : Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube, v. 3, No. 22, p. 435.

Liebrecht : Zur Volkskunde, p. 361.

Mitteilungen zur Judischen Volkskunde, vol. 25, p. 10.

Am Urquell, v. 6, 1896, p. 173.

2. Cf. Am Urquell, v. 4, p. 96, also p. 116.

Grimm : Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube, v. 3, No. 45, p. 436.

Mitteilungen zur Judischen Volkskunde, vol. 25, p. 11.

3. Cf. Am Urquell, vol. 4, p. 170.

4. Cf. Wuttke, p. 324.

5. JAFL v. 33, p. 134.

6. Cf. German Jews, Mitteilungen zur Judischen Volkskunde, 1899, p. 6,  
" Aus der Kinderstube. "

tic expressions whenever they become provoked with their offspring. Some of them are: "Zolst du je alewei!" "Creplach solst du essen!" *creplach* being a very delectable dish. Do not curse an orphan; its mother protects it in heaven.

If a child hurts its forehead, press a knife on it and it will not swell.<sup>1</sup> When a child is ill, give it an additional name, and the angel of death will not take it, for he will not know it by its new name (referred to under *Names*). Another thing done with sick children is to sell them to some people who have healthy children. This is also done with an only child; he is sold to someone who has many children. The ceremony of sale is gone through and actual money given. The custom of "selling" children is found among the German and Galician Jews also.<sup>2</sup> Many children are named "Alter" or "Alte" so that they may live to be old. An interesting contrast to this practice is found in Grimm, where people are cautioned not to call children "altmannichen" or "altweibichen," for the children will be stunted and have wrinkles on the forehead,<sup>3</sup> but if children are to live long, they should be named Adam or Eva.<sup>4</sup> A Jewish child must not play with its shadow, nor throw shadow pictures on the wall, nor must an infant be allowed to look into a mirror.<sup>5</sup> A child must not be put through a window, or he will not grow. Put him back again to offset this.<sup>6</sup> When a child yawns, make believe you are spitting in his mouth; do this three times. Wuttke tells us that the Germans make the sign of the cross over a child who yawns.<sup>7</sup> He also states on the same page that the Germans are told not to point at children (See *Pointing with the Finger* above). Many Jews think that a child should be given a little of all the food at the table, so that he will like these things when he grows up. Wuttke cites the same practice among the Germans, but for a different reason. They believe that if this is not done the child's heart will bleed.<sup>8</sup> Another common belief is that a child who is laughing in its sleep is playing or talking with angels. This is found in Wuttke.<sup>9</sup> Some Jewish mothers will not permit a child to be kissed too much, for they fear that the color of its cheeks will fade. They do not like to let a child lie on its back and look up backwards.<sup>9</sup>

1. Am Urquell, vol. 6, p. 11; also vol. 4, p. 187.

Mitteilungen zur Jüdischen Volkskunde, vol. 25, p. 16, "Das Kind bei den Juden."

2. Also found in Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, under Norwegian superstitions, also in Wuttke, p. 394.

3. Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube, vol. 3, No. 25, p. 435.

4. Cf. Wright: Rustic Speech and Folk-lore, p. 221; also Mitteilungen zur Jüdischen Volkskunde, vol. 25, p. 41; also vol. 33, p. 53.

5. Also in Mitteilungen zur Jüdischen Volkskunde, vol. 25, p. 11.

Also in Wuttke, p. 394.

6. P. 391.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 394.

8. *Ibid.*, p. 386; cf. also Am Urquell, v. 6, p. 172.

9. Cf. Am Urquell, vol. 6, 1896, p. 173.

It is considered bad luck to use a child's bath-tub for any other purpose. (This, of course, is good hygiene.) A boy should not be fed on scrapings from the pot, for he will lose his memory. When a baby visits a home for the first time, an egg should be given it if it is a girl, two, if it is a boy. This is seldom done in St. Louis, but most of the people know about the custom and refer to it. An interesting custom that is still observed in this country is to drop a coin on the page of a Hebrew book from which a child is reading and to tell him that an angel has dropped the coin because the child read so well. Children are cautioned not to be disrespectful to their parents, for their children in turn will treat them with the same disrespect. A superstition that is found among children is that if they tell a lie on the Sabbath, they will die; another is that if one child spits on another, he takes that child's sins on his own head.

*The human body and bodily functions.* When a child loses a tooth, he takes it, throws it backward over his head, and says :

Meisele, meisele, na dir a beindele, gib mir a zeindele.

There are three versions of this, common among Russian Jews in St. Louis. The other two are :

Meisele, meisele, na dir a beinenem zohn, gib mir an aisernem.

Meisele, meisele, na dir a beinenem, gib mir a steinenem.

Wuttke gives four versions of this charm, but all of them are very much like these. This is a general practice, and is referred to by most collectors of folk-lore. <sup>1</sup> Because mice have good teeth, it is believed that they can give good teeth to children. In some countries the tooth is thrown into a mouse-hole, in other countries into the fire. <sup>2</sup> If you eat something on which a mouse has gnawed, your teeth will be sharp. <sup>3</sup>

If your nose itches, you will hear news, <sup>4</sup> the Jews believe. If your right palm itches, you will get money; if your left itches, you will part with money. This is also a general superstition, although it is usually said that if either palm itches, you will get money. In England, it is thought that if the head itches, this will result. "If your head itches, you're going to take riches." (Said of the hand in the North Midlands.) <sup>5</sup>

When your right ear rings, you will hear good news; left ear, bad

1. Wuttke : *Deutsche Aberglaube*, p. 351; see also page 125.  
Liebrecht : *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 341.  
Mitteilungen zur *Judischen Volkskunde*, vol. 25, p. 11.  
Grimm : *Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube*, vol. 3, No. 831.
2. Wright : *Rustic Speech and Folk-lore*, p. 220.
3. Am Urquell, n. 3, p. 88 cites a parallel.
4. Am Urquell, vol. 3, p. 231.
5. Northall : *English Folk Rhymes*, p. 165.

news. If your ears burn, someone is talking about you. <sup>1</sup> If you have blisters or pimples on your tongue, you have told a lie. <sup>2</sup> Much hair on the body is a sign of future wealth. This is an English superstition also. In *Choice Notes* we read, " People with much hair or down upon their arms or hands will at some future period enjoy great wealth ; or, as the common expression has it, 'are to be rich' (Midland Counties.). " <sup>3</sup> People with meeting eyebrows are thought to be cruel or quick-tempered. In England it is thought a good thing to have meeting eyebrows. " You'll never have trouble. " <sup>4</sup> People with large ears are generous or kind-hearted. Those with teeth set wide apart will travel. In *Choice Notes* we are told that teeth wide apart are a sure sign that the person will be lucky and travel. <sup>5</sup>

Don't climb through a window ; you will not grow. Climb back. <sup>6</sup> Stand in the rain ; you will grow. <sup>7</sup> Do not walk backwards. In Liebrecht this is given, with the addition that he who does walk backwards, directs his parents to hell. <sup>8</sup> One always sneezes to the truth ! This is quite general. <sup>9</sup> Spitting has already been referred to as a common charm against all sorts of evil. Wuttke believes that spitting has some connection with the soul in the *Edda*, and that it has a similar meaning among all Indo-Germanic peoples. <sup>10</sup>

A hiccough means that someone is talking of you. When one sneezes, those present must say " Zu gesund ! " This is the " God bless you ! " of the Irish and other peoples.

*Household objects.* Never leave a table uncovered. Change the table-cloth on Saturday night, or your creditors will come to collect. Do not wipe the table with a paper. Never put keys on a table. Never leave a spoon in a dish. Never sweep the table with a broom. Most of these will be found in *Am Urquell*. <sup>11</sup> Don't dry your hands on the table-cloth. <sup>12</sup> It is bad luck to let anyone cross your path carrying an empty vessel, <sup>13</sup> but good luck if the vessel is full. It is good luck to break

1. " If your *cheeks* burn, it is a sign that someone is talking about you. " English Folk-Rhymes, by Northall, p. 150.

Cf. JAFL v. 36, No. 139, p. 7, p. 19.

2. Cf. Mitteilungen zur Judischen Volkskunde, 1899, p. 6.

3. P. 19. Cf. also Am Urquell, vol. 4, p. 118.

4. Choice Notes, p. 243.

5. P. 26. Compare also Chaucer's description of the Wife of Bath- " gat-tothed was she ".

6. Cf. Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde, p. 341 ; also Mitteilungen, 1899, p. 6.

7. Cf. Am Urquell, vol. 3, p. 89.

8. Liebrecht, Zur Volkskunde (Norwegian).

9. Am Urquell, vol. 3, p. 165 ; p. 39.

Grimm : Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube, vol. 3, No. 266.

10. Deutsche Aberglaube, p. 184.

11. Vol. 4, pp. 94-96.

12. Found in Grimm : Deutsche Mythologie, vol. 3, Aberglaube, No. 283.

13. *Ibid.*, No. 257.



a dish accidentally, for it denotes that there will be a wedding or some other happy occasion. A dish or glass is always broken at a wedding. If a knife falls and sticks in the ground, a guest will come. Never leave a book open on the table. Liebrecht quotes this among Norwegian superstitions, and says that the devil will come and read if the book is left open, but the Jews give no such reason.

*Lost articles.* If any object is lost in the house, many Jewish old women say a rhyme to find it :

Shoton, Shoton, spiel zach op, un gib mir op.

*Shoton* may be *Satan*, or *shadow*, very likely the former. In Grimm we are told that if you search in vain for something, the devil is holding his hand over it. <sup>1</sup> The Yiddish rhyme would indicate that Satan is playing with it. It must be remembered that Satan in Jewish lore is not necessarily a wicked devil, no more than Satan in the Book of Job is that.

*Clothing.* Do not mend any garment that you are wearing. If it must be done, hold a thread between your teeth, otherwise you will lose your memory (or intelligence). This is a general superstition among Jews, and is found among many other peoples. An English rhyme runs :

Mend your clothes upon your back,  
Sure you are to come to wrack. <sup>2</sup>

In Suffolk the saying goes that if you have your clothes mended upon your back, you will be ill spoken of. <sup>3</sup> If you put on any article of clothing inside out, you must change it immediately, or you will get a beating on that day. In England it seems to be a sign of good luck to put on clothes inside out accidentally, but they must not be changed during the day. <sup>4</sup> Wuttke, Grimm, and other collectors of German folk-lore agree in giving this as a sign of ill luck. Wuttke says that if you put your clothes on inside out in the morning, you will have bad luck all day ; Liebrecht says that something strange will happen to you, and so on. <sup>5</sup>

1. No. 256.

2. Wright : Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore, p. 220.

Also in Am Urquell, vol. I, p. 66 ; vol. 3, p. 39.

Wuttke : Deutsche Aberglaube, p. 315.

Mitteilungen zur Jüdischen Volkskunde, 1899, p. 15.

Grimm : Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube, vol. 3, No. 276.

JAFL, vol. 36, no. 139, p. 3.

3. Choice Notes, p. 114.

4. Wright : Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore, p. 224.

5. Wuttke, p. 222 ; p. 315. Also JAFL vol. 36, No. 139, p. 3.

Grimm : No. 3.

Liebrecht : Zur Volkskunde (Norwegian superstitions).

Am Urquell, vol. 4, p. 94 ; vol. 1, p. 66.

If you cut cloth too short, you will shorten your memory (or intelligence). Always put on your left shoe first, and lace the right one before the left. The latter suggestion is found in the Talmud, not as a superstition, but as a piece of advice for saving time in dressing. We find now some modern parallels where the practice has become a sign of good luck. Wright cites it as such in *Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore*, and the reverse is found among *Superstitions of American College Girls* collected at Vassar,<sup>1</sup> but is said of the left stocking, not shoe.

Do not put your stockings or shoes at the head of your bed, or you will not sleep. This is found among Galician Jews also.<sup>2</sup>

When a person is wearing new clothes, it is customary among Russian Jews to say, "Health to wear it!" This custom is found in some parts of England also. In Northumberland the following formula is repeated to a person wearing new clothes: "Health to wear it, strength to tear it, and money to buy another!"<sup>3</sup> Grimm gives a German greeting to one wearing new clothes; slap him and say: "Das neue muss man klopfen, das alte muss man stopfen!"<sup>4</sup>

*Food.* The Jews feel that it is a sin to throw away a piece of bread. This is not merely a superstition; it is an injunction against wasting God's bounty. When bread has to be thrown away, it is usually kissed first. If one accidentally drops a piece of bread, he must kiss it on picking it up, just as he would when he drops a prayer-book. Bread has a significance that is almost holy; it is the symbol of life and sustenance. The blessing at table is always made over the bread or over the wine, not over food generally. After the blessing is pronounced, the bread must be broken in two, never cut. No word must be spoken between the saying of the blessing and the eating of the bread, and indeed, no word must be spoken after the washing of the hands, which precedes the blessing. These are religious observances followed in every orthodox Jewish household. Some people insist on leaving the bread and salt on the table while they are saying the grace after meat, but that is not done generally.

Russian Jews consider it unlucky to spill salt, or to leave salt on the table. The writer knows this to be a Russian superstition current among the Russian peasants. It is widely known among many nations. Liebrecht quotes it among the Norwegians: "Do not spill salt; you will shed as many tears." Grimm (No. 64): "It is unlucky to spill salt."<sup>5</sup> Another custom common among the Russian peasants and found

1. Wright, p. 224; JAFL vol. 36, No. 139, p. 3.

2. Am Urquell, vol. 4, p. 73.

3. Wright: *Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore*, p. 224.

4. Grimm: *Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube*, vol. 3, No. 922.

5. Also Grimm, No. 535.

Am Urquell, vol. 3, p. 39; vol. 4, p. 117; vol. 3, p. 88.

Choice Notes, p. 165.

among the Russian Jews is to take bread and salt into a new home. Grimm (No. 238): "Move into new house at the waning of the moon, and carry bread and salt into it." In No. 182 bread and salt are mentioned as effective against witchcraft. No. 1142: "It is good to take bread and salt into a new house." <sup>1</sup> In East Prussia the things brought into a new house are bread, salt, a new broom, and a cat. <sup>2</sup> Wuttke mentions the old broom in addition to the bread and salt, but not the cat. <sup>3</sup> Wright says, "An old usage for bringing luck to a new house was for the incoming tenant to go into every room bearing in his hand a loaf and a plate of salt." <sup>4</sup> Wuttke says that one should not count bread in the oven (p. 402). (See *Counting* above.) Salt spilt on the table indicates a quarrel, in East Prussia. <sup>5</sup> In Germany, according to Grimm, if one drops bread and butter, on the buttered side, one has committed a sin. <sup>6</sup> One Jewish woman told the writer that when bread breaks off while it is being cut, a hungry guest is predicted, but the writer did not find this a general superstition among the Jews of St. Louis.

Jewish girls are told that if they gnaw *bones*, they will get a fair-complexioned husband. If a girl eats the bone of the Pascal lamb at the Passover service, she will be married within the year. She may eat the "afekomen" a special piece of unleavened bread, with the same result. Do not cut off the heads of vegetables, fruit, etc., and keep the remainder; leave the heads to the last. This is from the Talmud.

Next to bread in significance among Jews is *the egg*. Eggs form an important part of the Passover feast. It is very likely that the eating of eggs at the Jewish spring festival, like the custom of having eggs at Easter, goes back to heathen times and customs. An egg is eaten immediately upon returning home from the funeral of a near relative. A child who comes to one's house for the first time is given an egg by some people (referred to above). When asked why the egg is used at Passover and after funerals, the Jews say they do not know exactly why, but they think that the egg is a symbol of life, not only that it contains within it the possibilities of life, but that it is round, like the circle of life.

*Light*. Another symbol of life is light, for lights are used by the Jews at the most solemn moments of their life, — at weddings, at funerals, on the anniversary of relatives' death, on the eve of the Sabbath and holidays. One of the strongest Biblical taboos that is found among the orthodox Jews to-day is, "Ye shall not kindle a fire throughout your habitations on the Sabbath day." (Exodus 35 : 3.) The orthodox will not even press the electric light switch on the Sabbath, and most of

1. Also in Wright : Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore, p. 225.

2. Am Urquell, vol. 1, p. 46.

3. Wuttke : Deutsche Aberglaube, p. 396 ; also p. 129.

4. Wright : Rustic Speech and Folk-Lore, p. 225.

5. Am Urquell, vol. 1, p. 46.

6. Grimm : Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube, vol. 3, No. 998.

them will not use the telephone, lest an electric spark result. They do not cook on the Sabbath, and will not make a fire to warm themselves in cold weather, but call in some Gentile to make and attend to the fire for them. This taboo has come down to the present day and is just as binding as the taboo of the kid and its mother's milk.

The Sabbath lights must not be extinguished. This is true also of candles lighted on the anniversary of a relative's death, and of those lighted on the eve of all holidays. The candles must be allowed to burn until there is nothing left of them. On the Sabbath and other holy days the candles must not be touched after the blessing has been said over them, because of the fire taboo. As soon as the mother has blessed the candles and the Sabbath has begun in the home, no fire or light may be touched from that time until sundown on Saturday. When an intelligent orthodox Jew is asked why a fire may not be kindled on the Sabbath, he will say that kindling a fire was work in olden days. Although it is not work to press an electric light button to-day, still these things are not done, because we "must put a fence around the law." He will argue, and rightly too, perhaps, that the reformed Jews who have torn down all these fences, have left nothing of the beauty and charm of the old faith.

The interesting parallels of not letting the fire go out are the famous ones of the vestal fires and of the Yule log. The "perpetual light" in synagogues and Catholic churches is never allowed to go out. In Grimm there is a reference to the altar light in a church. The superstition is that if that light goes out, the priest will die.<sup>1</sup> In Lancashire it is believed that if any fire does not burn through the night of New Year's Eve, it betokens bad luck during the ensuing year.<sup>2</sup>

In addition to bread and salt being carried into a new home, a candle is sometimes taken, so that there may be light in the home.

*Death and mourning.* Candles are lighted not only on the anniversary of a death, but are lighted around the body of the dead, "to light the way to the other world," some say, others that "the soul of man is the light of God," or that "light signifies the soul," and still others say that candles were put there originally to make the demons flee; while rationalists among the Jews explain the custom in a very practical way. The dead must not be left alone and lights must be lighted around the body so that mice and vermin will not gather there. Whatever the reasons given, the custom is universally observed among all Jews of whatever country and sect.<sup>3</sup> Wuttke says that candles are placed around the dead so that the soul need not wander in darkness (p. 481).

The body of the dead must not be cremated, according to orthodox

1. Grimm : *Deutsche Mythologie*, Aberglaube, vol. 3, No. 150.

2. *Choice Notes*, p. 187.

3. *JAFL*, v. 29, p. 415.

Jewish custom, neither must it be moved from its grave, because it must be free to rise on the Judgemnt Day. In the counties of Leicester and Northampton, and in other parts of England, there is a superstitious idea that the removal or exhumation of a body after interment bodes death or some terrible calamity to the surviving members of the family.<sup>1</sup> Shakespeare's epitaph, and others like it, are cases in point. Among Jews, people are not allowed to kiss or touch the dead.

In some countries Jews place water and a towel near the dead, so that they can bathe on Resurrection Day;<sup>2</sup> in some countries a spade is placed so that the dead can dig their way through to Jerusalem on the Resurrection. None of these things are done in St. Louis, although people have come here from countries where these practices were common.

The dead are never left alone, and usually women surrounding the corpse will set up a succession of wails and lamentations something like Irish "keening." After people have left the cemetery, they must wash their hands. Wuttke says this is done among Germans "to wash away the evil spirits," but Jewish people are required to wash their hands on so many occasions that they do not stop to question why, and attribute all of it to sanitation and hygiene.<sup>3</sup> On leaving the cemetery, it is customary to pluck some blades of grass and throw them backwards. This custom goes back to the 12th century.<sup>4</sup> The dead are always buried facing the east, or toward Jerusalem, for the same reason that the Jew always turns to the east when he prays. Grimm says that a German superstition tells people to bury the dead with faces toward the east, or they will be frightened by "winseln."<sup>5</sup> Wuttke refers to the belief among Germans that a person who has sold himself to the devil must not be buried with his feet to the east, which is the usual custom, or the coffin will turn to the west.<sup>6</sup> The thread with which a shroud is sewed must not be knotted, so that the dead can easily free himself from his garments on the Resurrection Day. Wuttke speaks of the custom of not knotting the thread in shrouds, or the dead will return and ask that the knots be untied.<sup>7</sup> People must not grieve for the dead too much. This has been discussed in the first part of this paper.

*All vessels containing water* must be emptied at the time of a death in the household. Liebrecht discusses the custom among the Germans of pouring out all water found in uncovered vessels at time of a death. He quotes from Inman's *Ancient Faiths* that the Egyptians had the

1. Choice Notes, p. 8.

2. Cf. Wuttke : Deutsche Aberglaube, pp. 459 ff.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 459.

4. Jewish Encyclopedia, vol. II, p. 599.

5. Grimm : Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube, vol. 3, No. 545.

6. Wuttke : Deutsche Aberglaube, p. 467.

7. *Ibid.*, p. 461 ; also page 210.

same custom, the "living being comes by water... and makes its exit through water." <sup>1</sup> Some Jews say that the angel of death washes his bloody sword in any water that is near. Wuttke mentions this custom; it is also mentioned in *Choice Notes* as prevailing among the Jews of Gibraltar. <sup>2</sup>

All mirrors and pictures are covered or turned to the wall when there is a death in the household. <sup>3</sup> Wuttke mentions this custom among Germans, and says that mirrors and all shining things must be covered with a white cloth, for those who look at them will die. <sup>4</sup> In *Choice Notes* we are told "a curious practice once existed in Scotland that in the room of the deceased every clear and shining object (mirrors, pictures, etc.) was covered with white cloths." <sup>5</sup> And also that "a man in Scotland ordered on his death-bed that after his death the house clock was to be stopped." <sup>6</sup> Some Jews stop the clocks when there is a death in the home. Liebrecht quotes examples of covering mirrors, pictures, etc. at death (from Buxtorf : *Synagoga judaica*, c. 33). <sup>7</sup> Grimm, under *Aberglaube in Frankreich*, has this : "Si quelqu'un meurt, on voile les glaces de sa chambre." <sup>8</sup> Under *Aberglaube der Lithauer* Grimm says that it is not good to lay the corpse so that it can be seen in the mirror, for the dead will arise and look into the mirror. One should cover the mirror. <sup>9</sup> This superstition was found recently in Dutchess County, New York, among the descendants of early Dutch settlers (JAFI, vol. 36, No. 139).

A Kahan (descendant of the high-priest Aaron) must not enter a cemetery; neither must a pregnant woman, nor a woman in menstruation.

*Signs of death.* If you wake someone who is walking in his sleep, that person will die. Never look at the Kahanim (high-priests) when they bless the people on the Day of Atonement; the first time you do that you will go blind, the second time you will die. Do not wear black very much; it is a sign of a death in your family. Don't put a candle at the head of a sick bed; the sick person will die. Don't speak carelessly of someone's dying; it may come true. When one speaks of death and a person sneezes, pull the ear upward of the person sneezing. Sneezing was the first symptom of many diseases, especially of the Black Death in Europe. This custom is found among the Galician Jews, who say "pull the ear so that death will not call you." <sup>10</sup> Do not dust furniture with a broom; it is a sign of death.

1. Liebrecht : *Zur Volkskunde*, p. 351.

2. Wuttke : *Deutsche Aberglaube*, p. 459; *Choice Notes*, p. 118.

3. Cf. *Jewish Encyclopedia*, v. 5, p. 425.

4. Wuttke : *Deutsche Aberglaube*, p. 459.

5. *Choice Notes*, p. 121.

6. *Choice Notes*, p. 121.

7. Liebrecht : *Zur Volkskunde*, pp. 350-1.

8. Grimm : *Deutsche Mythologie*, vol. 3, p. 485, No. 7.

9. *Ibid.*, page 492, No. 2.

10. *Am Urquell*, vol. 4, p. 94.

*Praying to the dead for intercession.* Many Jews pray to the dead, especially to dead parents, for intercession.<sup>1</sup> They also go to the graves of very good and pious men and pray there. The grave of Rabbi Zechariah Rosenfeld, who died in St. Louis about ten years ago, has become a shrine for many of his more ignorant parishioners.

*Miscellaneous superstitions.* When one is in trouble, he should promise to do some charity. This "bargaining with God" is not uncommon among other peoples.

An undeserved curse returns upon the head of him who utters it.

Always say, "Zoll mich Gott nit strofen far die reid," when you are speaking ill of some one, even though it may be the truth.

Just before leaving the house to go on a journey, sit down for a little while. The Russian Jews have borrowed this custom from the Russians.

Another practice they borrowed from the Russians is always to sell to the first customer of the week — Monday morning in this country. It is said that one can buy at one's own price on Morgan Street if one goes early enough on Monday morning. Grimm gives this as a German superstition also.<sup>2</sup> The practice in Germany is to spit on the first money taken in.<sup>3</sup>

Never take all the money out of your purse ; leave some for luck. This practice was perhaps adopted in this country.

SOLDAN HIGH SCHOOL,  
ST LOUIS, MISSOURI.

1. JAFL v. 29, p. 415.

2. Grimm : Deutsche Mythologie, Aberglaube, vol. 3, No. 86.

3. Wuttke : Deutsche Aberglaube, p. 184.

Also Am Urquell, vol. I, p. 64.

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# NOA WORDS IN NORTH SEA REGIONS ; A CHAPTER IN FOLKLORE AND LINGUISTICS <sup>1</sup>

BY GEORGE T. FLOM.

The subject of taboo has been treated somewhat fully, in some of its aspects, by writers on folk-lore and primitive religion, both in individual works and in the journals of learned societies and institutions. It has long been recognized by students of the subject that the practice of taboo has had considerable influence upon life and society among primitive peoples ; and we know that there are numerous survivals of the practice today, not least in western Europe. However, the study of the subject has concerned itself in the main with tabooed acts, and has neglected, rather generally, linguistic prohibitions of like kind. One aspect of the latter has, to be sure, received some attention ; namely that which involves names, names that one must not utter at certain times, or in certain places, or that must not be uttered by certain persons in certain situations. But the forbidden word and the using in place of it some permitted word (noa-word) has been noted but little. And yet this phase of the subject is of very great importance. Linguists especially should find much to interest them in this form of it. When I speak of the little attention accorded it so far among linguists I wish at once to make an exception to the statement in Elof Hellquist's recent *Svensk etymologisk Ordbok* (Lund, 1922,) where the influence of taboo in certain classes of words is often noted — a thing that is a most excellent and distinguishing feature of this great work.

In the following pages I shall try, first, to illustrate some aspects of the practice of word-taboo from the point of view of belief ; secondly, to discuss briefly the method of coining noa terms, considered in some typical instances with regard to the semantic side, and also that of change of form. I shall use for this the material in the highly organized fishermen's language of the Shetland Isles. This will be taken largely from J. Jakobsen's *Etymologisk Ordbog over det norrøne Sprog på Shetland*, 1908-1921. From it, augmented somewhat from elsewhere, I have prepared a complete list of Shetlandic noa-words ; there are 460 in all. The practice in question was dealt with by Jakobsen in his doctorate dissertation *Det norrøne Sprog på Shetland*, Copenhagen University, with classified illustrative material, a work which I had the pleasure

1. Read in part before the Scandinavian literature group at the meeting of the Modern Language Association of America, at Columbia University, Dec. 21, 1924.

Taboo

Superstition

XX



of discussing with the author himself at his home in Copenhagen, shortly after its appearance in 1897. Of other works I shall mention Sahlgren's articles in *Namn och Bygd*, vol. III, pp. 100-161, and especially, Vol. VI, pp. 1-40; Magnus Olsen's *Stednavnestudier*, 1912, pp. 26-48; and K. Nyrop's *Navnets Magt. En Folkepsykologisk studie*, 1887. To these is to be added Fraser's *Taboo and the Perils of the Soul*, 1911, pp. 318-418.<sup>1</sup> There is some information to be gathered in *Folk-Lore*, London, 1890 to the present; in *Old-Lore Miscellany*, London, 1907-1915; in *Danmarks Folkeminder*, *Svenska Landsmålen*, *Aeldre norske sprogminster*, I, II and III, Christiana, 1911-1915, and other early Norwegian works, like Strøm's *Beskrivelse over Søndmor*, 1762, pp. 535-536, and in various

1. *Namn och Bygd* is here abbreviated NoB, and Nyrop's *Navnets Magt* is abbreviated N. M.

Sahlgren's first article is entitled *Blåkulla och Blåkullafärderna*; the second, entitled *Förbjudna Namn*, considers word-taboo on pages 1-7, then a number of mythological names from this point of view. These investigations are of great importance, both in their results and in the emphasis upon investigations of this kind in the study of divine names and place-names.

Also to be mentioned is a short article by M. Olsen on *Peder Claussøn om Sjøfinnernes Sprog*, MoM., 1909, pp. 88-92. The dialect dictionaries referred to are Aasen's *Norsk Ordbog*, Ross's *Norsk Ordbog*, Rietz's *Svenskt dialektlexikon*, and Feilberg's *Ordbog over jyske Almuesmål*.

The earliest references to word or name-taboo, so far as I can find, were the following:

- 1555. Olaus Magnus : *Historia de gentibus septentrionalibus*. Romae.
- 1580-1644. Peder Claussøn Friis : *Skrifter*. Ed. G. Storm, Christiana, 1881.
- 1646. Christen Jenson : *Den Norske Dictionarium eller Glosebog* (written 1649).
- 1651. Jens Lauritzsøn Wolff : *Norrigia Illustrata*.
- 1670. Joh. Loccenius : *Antiquitates sueo-gothicae*.
- 1672-1700. David Gørrisøn Klim : *Ordsamling fraa Robyggjelag*. Printed, Christiana, 1911.
- 1687. 100 *Gamle Bunde-Regler*. Printed, Christiana, 1914.
- 1699. B. Österplan : *De Kinnakulle*. Uppsala.
- 1703-1716. M. Martin : *Description of the Western Islands of Scotland*. 1st edition, 1703, enlarged edition, 1716, reprinted, Glasgow, 1884.
- 1749-1767. Knud Leem : *Beskrivelse over Finmarkens Lapper*. Copenhagen, 1767, but according to T. Hannaas, Bergen, written before 1749. Reprinted, Christiana, 1923.
- 1741. Linné : *Öländska och Gothländska Resa*.
- 1750. Johan Ihre : *De superstitionibus hodiernis ex gentilismo residuis*. Upsalae. In the half-century following 1750 many writings speak of the practice; see NoB. In his article on *Frühneuhochdeutsche Euphemismen*, *Zeitschrift für deutsche Wortforschung*, X, pp. 129-173, Hans Schulz, in a section on *Ehrentnamen des Wolfes*, pp. 167-173, mentions Kirchhof : *Wen dunmuth*, I, 1563, as writing about the avoidance of the name wolf, and giving the four substitutions : *unthier*, *der holtzing*, *der wul*, and *der henniche*; (also four between 1663-1748 as referring to the taboo, but without giving the words used).

places in this work in chapter III, pp. 149-325. Also M. Martin's *Western Islands of Scotland*, 1716, and John Brand's *Tour of Orkney and Shetland*, 1701, supply something. Finally there are the dialect dictionaries of Aasen, Ross, Feilberg, and Rietz, where sometimes custom and belief in this or that region are spoken of under the definition of the word considered. Other works used are mentioned in the foot-notes. In an article entitled, "The Weasel in Religion, Myth and Superstition," *Washington University Studies*, XII, pp. 33-66, T. S. Duncan also lists numerous words for the weasel, but he does not consider the question of taboo.

I shall first give some illustrations of taboo in relation to belief.

It is well-known that the ordinary terms of daily intercourse are avoided to a large extent by fishermen when at sea, and other words are used, which would not be used on land. There is much material illustrative of this practice in western Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Shetland, Scotland, and Normandy, but the phenomenon in question is world-wide, and not confined to any region or race. Nor is the practice of avoiding the usual names of things, persons, activities, or places, confined to fishermen, nor in general to those engaged in sea-occupations. It is, perhaps, as common, or was as common, among those whose life is spent wholly on land, e.g., among hunters,<sup>1</sup> workers in the field, and among house-wives.<sup>2</sup> The custom has maintained itself better, perhaps, among fishermen, and sailors, for the influences that kept it alive were operative there in a higher degree possibly, than on land.

These influences were mainly, of course, the mystery of the sea and the fear of it. Comparable on land is the religious awe inspired by the solitude of the forest or some mountain wilderness, or again the remote uninhabited islands (cf. the many holy islands of folk-lore).

At sea man felt that he was in the presence of mysterious and invisible powers whose servants, the spirits of the sea, were watching all about him, though they could not themselves be seen. It need not surprise us, therefore, that taboo, and especially perhaps word- and name-taboo, is found to be extensively developed among sea-faring folk.

Before I pass to my particular subject I shall instance some examples of this form of taboo on land; the influence on language here is no less clear.

I shall cite an example first from the domain of names. We know that among primitive peoples parents rarely utter the real names of their little ones. Thus the Västerbotten Lapps say *neikuts*, 'the little girl', and *pardnekuts*, 'the little boy'.<sup>3</sup> And the older members of the family

1. As in Denmark, Germany, Finland, and elsewhere. Linguistic taboo among hunters in Denmark is testified to by Strom, p. 536.

2. See N. M. for examples for Denmark, and NoB, VI, p. 9, for some for Sweden. For Norway *Bunde-Regler*, p. 15, has some instances.

3. Sigrid Drake: *Västerbottens Lapparna under förra hälften av 1800-talet*. Uppsala, 1918, p. 236.

also are spoken of preferably by substitution names. We observe here the apparent underlying reason as being fear of harm ; one avoids the real name and thus thinks to deceive the hostile spirits that would harm the child.<sup>1</sup>

Similar is the position in regard to common nouns wherever linguistic taboo is practiced. There are certain nouns, or nouns and other words, that are avoided, and which thus disappear from one's permitted vocabulary, at certain times and places, varying, perhaps, with the time, the place, and the speaker, and with the activity of the speaker at the time. Thus in the Hebrides, Scotland, the fire of a kiln is not called *teine*, 'fire', but *aingeal*, 'light'.<sup>2</sup> Similarly in the Island of Lewis the fire taken to the kiln was called *angel*, writes Rev. Malcolm Mc Phail, adding, " Evil be to him who called it fire or who names fire in the kiln. It was considered the next thing to setting it on fire."<sup>3</sup> In some districts of Scotland, says Frazer, a brewer would have resented the use of the word water in reference to the work in which he was engaged. " Water be your part of it," was the common retort. It was supposed that the use of the word ' water ' would spoil the brewing.<sup>4</sup> In different places in Denmark one must not, when fetching water at brewing time, call the water *vand*, but *low* or *ldw* (in Jutland), or *low* (in Fyn). The source of the words is O.Scand. *logr*, 'moisture', 'sea'. We are told that in Jutland a breach of the prohibition means that one will not get ale ; in Fyn one must say *low* to insure that the ale will not be bewitched.<sup>5</sup> In Fitjar, Søndhordland, Western Norway, they used to employ a special language when brewing ; and water was called *log* (O.N. *logr*.), clear from the time one took it from the spring until it became ale. Instead of saying *vatne koka*, they said *logen ry'e*. If one happened to use the word *vatn* it was feared the ale would be as thin as water.<sup>6</sup> Corresponding prohibitions are practiced at baking time (Scotland) and at slaughtering time ; in Denmark one must not use the words 'blood', but say *sved*, 'sweat'; similarly in Sweden one must say *svett*.

We are reminded that in O.N. and O.E. the corresponding *sveiti* and *swāt* mean both 'blood' and 'sweat', as does also the O.H.G. *sweiz*. Now O.N. *sveiti*, in the meaning 'blood,' is found chiefly in poetic texts, while the word *logr*, referred to above, always means 'sea', or 'ocean', in

1. For Lapland there is much interesting material in Isaac Olsen's " Om Lappernes Vildfarelser og Overtro " (*Kildeskrifter til den Lappiske Mythologi*, II).

2. *Folklore*, X, p. 265.

3. *Folklore*, VI, p. 170.

4. Frazer, p. 395.

5. *N.M.*, p. 123. Feilberg under *læg*. Example of taboo at baking time in G. Henderson's *Survivals in Belief among the Celts*, p. 225. *Law* (*ldw*) means 'moisture', 'juice'.

6. *Stednavnestudier*, p. 26. *Logen rije* might be translated, ' the juice is gurgling. '

the poetic texts. This would suggest that in taboo, poetic or archaic words were perhaps, consciously resorted to; but it also suggests that the poets often, perhaps, employed the archaic, and picturesque, terms of taboo. That the meaning 'blood', in the word *sveiti*, *svett*, had its origin in the language-taboo of slaughtering-time, there can be little doubt. In Norwegian dialects to-day *sveite* is said of 'blood of the slaughtered animal', but there is no longer any time-taboo connected with it. In the Bohuslän dialect (Swedish territory, but a Norwegian dialect) besides having this meaning *svette* also means 'blood that has run from a wound,'<sup>1</sup> which shows another extension in use. In hunter's language in Germany one also says *Schweiss* for blood, a clear case of hunter's taboo. In non-Germanic languages the corresponding word does not have the meaning 'blood'.<sup>2</sup> The taboo of slaughtering time assumes different forms there, and apparently does not involve the word in question.

Similar substitutions are commanded in connection with other activities. They are practiced during special activities or on special occasions, or perhaps in connection with any kind of work at certain times, or in certain places. In particular one has recourse to the approved taboos in time of sickness or misfortune. Among peoples of our race, if I may use this term thus loosely here, taboo, where it survives, is now found within these definitive limits, varying in its nature and its scope. But we frequently find the conditions of the taboo and the words connected with it identical with those among primitive or remote peoples. Among these, however, the belief and the practice have a far larger scope; and we have therefore reason to believe that it was practiced much more widely formerly, and governed much more intimately the lives of our ancestors than to-day.

I shall give some further examples. Linguistic taboo is especially common in the case of names of wild beasts, and birds of prey, etc., and the dog, the cat, the toad, the weasel, rats, mice, etc. With the animals that receive the chief attention varying somewhat, the practice is general European and Asiatic, and is found in highly developed forms in Indonesia and Polynesia. In ancient Rome the Flamen Dialis was forbidden to use the words 'goat' and 'dog'.<sup>3</sup> The natives of Siberia avoid the word for 'bear', and call it by circumlocutions.<sup>4</sup> The Annamese avoid naming the tiger and the elephant by their real names, saying instead 'master', or 'grandfather'.<sup>5</sup> Just so they substituted a name for 'bear' formerly in Sweden, by calling him *storgubben*, and

1. A. E. Holmberg : *Bohusläns Historia och Beskrifning*, I, p. 264, and N. T. Nilén : *Ordbok öfver Allmogemålet i Sörbygden*, 1879, p. 133.

2. See Hellquist : *Svensk etymologisk Ordbok under svett*.

3. *NoB*, VI, p. 4. Frazer, p. 13.

4. Frazer, p. 398.

5. Frazer, p. 403.

*storfar* ('great fellow', 'grandfather').<sup>1</sup> The wolf is called by a great variety of names in many places ; I have a list of twenty-four different names for him from Sweden alone. In addition to such words as *tuss*, *tusse*, *tasse*, *bjäsk*, *ulåk*, and *lösing*, there are several based on the word *grå*, 'gray', as *han grå*, *grässe*, *gråben*, and *gråbening*, further *gråbusse*, *gråmas*, *gråpjesk*, *gråtass*, and finally they say *han som i skogen går*. With the last we may compare the German *Hölzing* and *Holzgängel*. In Sweden there are further several cōds with *gull*- and *-fot* : *gullfot*, *gullben*, *gulltass*, and *fyrfot* ; finally there is *lång rumpe*.<sup>2</sup> In eastern Norway *graaben* is the regular word for 'wolf' ; cf. O.N. *gråbeinn*, do., and the fem. *graabeinsfyla* in Nordfjord Norway, today. More commonly they said *grådyri*, in O.N. however ; in Norway today this means 'reindeer'.<sup>3</sup> In the popular mind the wolf is connected with the powers of evil. When the belief takes on Christian coloring the devil inherits the wolf's names. In Sweden the name devil is rarely used in popular speech, but instead one employs modifications of the word or substitutions, of which there are about ninety in all. Among the substitutions are *buse*, *kuse*, *raggen*, *rakkare*, and *gråen*.

The mouse, too, has a great many names in west European folk-lore, and a prominent place in taboo. Here we often meet with a time-taboo also, which in this case is between Christmas and Twelfth night. During this time it is improper in Denmark to use the word *mus*. One says, instead, *utøj*, *de smaa graa*, *de smaa teder*, *tederne*.<sup>4</sup> In Sweden the names are : *uting*, *utyska*, *illtyska*, *de små*, *uteder*, and *frat*.<sup>5</sup> Some of these, and other words for mouse, are employed in Norway and they are apparently for the most part, of taboo origin.<sup>6</sup> The care with which the word *muo* was avoided in Denmark is illustrated in the case of a minister in Hovdrup Parish, Sjælland, about a century ago, whose name was *Muus* i.e., 'Mouse' and who was always called 'Pastor Tede' during Christmas.<sup>7</sup> A somewhat similar name-taboo is related from northern Scotland, where the name was *Ross*.<sup>8</sup> It is to be remembered in connection with the above Danish instances that the time-taboo goes back to the belief

1. *Den Norske Dictionarium*, p. 5 ; *bamse*, *bruviske*, and *guldfo*, are given, and the fem. *bingse* (cf. mod. dial. *binne*). Friis gives *mourlasse* for 'bear'.

2. *Hellquist under varg*, N.M., p. 131. C. J. Friis mentions the word *fjeldsxhveder* for Norway.

3. In Jutland, Danish *graaben* formerly meant 'wolf', now 'sheep', for which there is also the word *fimrehale*.

4. N. M., p. 125.

5. N. M., p. 125, and *Rietz*. In Denmark, rats are called *de store*, *de langrumpede*, and in Germany *de bönlöper*, 'garret-runners'.

6. *Den Norske Dictionarium* also, *Aasen*, various places.

7. N. M., p. 125, and a humorous variant from Sjælland, p. 126, cited from *Skattegraveren*, III, 1885, 841.

8. Frazer, p. 395. Frazer also tells of a man in Mecklenburg, Germany, whose name was *Wolf*, but who was called *Herr Undeert*, 'Mr. Monster', between Christmas and Twelfth Night.

that animals assume the power of speech at Christmas time. The belief that animals understand the language of humans at Christmas was formerly general European; and in some places it was apparently also thought that there are, linguistically, nationalities among animals, as among humans (examples especially from eastern Asia, and Polynesia); and that in a region of two languages it may very well be that animals understand the one language and not the other.

I shall now turn to the weasel and the toad. In popular belief the weasel is especially harmful and dangerous to humans; its place in superstition and popular custom today is as important, perhaps, as it was in religious belief and practice in the Middle Ages. Its true name is regularly avoided all over Europe. But the names met with, especially in the North, are entirely different in kind from those for mice and rats. They are nearly always names of praise and respect. In Sweden one says, *jungfru, lilla snabba, lilla snälla*; in Denmark it is: *bruden, guldbrud, kongedatter*, and *den kenne*; formerly in England it was, 'pretty lady', and 'fairy', and the last still in Cornwall; in Germany, *Jungferchen* and *Mühmlein*, and in the Westphalian dialect *froie*, 'woman', 'maiden'. Such names as 'maiden', 'bride', and 'princess' are found all over Europe as noa-terms for the weasel. Cf. the Italian *donnola*, 'little lady', by the side of which *benula*, 'good little one', is also used, and the Rumanian *nevasta*, 'bride', Spanish, *comadreja*, diminutive of *comadre*, 'godmother', Hungarian, *menyet* or *holgy-menyet*, 'bride', and the Gypsy *bori*, 'bride'.<sup>1</sup> There is further the Greek *nymphita*, 'fairy', Slavonic, *lasice*, 'darling', Basque *andreigerra*, 'beautiful lady', Galician, *garri-dina*, 'beautiful one', and Bulgarian *kadunka*, 'little Turkish girl'. And I mention the French last, for here the words for weasel are most numerous of all, the general word *moustella* (*mostela, moustelo*) being apparently practically displaced by others in the different dialects. The usual word is *belette*, 'little beautiful one', but of this there are also the forms *blette, belete, bello, balotte*, and in Old French *bele*, without the diminutive ending; there are further the words *beroga, marcolle, margolatte, barcolle, bascoule, loutre, ficheou, fouine*, and about as many more.

There are clearly various beliefs present here. For the toad and the Swedish cases the explanation is clearest. Rietz informs us under the word *tossa*: "Man må ej kalla detta lilla djur tossa eller groda, utan fröken, emedan tossor skola vara förtrollade pryncessor. Andra påstå att de äro förtrollade möjungfrur. De böra derföre icke dödas eller förnärmas, emedan de till hämnd dia korna eller gifva dem sår, som svår-ligen läkas". And he notes the belief from Blekinge that if anyone strikes or wounds a toad, without completely killing it, he will have to atone for

1. See also Hellquist, p. 113; Feilberg, *Sjæletro*, p. 39; Riegler, *Das Tier im Spiegel der Sprache*, p. 49, and Rietz; further Duncan: "The Weasel in Religion, Myth and Superstition."

it through lameness or other illness. A farmer is careful not to harm it with his scythe ; if it is in his way he will ask it politely to go, addressing it as *jungfru, lilla snälla* <sup>1</sup>, etc. I think this will be found to be about the same for Norway ; the toad is never harmed if one can help it. In Denmark toads are definitely connected with evil spirits, at least prevailingly so ; the evil spirits are thought to appear by day in the form of toads. But they give them complimentary names to propitiate them. And this is probably the usual belief underlying weasel names all over Europe.

One thing especially is to be noted at this point : the name and the thing are intimately connected. The true name is a part of the thing, and uttering it brings the evil thing to the spot. This belief was formerly general European. Hence the Swedish saying : " När man talar om trollen så stå dei farstuen," here in reference to trolls. In Germany the saying has the form, " Wenn man den Wolf nennt, kommt er gerennt," in English : " To mention the wolf's name, is to see the same " ; and in French, " Quand on parle du loup, on en voit la queue ", and Italian, " Chi hail lupo in bocca, la ha sulla coppa. " The belief is evidenced in all parts of the world. The Finns and Lapps do not name the bear, the wolf, the fox, and the lynx, by their real names lest they come and ravage their herds. Similarly in Norway. To take an example each from Asia and Africa, Bengalee women do not mention the snake by his proper name at night for fear that one may appear ; <sup>2</sup> and in eastern Africa, among the Waziguas, the real name of the lion appears to be practically never used. Here we seem to have a taboo similar to that of the name of the tiger in India ; the word is avoided altogether. Or there is the time-taboo : in Iceland one does not name the fox by his real name *tóa*, after sun-down ; if one does, he will come and take a lamb. So one says *lágjæta* or *lágjætta*. In earlier Icelandic a great variety of names were used as : *bttr, refur, skolli, skroggr, drattháli, melrakki, holtaþorr, tortrygg*, and *blóðrekkur* ; <sup>3</sup> others in modern Icelandic are *foa*, and *skaufali*. Most of these are noa-names. <sup>4</sup> The practice is often limited to certain seasons of the year. Thus in Mecklenburg, Germany, a shepherd never utters the name Wolf, at Christmas time, for fear the wolf will come ; simi-

1. Feilberg : *Bjærgtagen*, 1910, pp. 78-79, and Rietz, p. 147.

2. Frazer, p. 402.

3. G. T. Zoëga : *Ensk-Islenzk Orðbok* gives the following for fox : *tóa, refur, bragdarefur*, and *melrakki*. In the *Islenzk-Ensk Orðbok* he also has *agfóta*, ' fox ', and *skolli*, ' fox ' ; ' the devil '. Haldorsson : *Lexicon islandico, latino-danicum* lists *lagjætla*, f., ' vulpes ' ; *skolli, dratthali*, and *blóðrekkur*. The lynx is called ' the cat of the forest ', in Finland. Holmberg, I, p. 223, speaks of the lynx being called *skogskatten* in Bohuslän.

4. Of noa-origin are also many of the words for snake, as *ON. lyngfiskr*, ' heatherfish ', *vidfiskr*, ' forest-fish ', Swedish *lyngål*, ' heather-eel ', Danish *bakkeaal*, etc.

larly in Thuringia. In Prussia and Lithuania the name is avoided in December, when the wolf must be called *das Gewürm*.

But the weasel names dealt with above illustrate another element of belief; if you come across such an animal and are suddenly face to face with the danger you may appease it by addressing it respectfully, and giving it complimentary names. Hence the flattering names *gullfot*, *storfar*, etc., for wolf in Sweden. Similar propitiatory names for wolf and bear, and sometimes for other wild beasts, are met with also in Asia, and elsewhere. In Annam tigers and elephants are addressed with great respect as 'lord', or 'grandfather', lest the beasts should attack them. In Siam when in the Jungle and the hunter thinks the tiger near he will either speak of him in complimentary terms, as "grandfather of the woods", or only mention him in whispers.<sup>1</sup>

In Cochinchina the tiger is worshipped as a malevolent being, who may 'be propitiated, however, by the names master' or 'grandfather'.<sup>2</sup> The Finns speak of the bear as 'beautiful honeypaw', while the native Siberians say 'the little old man' or 'honored one'. In Russian *medvedi*, 'honeyeater' has become the established name for bear.

Now some of these examples and the accompanying explanations show the presence of still another element in the belief, namely that the viciousness of these animals is connected with the character of their names. Thus in Norway, while the cattle are at the summer pasture in the mountains, they do not name the wild beasts by their real names, we are told in a XVIIth Century ms., but they call them "*Herrens jagthunde, bamsen, gullføten*, og saadanne flere smukke nafne, thi de meene han ved saadanne prydelige og pyntelige nafne formildes og deris faar ingen skade gör." (*Bunde Regler*, p. 25.) So in Sweden it was believed that the wolf killed the farmer's sheep and cattle because he disliked the ugly name *varg*, by which he is called in Sweden. Thus there is related a supposed conversation between a farmer and a wolf from the time when animals could talk.

On this occasion the wolf said: "Kallar du mig varg, så blir jag dig arg; men kallar du mig af guld, så blir jag dig huld."<sup>3</sup> (Incidentally it may be noted that the Swedish noa-names for wolf in *gull*- go back at least to the first half of the XVIII century.) From the Swedish island of Tjust the conversation quoted has the following form:

Kaller du māj varj  
 så ska ja bli dine kreter arj;  
 kaller du māj buse,  
 så ska ja följ dine kreter te huse;  
 män kaller du māj gullfot,  
 så ska ja bli dine kreter bå trogen o hull.<sup>4</sup>

1-2. Frazer, p. 403.

3-4. Quoted in *N. M.*, 130-131, and *NoB*, III, pp. 132-133, and Rietz, from Råäf: *Beskrifning öfver Ydre Härad i Östergötland*, I, 1856.



Hence beasts of prey there, as here the wolf, are hostile and harmful to man because of the names that man has given them ; they do not like these names. But these dangerous beasts may be made friendly and helpful to man if man will only give them better names ; his hostility will disappear if you call the 'wolf' *buse*, that is a neutral term, that indicates nothing in particular regarding your attitude to him. But he will be your helper and server if you call him *gullfot*. Finally a word about taboo and the world of spirits.

In the spirit world, according to popular belief, there are spirits which by nature are friendly to man, and stand ready to aid him in his undertakings and to give him success. These are, of course, especially the house-spirits. The beliefs and the customs associated with these differ from those connected with hostile spirits, though the taboo practices may be similar. In the latter case, the attitude is one of fear or dread ; in the former the feeling is rather one of attachment, and there is apparently little or no fear. In the former the uttering of the forbidden name is attended by some dreaded consequence ; in the latter the result may, perhaps, be only the loss of the help of the spirit in question, in regard to the particular undertaking or piece of work engaged in when violating the taboo. It is clear that taboo is likely to be found to have a much larger scope in connection with the belief in evil spirits, and in connection with occupations where one is especially exposed to the operations of evil spirits.

The prohibited word is, of course, but one phase of the general practice of taboo, of which the prohibited act is the other. The following story from Shetland, involving an act, not a spoken word, may serve further to illustrate the belief, here in relation to the friendly beings in the supernatural world. " It is not long since," wrote M. Martin, " every family of any considerable substance in those islands was haunted by a spirit they called Brownie, which did several sorts of work, and this was the reason why they gave him offerings of the various products of the place. Thus some when they churned their milk, or brewed, poured some milk and wort through the hole of a stone, called Brownie's stone. A minister in this country had an account from one of the ancient inhabitants who formerly brewed ale, and sometimes read his Bible, that an old woman in the family told him that Brownie was much displeased at his reading in that book ; and if he did not cease to read in it any more, Brownie would not serve him as formerly. But the man continued his reading, notwithstanding, and when he brewed, refused to give any sacrifice to Brownie ; and so his first and second brewing miscarried without any visible cause in the malt ; but the third brewing proved good, and Brownie got no more sacrifice from him after that."<sup>1</sup>

1. Martin's *Description*, etc., 1884 edition, p. 491.

## II

In Shetland taboo is practiced in many ways : as in prohibited acts, especially on land, and in prohibited words, at sea. There are many things that the Shetland fisherman must do for luck at the fishing and a safe return. As he uses on land the prepared 'forespoken water' (O.N. *fyrir segja*, 'wish good to', 'bless',<sup>1</sup> when his children are sick, so he sprinkles forespoken water on his boat when he goes out deep-sea fishing,<sup>2</sup> and he repeats the act when he returns from a successful fishingtrip on the 'haf'.<sup>3</sup> On Hallowe'en Eve he 'sains' or signs his boat and puts a cross of tar on it. Further, when he goes fishing he carefully avoids meeting any person, unless it be one who has long enjoyed the reputation of being lucky.<sup>4</sup> Also when the boat has been floated it is not deemed safe to turn it but with the sun. And if a man going fishing is asked where he is going he need not go fishing that day, for he would get no fish.<sup>5</sup>

As to the practice of word-taboo on land there is very little information to be had. It would seem that it is not much in evidence.<sup>6</sup> Doubtless many of the words of ordinary land talk now are earlier noa-terms. The practice would then seem to have gradually disappeared on land, at the same time increasing among those occupied at sea, until there was in the course of time evolved a special sea language quite distinct from the land-language, though based, of course, on the same linguistic material. A similar extensive development of linguistic taboo at sea appears to have been characteristic of all North Sea regions formerly, with many survivals today, especially in Scotland and Norway. In regard to the latter, H. Strøm in his *Beskrivelse over Søndmør*, 1762, p. 536, says of the fishermen there that as long as they are at sea they never name anything by its true name, and that this practice involved places along the shore, as well as other words.<sup>7</sup> Among the substituted terms mentioned are *væsa*, 'eagle', *sidhale*, 'cow', *hornskaare*, 'goat', and *roskate*, 'pig'.

In Shetland the sea-language is intimately connected with and is an

1. *Old Lore Miscellany (OLM)*, I, pp. 199-200.

2-3. Brand *Tour of Orkney and Shetland*, 1701 (in Pinkerton's *Voyages and Travels*, London, III, 1809), p. 763.

4-5. Arthur Edmonston: *A View of the Ancient and Present State of the Shetland Islands*, Edinburgh, 1809, p. 67.

6. Jakobsen calls the 'taboo-words' *sønavne*, and brackets the local Shetlandic name : 'haf-words'. *NSp.*, p. 83. The material in the *Ordbog* seems to indicate the absence of noa-words in the language as spoken on land.

7. Cited *NSp.*, p. 83. See also Norwegian additions, *Maal go Minne*, 1909, p. 89. I am convinced there are many noa-names among Strøm's words for various animals in the chapter on these, pp. 149-214, of *Søndmørs Beskrivelse*.

out growth of the deeply rooted local belief in monsters of the deep. The belief that fairies and sea spirits are also fishing and understand the normal words may have played a certain role ;<sup>1</sup> but it is the monsters of the North Sea waters that we meet with everywhere here in fishermen's stories of the supernatural. There are today current there numerous accounts of monsters seen at sea, or monsters seen coming out of the sea and up on land. The monsters seem usually to be held to have human shape, or horse shape, or have partly both.<sup>2</sup> Bishop Brand, writing about the monster, calls it a 'devil-man', and says he had been told that it had often been seen by Shetlanders in the waters about the islands.<sup>3</sup> The *hafstrambi* too, described so vividly by the author of the XIIIth century *Speculum Regale* in his account of the wonders of the North Sea is to be remembered in this connection.<sup>4</sup> Elsewhere we learn that the Sea Spirit must be propitiated,<sup>5</sup> and after a successful catch certain rites are performed with the use of holy water ; and the extent of the fishing, and the places one may fish are subject to the will of the Sea Spirit.<sup>6</sup> In some places, as Western Scotland and perhaps generally in earlier times, elaborate sacrificial ceremonies are practiced in honor of and in gratitude to the Spirit of the Deep here named *Shonie*.<sup>7</sup>

1. Jakobsen speaks of the belief in connection with the Shetland words, *l. c.*, p. 83.

2. *OLM*.

3. Brand's Tour of Orkney and Shetland.

4. The discussion is found in chapter XVI, *Kongespeilet*, 1848, pp. 38-39, and in the *Facsimile Edition* (Urbana, III, 1916), p.33-34.

5. In the Malay Peninsula the camphor gatherers conciliate the Tree Spirit.

Cf. also *Folklore*, II, 1891, p. 244 (superstitions of Finnish hunters).

6. *OLM*., V, p. 18.

7. *Folklore*, VI, p. 164. The rite is described by Rev. Malcolm McPhail, of Argyshire (formerly of Lewis), as follows in the 1895 volume of *Folklore*, p. 164 :

Sacrifice to procure good fishing. On the west side of Lewis after a successful fishing, or at the commencement of the season when imploring for one, a goat or sheep, but more generally a goat, was bought in common by the fishermen of the same port. The goat or sheep was brought to the seashore where the fishermen were in the habit of landing their fish. Then the oldest fisherman in the district, revered alike for his age and seamanship, was appointed Pontifex Maximus to conduct and preside at the public sacrifice. The temporary priest now led the victim to the place appointed for the sacrificial rite, and this was so near the edge of the sea that any of the blood spilt would fall into the water. The aged seaman, conscious of the solemnity and dignity of his position, reverently uncovered his hoary head, and on bended knees slew the victim by cutting off its head. With scrupulous care the blood was caught in a boat's bailer. When the blood had ceased to flow he waded into the sea, there poured it out to him whom he considered the ruler of the deep and its numerous inhabitants. He then turned to the carcass of the victim and divided it into as many portions as there were paupers in the district, sending a piece to each, for it was touched by no one else. The

Certain words are tabooed. The word 'boat' is tabooed, and the words for the different parts of the boat. One says *basek* (from *basa*, 'to move forward laboriously', 'splash'); or the word *far*, O.N. *far*, n., 'conveyance', or its derivative *farlek*, is used for boat. For 'mast' one says *steng*, 'pole', for 'sail' the word *klut*, 'clout', is used; *swātek*, 'bailing vessel', is formed from *skvetta*, 'to sprinkle'; *remeks*, 'oars', variant *rems*, appears to be a loanword from Dutch *riem*, 'oar'. In place of 'storm' or strong wind' one says *gro*, 'gentle breeze', etc. Further the tackle, and all things used in connection with the fishing, or with the preparation of the food, get new names; also animals, birds, and fishes. The animals whose names are changed are, especially, the horse, cow, dog, hen, rooster, cat, mouse, otter, pig, sheep, and the ram. Further still those for the fisherman's cabin, his gun, foghorn, whetstone, knife, compass, lamp, basket, needles, gloves, shoes, boots, stockings, his bed, the fire, the firetongs, the sea, water, ocean-bottom, the words for spinning, wheel, wife, house, church, minister, land, and for men, the sun, moon, wind, thunder; also the word for eyes and some others. Finally there are many substituted adjectives and quite a number of verbs.<sup>1</sup> Names of fishermen's landmarks along the shore are given other than their real names, for the mention of these would bring disaster.<sup>2</sup>

The noa-words are almost all of them of Norse origin. There are a few exceptions to this, as *skøn*, 'knife', apparently Gaelic, *sgian*, 'knife', and the verb *to skøn*. Further *bjener* or *bjenek*, 'dog', seems to be Lappic *bæn*; cf. the Swedish-Lappic *piædnak*, 'dog'. The choice of the Gaelic *sgian* in the former case might be due to the fact that the native *skøn*, O.N. *skeina*, 'to cut', slit', was in use in the land-language. That the *haf*-words should be mainly Norse is natural enough, for the fishermen were for the most part Norse, but it does not entirely explain the almost exclusive use of Norse words. In part it is no doubt due to the fact that there is a tendency to use old words and obsolescent words as *haf*-terms, and Norse, as the language that was decaying and going out of use in the Shetlands, furnished excellent material for the desired changes and circumlocutions. But it is also clear that there was a more positive

whole ceremony gone through as above was called Temnadh (or Tamradh). This religious rite has been performed with due solemnity on at least one occasion within the last seventy years." Rev. MacPhail adds: "At this date ninety years ago." Hence in 1805 or after.

1. Material here based almost exclusively on Jakobsen's: *Etymologisk Orbdog*, and *NSp.*, where there is a classification of the taboo words, pp. 85-98. There are more noa-words in the dictionary, however, than in *NSp.* An occasional additional term is found in the *Old Lore Miscellany*, and some variant pronunciations also here and elsewhere, but Jakobsen's work is unusually complete apparently. The total list of noa-terms is 430; of these ca. 350 are published in *NSp.*

2. Dealt with separately by Jakobsen's *Shetlandsøernes Stednavne*, pp. 209-212.

factor operating in this almost universal selection of Norse words. It was, as earlier writers inform us, the reputation of the Norsemen as capable sailors and fishermen in the northern waters. Their ways were copied, and their sea-words were supposed to have a special virtue. The noa-words are also called today 'lucky-words'; if one wished to be sure of having luck one chose the Norse terms. It is to the point here to note that in Wales it used to be regarded as very unlucky for fishermen to use English names (*Henderson*, p 20). I assume that the Welsh used native linguistic material for the desired names. I shall here merely note the fact that noa-words are very archaic words, or loan-words.

### III

I shall now illustrate briefly the character of the noa-words in certain groups of words considered from the standpoint of meaning. After that I shall discuss them somewhat from the point of view of method of formation.

*The Sun.* There are first the words : *de fager*, *de feger*, *de feg* ; *de glid* or *glida* (O.N. *glit*, 'something that glitters') ; and *de gludder*, also formerly pronounced *glöder*. The last is semantically a composite, meaning 'the hot sheen of the sun', 'the reddish light of the sun', and collectively 'the sun's rays'. We have the two ideas, then, of 'light' (or 'glitter'), and 'heat', further combined with that of 'redness'. The ultimate source is therefore O.N. *glitr*, which accounts for the final *-er* and gives us the sememe 'shining', 'glittering', hence the expression *de gludder o'de sun*, in land-language. But differing from *glid*, *gludder* means 'the hot sheen', and 'a red light', which derives from O.N. *glóð*, 'glowing coal'. This word has also perhaps modified the main vowel of the word *i* to *ø*, *u*, though this assumption in a Shetlandic (or even a Lowland Scotch) word is not entirely necessary.

There are next the words *glunt*, a short gleam of sunlight, as between compact clouds ; *de shiner*, (vowel *i* = Norse, the *sh* is English) ; *de sulin*, with def. article, O.N. *solin*.

Our first word, with variants, is based on O.N. *fagr*. adj. In O.N. poetry the same adj. is used in names for the sun, as the Eddic *fagrahvel*, 'fair wheel', the Scaldic *fargrim*, 'fair gem', and the adj. *fagrgljó*, 'fair glowing', used in *Alvissmál*, 5, but here said not of the sun, but used by Alviss of the fair glowing daughter of Thor.<sup>1</sup> In poetic language O.N., *fagr* — is employed extensively as the first part of compounds, regularly with the meaning 'bright', 'glittering', 'light', which is its earliest ascer-

1. Also in other cases the words of the 'languages' of the supernatural world used in the *Alvissmál* merit comparison with the noa-words of Shetland. I have dealt with this phase in another paper to be printed elsewhere.

tainable meaning in Prim. Northern.<sup>1</sup> I shall note here also that the word *jagr* appears in the wk. form *jagri*, in the noa-name for the mackerel. This is not a case of naming the mackerel 'the beautiful one', but 'the shining one', 'the sparkling one'. Our second name *glid*, also appears in the sense, 'sheen', or 'light' in general, and as vb. 'to glitter.' The words 'disk', 'wheel', 'ball', or 'eye', do not appear here as names of the sun; cf., however, the vb. to *glur*, 'to look', 'stare', said of the sun shining faintly through mist or openings in the clouds.<sup>2</sup>

*The moon.* The names are *de globeren*; *de glom*, *de glomer*; *de glontek*, *de glonter*, *de glonta*, also *glonjter*, and *gluntek*. There is not much that need be said about these. The faint light of the moon is the principal idea. Thus *glom* also means 'a faint light' or 'a light from a half burned out fire'; so in O.N. *glamr*, both 'faint light' and in poetry 'the moon'. *Glunt* is an ablaut variation of *glint*, 'a light that is of short duration'. The name *globeren* may derive from O.N. *glapari*, 'the staring one', *glapa* vb. 'to stare'.<sup>3</sup> *Glom* or *glomer* is sometimes also the taboo term for 'lamp'. In land-language a *glom* usually is a faint or pale light in South Shetland.<sup>4</sup>

*The Wind.* There are many words for the wind in its various aspects, ca. 65 in all; but only the four: *de gola*, *de gro*, *de stø*, and *de ongestø* (or *ongestø*), belong to the sea-terms. To the fisherman it is apparently chiefly the violent aspect of the wind that is connected with the substituted names; dread of the powers that are rampant in the storm. *Gola* means also 'bad weather and strong wind' in Shetlandic; it is O.N. *gola*, *gol*, n., and *gola*, vb., 'to howl'. In the land-language *de gro* means 'a gentle breeze'<sup>5</sup> but in taboo language 'strong wind', 'rough sea'<sup>6</sup>; *ongastø* is 'contrary wind', and *stø* is the general sea-term for 'wind'.

*The Fire.* The words for 'fire' are, first, *birtek*, and variants, from O.N. *birta*, f., 'brightness', 'light'; *de brenna*, *brenja*, *brenner*, *brenjer*;<sup>7</sup> *de fona*, *fena*, *feni*, *fun*, from O.N. *funi*, 'flame', 'fire'; *de ilder*, *ildin*, or *hildin*, def. form of Norse *eldinn*. It may be added that a

1. O.E. *fæger*, 'beautiful', 'pleasing', but Gothic *fagr*s, 'suitable', 'fitting', which latter is held by Falk-Torp: *Etymologisk Ordbog over det norske Sprog*, to be the basic meaning.

2. Cf. Norwegian dialectal *glora* 'to sparkle', 'to shine', and 'to stare', 'make big eyes'.

3. As Jakobsen, *Ordbog*.

4. Observe that while the stems employed for the bright light of the sun are, with rare exceptions, such as have a high vowel (*i*), those used in words coined for the faint or weaker light of the moon show the vowel *u* or *o*.

5. Jakobsen, *Ordbog*, N. B. *gol* means 'strong breeze'; with *ongastø*, Jakobsen compares Icelandic *andstædur. vindr*.

6. O.L.M., III, p. 39. Jakobsen defines 'wind' merely, in the taboo use; a hantle *o gro* 'en hel del vind.'

7. The four are variant formations from O.N. *brenna*, 'to burn'. *Funi* and *brenner* are poetic words for fire in O.N.

variant of the first appears in the word *de brina*, 'smoke', also in the form *brennek*, 'mock-sun', and 'a broken rainbow'. Only the first of the four groups of names need here detain us. In land-language *birtek* means 'a bright point', or 'the becoming bright'. The taboo word also has the form *burt*, with which is to be compared the vb. *to burt*, 'to brighten', 'make brighter by stirring', said of the fire; a variant of this is *to birt*; cf. O.N. *birta*, 'make clear', 'bright'<sup>1</sup>. *Birtek* in the meaning 'making bright', shows the semantic influence of *to birt* (both are land-terms, also). Through the meaning 'making bright by stirring (the fire)' the meaning 'to stir' isolates itself; this seems to be the prevailing use today. Hence not only can one say *to birt op de fire*, = 'to stir up the fire', but also *to birt ut de fire*, = 'let the fire go out', both in normal Shetlandic. In sea-language *to birt op de fire*, becomes *to aber up de birtek*, in which *aber* is a verbal use of the adj. *aber*, 'sharp'. Elsewhere (Island of Yell) the sea-expression is *to agel op de birtek* (the vb. *agel* I do not derive from *ag*, 'impulse', as JJ. would, but rather connect it with Norwegian *egla*, 'to stir up', 'arouse', which *l*-augment (of *eggja*) also appears elsewhere, as Faroese *agla*; in Norway, common in the south-western dialects; as Ryfylke, Søndhordland, Hardanger, Sogn.)

*Miscellaneous taboo-names.* I shall select a few, not indicating whether there are also other names for the animal or thing mentioned.

The sheep is called *de jarmek* (O.N. *jarma*, 'to bleat'); and *de skupek*, *skupi*, or *skobek*. The last group need not be referred to Dutch *schaap*, as JJ. suggests. They are formed from the vb. *to skup*, 'to run fast and in a hopping, skipping manner', Eng. 'skip'. Cf. Norw. dialectal *skupp*, 'a quick an vigorous shove', and Icel. *skoppa*, 'to skip about'. That is *skupek*, etc. coincides in original meaning no doubt with Dutch *schaap*, Eng. 'sheep' etc. There are numerous dialectal forms and words, especially Norwegian and Swedish.

The dog is called among other things, *de benibiter*, 'the bonebiter'. The hen has many names: *de flokner*, *de hjonsi*, (O.N. *hæns*), *de japi* (cf. Faroese *jappa*, 'chatter'), *de kjokerin*, (No. *kokra* (emit monotonous sounds), *de skrovin*, *skrover*, etc.

The cat is called either (from the word *fótr*) *de fudin*, *futer*, *fjodin*, which no doubt carry the idea of 'the light of foot'; or *de jarmer* (*jarma*, 'to mjaw'), *de mjawi*; *de kluri*, from *to klur*, 'to scratch'; *de skavnasi*, from *skava*, 'shave', 'scrape' hence, 'the rubnose'<sup>2</sup>; *de skavin*, first part of the same word; *de spjaler*, from *spela*, 'to play'; *de vengi*, 'the whimperer', *de voler*, about the same meaning; *de winsie*, 'the leaping one',

1. Aasen = *byrtia*, 'klare, pudse, især Lyset i en Lampe', given for Bergen, Stift and Nordmøre. *Den norske Dictionarium*, p. 13, has: "Byrte kaldis at føre frem, saasom Byrte vegen i kollen sive Lampen", hence 'trim the wick'.

2. *Skrover* from an O.N. *skrafa*, 'to scrape'; *skrovin*, a variant.

'the hop-about'; finally also *de kisek*, *kisert*, O.N. *kisi*, 'cat';<sup>1</sup> and *de pusi*, *de drinj* ('tail'), and *de rami* (O.N. *hrammr*, 'paw').

The 'cow' is named, from its lowing, *de brölek*, and *de burek*, or it is called *de dronjer*, *dronjasi*, by the side of which there is the vb. *to droin*, said of the long-drawn out lowing of the cow; otherwise the cow is named, from the word for tail, *de halin*, *haljin*, or *haler*, the last of which means 'the tail-swinging'; the first is merely the def. form of *hali*, hence, 'the tail'.

The bait used by the fishermen was either pieces of fish cut up, and was called *nebert* (cf. Icel. *nidurburður*<sup>2</sup>, that which is lowered or sunk into the sea), or else snails. The latter bait is called *de fladereks*, *flodereks*, or *de fjora*, *de fjoren*. The former is clearly (with JJ) the Norwegian *fladra*, 'little chip', or 'splinter'; the second word is the Norw. '*fjara*, 'ebb', 'beach'. In the latter case the name of the beach where the bait was found is, in the sea-language, used for the bait. Also in normal Shetlandic the word 'ebb' is sometimes used for 'snail' (for the meaning-change, cf. the expression: 'to geng to the limpet-ebb', 'to go and gather snails').

In concluding this section I shall add a few words about taboo terms for the mouse and the pig. For the former there are exactly forty in Shetlandic; they are for the most part variations of the word *foi*, or *fu*. In their meaning about thirty refer to the feet of the mouse; the rest name the tail, or the gray color of the mouse, or the doings of the mouse. The meaning 'gnaw', possibly the original meaning of 'mouse' ('the one that gnaws'), does not appear anywhere<sup>3</sup>. However *murin*, Norwegian *mura*, 'to putter and move about quietly' (weakly, ineffectually); "*pulse*,"<sup>4</sup> appears once.

For 'hog' there are the following eight names: *de bersi*, lit. 'bristles'; *de hjosi*, or *de hjosen*, O.N. *háss*, 'hoarse', Shetl. *hjos*, 'to eat ravenously'; *de moddin*, 'the rooter'; *de modvit*, 'the mudwight'; *de tronter*, from *trant*, 'snout'; *de gronter*, or *grontjel*, from *gront*, 'to grunt'; *de harki*, O.N. *harka*, 'to scrape', Shetl. *hark*, 'to cough', Faroese *herkja*, 'to eat greedily'; and *de patisidna* (cf. the land-term *pati*, 'pig', *alipatti* and *patisgrice*, from *ali* + 'to nourish' + *pati*, 'teat', and *gris*, 'pig'). Thus the hog is named from his bristles, his snout, and his grunting, once each, from his greedy way of eating, and from his rooting, twice each, and from the

1. There are numerous noa-names for cat, or calls to cats, showing a *k* + vowel + *s* (*s*). I shall cite merely *kousin*, 'a cat', *Ordsamling fraa Robyggjelaget*, p. 31. In *In Norske Dictionarium*, p. 47 '*kus kus kus sive kusseban*' is given as a call to young calves, and *kusse* appears as the word for a calf of two or three years.

2. So Jakobsen, and without doubt correctly.

3. Torp, *Nynorsk etymologisk Ordbok*; Hellquist, *Svensk etymologisk Ordbok*.

4. Defined: 'pluse', 'pusse' in Ross.



idea of 'the nourisher', once (a variant of three land-terms). In the noa-word *harki* we seem to have a 'semantic leap' to a known Faroese use of the verb. Of the general European *su*, Sw. *so*, Eng. 'sow', O.N. *sýr*, acc., *sú*, etc. Hellquist says : " Säkterligen efter djurets grymtande läte " <sup>1</sup> The apparent Faroese influence, and the example of a borrowed meaning in a noa-term is to be noted. I am convinced that there are many cases of Faroese influence in Shetlandic.

Noa-words formed by a change of one or several sounds of the tabooed word. There are relatively few cases where we can with considerable probability assume arbitrary modification of an existing land-term. There are other instances besides those given here, but the forms may involve chiefly other factors. The following however, seem fairly certain, *virða*, *virdek*, 'fire'. There is first *birti*, definite *birtin*, which are apparently directly from O.N. *birti*, f., 'light'. *Birtek* and *birdek* are made by merely adding the common noun suffix, *-ek*; in the second *-rd-* might go back to *-rt-*. *Birki* seems to show an occasional change of *-rt-* to *-rk-* found in the dialect in rare cases. <sup>2</sup> However, *virða*, and *virdek*, seem to require the assumption of a purposed alteration of *birtek*, *birti* (so perhaps also *birki*).

*Supalti*, 'horse'. The usual meaning of the word in numerous variant forms is 'sea-monster', 'nicor', the taboo use being due to the fact that the monster was imagined in the shape of a horse. In the form *sjupilti*, 'sea-demon', the word is no doubt to be directly referred to O.N. *sjór*, 'sea', and *píltir*, 'boy', 'fellow', the cod. being Shetlandic. <sup>3</sup> In North-maine there are further the forms : *sjopelti*, *sjopulti*, *sjopälti*, which appear to be but local variant pronunciations. But the forms *supalti* and *sopelti*, are quite irregular from the standpoint of Shetlandic phonology. They are intentional modifications of *sjupalti*, 'sea-monster' into *supälti* in the new application to the horse. The Unst form *sulpat-jin*, 'troll', with def. article ending, is perhaps a similarly changed form.

*Skjort*, 'tail.' An Aithstthing variant of *stjort*, 'tail of a large fish', with change of *st-j* to *sk-j*. Another form of the latter is *sterti*, with unbroken *e*, as Norwegian *stert*, by the side of *stjert*.

*Skudra*, a kind of cod, *gadus motva*, 'lange.' It does not wholly explain this and the word *sköd*, 'saith', to say that they are variants with initial *s*, from O.N. *köd*, <sup>4</sup> the young of fish', Norse *kjæda*, 'trout', because there is also a Shetlandic form *köd*. *Köd* is the regular word for any halfgrown fish, especially a 'saith', and this form no doubt goes back to O.N. *köd*. But whence the initial *s* of the form *sköd* (which seems to be used only of the 'saith' in his 4th year). JJ. says only : " S som forlyd må være gammel ". <sup>4</sup> We may cf. *skudra* with Norw. *kotr.*, m. However, an O.N.

1. *L. c.*, p. 820.

2. Only in taboo forms? JJ. gives no case in NSp., p. 139.

3. Jakobsen : *Orðbok*.

4. Jakobsen : *Orðbok*.

form from which both these could have come, would have given Shetlandic *kutter* or *kudder*, and applied probably to some small fish. The form *kutter* or *kudder* will probably have to be our ultimate source of *skruda*, "lange," 'the long cod'. This word has then been changed to *skudder* (*skutter*), by a suggestion from the similar *skudder*, with -s-initial, meaning 'shooting forward swiftly' (also vb. *skuder*, 'to shoot forward swiftly'); and noa-term for the 'long cod' the word then received the feminine ending -a. The noun-verb. *skuder* is to be compared with O.N. *skotra*, Lowland Sco. *scowther*, n., and Eng. *scutter*, vb.

*Bohonnin*, mouse. Possibly ironic application of O.N. *buhundr*, 'house dog,' as J.J. suggests. It would then be the def. *buhundinn* (without the *r* of -*rinn*). The word is used in Papa Stour island. In Fetlar, an island farther to the North and on the other side of Mainland, one says *vokonin*, as noa-word for mouse. It is a change from *bohonnin* by altering the initial consonant of both syllables, and retaining the definite ending.

*Daikel*, 'compass'. Pronounced *daikel*, elsewhere *däikel*. The diphthong shows that it is a relatively recent loan word from English 'dial',<sup>1</sup> -ai being the usual equivalent in Shetlandic of modern English *i(ai)*. The form *daikel* shows the influence of the English "dial" upon *daikel*.<sup>2</sup> *Daikel* is a case of altering the tabooed word by adding a *k* initially in the second syllable.

In part III of this paper I have purposed merely to give some typical illustrations of how the Shetland noa-words are formed. Elsewhere I hope to deal more fully with this, considering also some material from another region.

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1. Jakobsen also: "Forvanskning af eng, 'dial' solskive, solur ?" but without further comment.

2. I. e.: *dial* > *däiol* > noa-word *dikel*; and *däikel* + *dia* > *daikel*.

## BOOK REVIEWS

SENECA MYTHS AND FOLK-TALES BY ARTHUR G. PARKER. Publications of the Buffalo Historical Society, Volume 27, Buffalo, 1923.

The mythology of the Seneca is now one of the most fully reported bodies of folklore in North America. This latest collection, by A. C. Parker, was recorded largely from Edward Cornplanter, and, taken in connection with the collections by Curtin and by Hewitt in the 21st and 32nd Reports of the Bureau of American Ethnology, it presents much interesting variant material. The tales are all competently recorded from excellent narrators.

It does not offer surprises; it is doubtful if any new collection of Iroquois myths will add radically new elements to those that we already know. Iroquois folklore has been for some time a field where the study of variants was possible, and now with the appearance of this new volume the opportunity is one of the best in the field of Indian mythology. Throughout, while the amount of actual invention in incident or character, by any narrator, is small, the recombination of incident, and even the remotivation of action is relatively great.

The familiar elements in the new collection are just those which all our study of folklore would lead us to expect; there are the same plot incidents and the same elements of culture in these tales that are a part of all recorded Iroquois mythology. Just as in Curtin's and Hewitt's collections from the Seneca, here too it is the cultural details of the "down-fended" or ceremonially secluded youth, the conflict of the nephew and uncle, and especially the tests cast in the local guise of "guessing the dream," that recur again and again. On the other hand, those aspects of cultural life for which the Iroquois are famous — the commanding position of their women, and their political organization — you may search for from end to end quite vainly.

Parker's collection is notable however, for an emphasis on the guardian spirit fast for which we were not prepared. It is a recurring incident that, at the instigation of the uncle, the boy goes to the river where he builds a sweat lodge and fasts and takes an emetic, waiting till his vision appears. When he returns, his next duty is to seek a wife. This guardian spirit can be summoned in crises throughout his life, and the taboo on telling of the vision experiences until one's death-bed is mentioned also. Simple prophetic dreams figure in the stories too, as in the tale in which a man dreams the same dream of chieftainship four nights in succession and therefore proclaims himself chief.

I have mentioned that the observances of the League are not reflected in their folklore. Parker however, has published at another time the version of the constitution of the Five Nations in its form as part of their mythological material. (New York State Museum Bulletin, No. 184.) It is incorporated in the historical tale of Deganawida, the reputed Mohawk founder of the League. The simple tale of his meeting with Hiawatha, the Onondaga founder, and of the origin of the League between them is given in this new volume also (p. 403,) and in comparison with the elaborated version published in the Museum Bulletin it gives a particularly clear understanding of the way in which authority is given to a culture trait by later interweaving it with a bit of legend.

An appendix reprints (for the third time, see *American Anthropologist*, Vol. 14, and New York State Museum Bulletin, No. 184) an article of the author's on Emblematic Trees in Iroquoian mythology, and a valuable description of a curing society ritual which includes four days' fasting from salt and grease, an altar, mixing of medicine water, a calendrically repeated ceremonial (here four times a year), and the eating of bear's meat. The same complex is found in the curing societies of Zuni, for instance. The volume is prefaced by a useful summary of the Iroquoian cosmology and descriptions of the chief mythological characters and spirits. There is also a convenient reference list of the stock situations and magical objects that occur in the tales.

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FOLK SONGS OF FRENCH CANADA BY MARIUS BARBEAU and EDWARD SAPIR.  
New Haven, Yale University Press, 1925.

In the preface of this delightfully written and beautifully made book the authors have stated as their object the avoidance of "the two extremes of technicality and of sentimentalism" in the endeavor "to reach both the folklore student and the general reader who wishes to get a taste of a fascinating folk literature." It cannot be denied that not only have they admirably succeeded in their purpose, but in the comments upon the songs, Mr. Barbeau has offered his readers a literary treat of unusually high order. In addition, Dr. Sapir has contributed faithful and artistic English translations of the French poetry which are themselves worthy of preservation. This happy collaboration not only has resulted in a rarely fine collection of songs such as any lover of literature would enjoy, but in a sufficiently careful and accurate presentation of the material so that it may be used as reference by other collectors.

Although the Canadian National Museum, from the collections of which the authors have drawn, possesses different Canadian versions of a number of the songs, only one has been utilized in each case, or else the versions have been combined to make for more complete renditions. To the serious student of folk song this might be felt to be a drawback, although the book was not intended to more than introduce French Canadian songs. Possibly the versions of any given song were not sufficiently different to make desirable the presentation of more than one, although if there had been any interesting variants, publishing more than one Canadian version would hardly have detracted from the more popular character of the book, which it was sought to maintain, and yet would have added materially to its value as a reference. There is one case of two now almost distinct songs which probably had a common origin and this is discussed by Mr. Barbeau, and in his comments on all the songs, he frequently quotes passages from different European versions for the sake of comparison.

Undoubtedly from an artistic standpoint the music, which is a direct reproduction from original drawings, leaves nothing to be desired, but the average reader finds it very difficult to read. In this case, however, the real defect lies with the readers, so few of whom, comparatively speaking, are accustomed to reading manuscript, and not with the book makers.

It is amazing to find that in the isolated districts of French Canada so much remains of mediaeval to seventeenth century folklore, not to be surpassed, possibly, even in the old provinces of rural France today. It is exceedingly interesting to trace the vicissitudes of some of these old ballads, or to follow Mr. Barbeau in doing so, whose knowledge of the field is so extensive. He has performed all the labor of running down the sources and

making the comparisons with such easy grace that only readers who have performed similar tasks can realize the immense amount of work involved, as well as the fascination inspiring its accomplishment, with which Mr. Barbeau lures his readers ere they are aware.

One striking point to be noticed in perusing the songs is the small number of ballads presented of which versions are to be found in England. The English and Scottish ballads seem to be of quite different ilk. Of the forty-one given only five have been traced across the channel, although Scandinavian, Italian, Swiss, German, Spanish and even Roumanian and Russian versions are alluded to. Probably the explanation of this situation lies partly in the centuries of enmity between the two countries, although it is odd that so little interchange has come about through the medium of other countries.

One of the five exceptions is *The Wicked Knight*, the French counterpart of the Anglo-Scottish broadside *Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight*, or *The Outlandish Knight*, of which I have also found a version in Jamaica among the primitive blacks in the back districts. Another is *Our Lord in Beggar's Guise*, known as *Dives and Lazarus* in Child's collection. A third is *The Maiden Sold to the Devil*, probably related to one of the earliest English ballads of the 13th century, according to the authors, — *Inter Diabolus et Virgo*. Mr. Barbeau thinks that possibly the chantey *Seven Year'd at Sea* has an English connection, and this, too, I believe I have heard in Jamaica, very much broken down. *The Heart of my Well-Beloved* is mentioned as *The Two Magicians* in Child's collection of English and Scottish ballads.

The prosody of the songs has been discussed rather fully by Mr. Barbeau, but although he also gives the tune to which each song is sung, he has not discussed the music at all, merely remarking in one or two cases that the tune is similar to that used abroad. Considering the few ballads in the collection common to French Canada or France and England, and the many varieties of prosodic patterns existing in the poetry, it is interesting to note that almost exactly half of the collection, or eighteen songs, have tunes in six-eight metre, the traditional ballad metre of England, while nineteen are in two-four metre with the divided beat, also a common old English ballad metre. Of the remaining four, two are in three-four metre and two in nine-eight, but in reading these songs, it appears to me that the nine-eight metres have been wrongly so heard, on account of the failure of the singer to pause the requisite six beats at the end of the phrases, thus at such points doubling up two measures into one of nine-eight time. At other points, the movement is decidedly six-eight, for the music so divides itself naturally, and this is shown in passages here and there where the transcriber has not been able to follow the illusion of the nine-eight structure, and has had to change to six-eight. These songs would have been better written in six-eight throughout, except at the ends of the phrases. It is a very common phenomenon for the folk to hasten over notes which should be held several beats, when singing the songs without accompaniment. The melodies, on the whole, appear not to possess the singable qualities of most of the English tunes. Many move a little awkwardly and some contain difficult intervals, but there are notable exceptions of very attractive lilting airs. The scales on which most of the tunes are based, together with this feature of lack of coherence, argue quite as strongly on the musical side, as the prosody and the content of the poetry do on the other, for the extreme age of many of the songs. There is a distinctly mediaeval flavor in much of the music, particularly exemplified by the augmented fifth in major scales, an occasional flat seventh, and the frequent appearance of the natural minor scale with its flat seventh. Oddly enough, one of the songs which Mr. Barbeau thinks presents the best claim

to Canadian origin, no version of it being found abroad, has one of the most archaic tunes. This musical evidence shows how close to the original style of music these ballads have remained despite the centuries that have passed since their birth. Altogether this is a most acceptable collection, of which the compilers and the printers may be justly proud.

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SONGS AND BALLADS OF THE MAINE LUMBERJACKS. ROLAND PALMER GRAY.  
Harvard University Press, Cambridge 1924.

Mr. Gray's book is of immense interest to the student of American literature as well as to the folklorist. The value of the volume varies, I think, with its different parts. Mr. Gray has classified the songs of the lumberjacks into four groups: the first group included those songs composed by and for the lumberjacks themselves; the second group, the old English and American ballads that they sing; the third, historical ballads, of the United States in general and of Maine in particular; and the fourth, Maine broadsides. The first part is by far the most valuable and original contribution that Mr. Gray makes, since many of the ballads in the second and third parts can be found elsewhere, and the broadsides are more significant as a delicious example of literary naïveté than of anything else. It is indeed to be acknowledged, however, that the historical and bibliographical notes in the second and third parts are exceedingly valuable. Likewise it is of interest to know what songs these lumberjacks have preserved and also what variations they have made in them, but in the final consideration the first group is the most important.

One wishes that the discussion in the introduction of the lumberjack songs were more significant, even though the introduction might lose some of its narrative charm thereby. In their evaluation it is necessary to discriminate between what is genuine and what is merely imitative in order to discover the peculiar quality that makes their preservation significant. Such discrimination Mr. Gray has not made in his introduction, and I believe he has not even recognized its importance. He says at the beginning of the introduction, "Folksongs and popular ballads are great human documents. They narrate, in unpremeditated art and verse, the experience of an individual or group..." The truth of this statement is undeniable if *unpremeditated* is understood to mean instinctive honesty and not ingenuous parroting. That the lumberjacks did a great amount of ingenuous parroting is interestingly evident. Their language is an extraordinary mixture of slang, bad grammar, sentimental and romantic phrases. Wherever their tenderer feelings are concerned, they seem unable to speak naturally. They employ the language of the old English or other ballads they have learned from their fathers. That they know these ballads is evident from the second section of this book. One understands well, from considering these clichés, how it was impossible for several lumberjacks to take part in their composition. It is not necessarily parroting to use orthodox introductory phrases, like, "Come all you brave shanty boys and list while I relate," or refrains like "Sing folde-diddle, darow," for they may be the property of all times. The presence in the same poem (*The Jam on Gerry's Rock*, version A) of phrases like, "They took him from his watery grave, brushed back his raven hair," and, "There was a fair form among they, whose cries did rend the air," with sentiments like these, "And the wages of her own true love, the boss to her did pay; but the shanty boys for her made up a generous sum next day,"

does indicate an ingenuous dishonesty. Such sentimental and romantic phrases are exceedingly frequent. We find, "No kind friends near to wipe the falling tear when sorrow fills the troubled mind," in *The Lumberman's Life*, version A; and in version B, "For his heart scorneth those conceity beaus that call it a disgraceful name." *The Logger's Boast*, given as an example of log-swamp literature (the appellation is not Mr. Gray's own, but quoted without comment from Springer's *Forest Life and Forest Trees*) contains this, "Our grain shall wave o'er valleys rich, our herds bedot the fields." If this is log-swamp literature, were it composed by forty loggers, then so is "Under the greenwood tree, who loves to lie with me." One has but to compare the prose account in the introductory note to the *Sandy Stream Song* with the song itself to recognize the poetic feebleness possible because of borrowed language. In *Peter Ambelay* a stanza is transferred bodily from an old English ballad. Mr. Gray has himself noted the source. The significance of all this borrowing is not to be ignored in the final characterization of people and songs, but it is academic sentimentality to call it strong simplicity from "elemental emotions and simple interests" no matter how Samsonian a lumberjack uttered it.

If the lumberjack is not natural when he is tender, when is he? One finds many delightfully matter-of-fact records of events. The phrase quoted above from *The Jam on Gerry's Rock* is an excellent example. There are others in version B of the same poem. The "fair form" is a "Miss Clark," a "noble girl," who, "When she received the money she thanked them every one." In *Guy Read* there is a very careful description of the situation of the accident, "To work the face much longer it would seem a foolish part; a jar so slight, you see, it might this lofty landing start"; "The landing broke like glass"; "The remains were buried by the orders of K. P.; A funeral more attended you would scarcely ever see." This matter-of-factness is effective in the same way as is the simplicity of the old ballads — a fact which may be comprehensible only when wages, bosses and K. P.'s are as remote a reality as hawks and shields. I think that the methods are the same. When the songs are humorous in intent, like *John Fergusson's Crew*, or *Johnny Holmes*, or *Mell Whitten*, the language is quite pungently real and not always vulgar; for instance one phrase runs, "When the squirrels do chitter and the hedgehogs do gnaw."

Because then, of the very conglomerate language, few, if any, of these lumberjack ballads are pure poetry, and can, like the old ballads, move the heart "more than a trumpet." But this fact in no way lessens the extraordinary interest that a student of American literature may have in them. To him, the volume is an invaluable contribution. He could only wish for a more significant introduction.

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## TRADITIONS OF THE IOWA INDIANS

BY ALANSON SKINNER.<sup>1</sup>

### INTRODUCTION.

The Iowa Indians are a small tribe of the Tciwere branch of the Siouan stock. Their closest relatives are the Winnebago, Oto, and Missouri. They are rapidly dwindling in numbers, there being (in 1924) some seventy-eight individuals settled along the Cimmarron River near Perkins, Oklahoma, and perhaps as many as two hundred, mainly mixed bloods, on the old Great Nemaha Reserve along the Kansas-Nebraska line close to Reserve and White Cloud. As the Iowa have abandoned their ancient culture, and have taken over the white man's religion and customs, it is not probable that another group of Iowa tales as extensive as this can be gathered.

The Iowa have long been associated with the Central Algonquin, and the majority of their tales reflect this contact. On the other hand there is a strong current of influence from the Plains, with special similarity to the tales of the Eastern Dakota. In the present state of our knowledge it is impossible to say to what extent Iowa lore resembles that of the Oto and Winnebago, both of whom are known to have extensive mythologies which remain still unrecorded or unpublished.

Of all Iowa lore the most indigenous is that group accounting for the origin of the gentes and the societies. These have been discussed in a paper previously published<sup>2</sup>. The origin tales of the societies and ceremonies are as a whole stereotyped and trivial. Only that for the origin of the Medicine Lodge is recapitulated here.

The tales were collected principally from Robert Small, better known to his people as *Manyi'hu*, or "Walks-From-The-Creation-On" a member of the *Mé'jiradjí*, or *Shúnta Kiradjí*, (the Wolf Gens) a man of known probity, good education, and with an excellent command of the English language. A few stories were obtained from the late Joe Springer or *Xoma Inyé*, "Little Elk," of the *A'ruhwa* or Buffalo Gens, and some were acquired in 1914 while in the field representing the American

1. Published by the courtesy of the Public Museum of the City of Milwaukee.

2. Skinner, PaAM XI, p. 679.

Museum of Natural History, from Chief David Tohee, or *Mantré'hon*, "Holy Bear," of the *Tundápin* or Black Bear Gens. Had Chief Tohee not died during the great influenza epidemic, no doubt much more material might have been gathered, for of the many Indians of different tribes whom the writer has had occasion to use as informants on native customs Chief Tohee was unquestionably the best. The material gathered from Springer and Tohee is, for the most part, not included here, as it deals almost wholly with the myths concerned with the origin of certain societies and their rites.

The material obtained from Robert Small was collected in the month of July, 1922, at Cushing, Oklahoma, while the writer was engaged in studying the ethnology of the Iowa and Sauk Indians.

A tale recorded by J. O. Dorsey, and printed in 1881 in the *American Antiquarian* has been reprinted here for convenience. The following is a complete bibliography of the Iowa tales scattered through the literature :

Dorsey, James Owen :

The Social Organization of the Siouan Tribes, *American Folklore Journal*, Vol. IV, 1891, p. 338.

A Study of Siouan Cults, *11th Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology*, p. 424.

Skinner, Alanson :

Societies of the Iowa, Kansa and Ponca Indians, *Anthropological Papers of the American Museum of Natural History*, Vol. XI, Part IX, pp. 706, 728.

### *Iowa Customs concerning Narration.*

The widespread taboo against telling stories in the summer is found among the Iowa. It is said that those who disobey will be attacked by snakes.

Most tales have fixed titles by which they are known. These native names and their translations are given wherever it was possible to obtain them.

The conventional ending for all stories is the phrase, *Ha\*reta hakuka* or "That's when I came home."

When it was thought that children were falling asleep during the story-telling, a question requiring an immediate answer was hurled at them, and if it was not promptly answered, the session was over.

Anyone wishing to get one of the elders to tell stories had always to accompany the request with a gift of a little tobacco. An Oto woman who was present when an Iowa woman (Mrs. Robert Small) was telling the writer some of these stories remarked, "Among my people such stories are not told for nothing. Even my own mother would not tell me unless I made her a gift, and usually she made me cook for her (make her a feast) first."

*Note on phonetics used.*

The English alphabet has been used to record Iowa sounds, the letters having the continental values. Several sounds which cannot be recorded by any of these letters have been accounted for as follows :

- ê as e in bed.
- û as u in luck.
- x an aspirant.
- \* a whispered aspirant.
- ! an explosive (glottalized) sound.
- ' a glottal stop.

I. DORE AND WAHRÉDUA.

One time a family went out hunting. They camped by themselves in the woods, and while the man ranged the forest hunting for game, the woman, who was pregnant, stayed at home and kept house for him. One day while her husband was absent a man came to visit her. At first she paid no attention to the stranger, and would not even look at him. The man sat down opposite her and did everything to attract her attention ; finally, as he was possessed of magic power, he caused a fire to spring up behind her. " Oh my, there is a fire behind you ! " he exclaimed, but the woman reached behind her and put it out with her hands without looking up or speaking.

When her husband came home she told him about her strange visitor, and he said, " You did well. This man has evil power over women. Do not pay any attention to him, and after the fourth visit he will cease to annoy you. "

Each day thereafter the stranger visited her and tried in the same manner to frighten the woman with fire, but each time she made him go away without paying him the slightest attention. On the fourth and last day, after the man had left the lodge, the woman could not resist the temptation to see him before he vanished forever, so she peeped through a crack to see what manner of being he was. Although his back was turned, for he was going away, she saw that he had two faces, one in front and one in the back of his head, and that he had long sharp bones like daggers projecting from his elbows. He was Sharp Elbows (*Ito'pa'hi*).

The being saw the woman with his rear face, and laughed and said, " I knew you would finally look. " He retraced his steps and stabbed her to death with his sharp elbows and went away leaving her lying there on the floor of the lodge. When her husband returned he found her lying there still, but upon examination of her body he found her babies were still alive, so he cut her open and took them out. They were twin

boys, and, as he could not raise them both, he kept only one. The other he placed on an old log where the mice came and found him.

The one whom the father kept he raised until he was a small boy. One day when this boy, who was named Dore was playing alone while his father was off hunting, his lost brother the mouse boy, who was named *Wahre'dua* came to the lodge and sang in a low voice :

"Dore thié anje thato<sup>n</sup> tci wothothotcan najiro, Dore haha, Dore [haha !

Dore thié anje thato<sup>n</sup> tci wothothotcan najiro, Dore haha, Dore [haha !

Miëikû<sup>n</sup> hatuntci ho<sup>n</sup> nyi ma<sup>n</sup> dotasta hajido, Dore haha, Dore [haha

Miëikû<sup>n</sup> hatuntci ho<sup>n</sup> nyi ma<sup>n</sup> dotasta hajido, Dore haha, Dore [haha."

(Dore, you've got a father and you eat only dried meat, Dore [haha, Dore haha !

I've got a grandmother and I eat only wild beans, Dore [haha, Dore haha !)

When the man came home that night, Dore said to him, "Father, this boy comes when you are gone and sings to me."

"Oh, that is your missing brother, I couldn't save you both, so I threw him into an old log, and I guess the mice must have raised him."

Every day the lost brother came and played with Dore. He was strange and wild in his ways, like some animal. He had a good nose, and was able to smell out the enemy. Each day when he arrived he would be very suspicious. "Maybe our father is here," he would say to Dore. Then Dore would turn everything upside down to show his mouse brother that there was no one there. Each night *Wahre'dua* could smell his father coming and would run off to his home in the log before the man got there. Each time when he ran away *Wahre'dua* would say to Dore, "Forget", (*E'grui*) so that his brother would not remember to tell his father that he had been there playing so wildly.

One time *Wahre'dua* forgot to say "Forget", and Dore remembered and told his father about his daily visitor. "Good," said the father. "Tomorrow try to coax him to stay." But *Wahre'dua* refused and ran off home as usual.

The next day the father hid himself. He said to Dore, "When your brother comes today, play with him for a while, then say to him, 'Look for lice in my hair.' When he has finished, it will be your turn to louse him; and when you do so, wrap his scalp lock around your finger. When you have a good hold, call for me."

Dore did as he was told, and *Wahre'dua* was unable to escape when his father ran up. His father cut off *Wahre'dua's* scalplock, and from that time on the mouse boy had no longer the power to escape.

The two brothers now played together, and after a while both grew in

size and stature. One day their father said to them, "Now you boys must not go to such and such a place, that pond that is near here." As soon as he was out of sight, Wahre'dua said to Dore, "Father said for us to visit that pond." "Oh no," replied Dore, "He said for us to stay away from it." "Well then," answered Wahre'dua, "If you will not go with me, give me back my scalplock." Dore, it seems, wore Wahre'dua's scalplock attached to his belt, and when his brother demanded it, Dore decided to go with him. When they arrived at the lake, they found that it was full of leeches. They took off their clothes, however, and waded in until the leeches covered their bodies, then they came out and scraped them off into pieces of bark.

"Our father will be very pleased to see these," said Wahre'dua, so they took them home and cooked and ate some, and they put the rest away for their father to eat when he came back. When the older man returned and they set the leeches before him, however, he refused them and threw them out in disgust.

The next day he ordered the boys not to go to another place in the neighborhood, but as soon as he was gone Wahre'dua said to Dore, "Father said for us to go to that place." "Oh no," answered Dore, "He said for us to stay away from it." "Well then, if you don't want to go with me, give me back my scalplock." When Wahre'dua said this, Dore decided to accompany him, and when they arrived at the spot they found there a great den of snakes. The twins took four box-turtle shells and made for themselves two pairs of moccasins. Then they entered the den and trod on the heads of the greatest rattlesnakes and crushed them. They took the biggest ones home as before, and cooked and ate some of them, the rest they set aside for their father.

They also took the biggest rattlesnakes and hung them from a stick over the lodge entrance making a door that jingled when the snake's bodies were pushed aside to enter the lodge. "Our father will be pleased when he sees this," said Wahre'dua.

When their father came home he was frightened and angry. He made the boys tear down the rattling door and throw the cooked snake flesh back where they got it. He scolded them for their disobedience. Again, the next day, when he was about to set out on his hunt, he warned them against going to a certain place. As soon as he was out of sight, however, Wahre'dua said to Dore, "Our father has said for us to go to that spot." "Oh no," answered Dore. "On the contrary, he ordered us to stay away from it." "Well then, give me back my scalplock," answered Wahre'dua. So as usual Dore gave in to his more powerful brother, and they went to the forbidden place.

Now it so happened that at this place dwelt the U'yê<sup>1</sup>. This U'yê swallowed all manner of animals and people who ventured near it, for

1. The female organ of generation of the world.

it had the ability to suck them down into its maw. When the U'yê saw the two boys approaching, it spoke to them and warned them to keep away from it. "No matter," said the twins, "Swallow us just as you do everybody else." And they stripped off their clothes until they were naked all but the gee string. They hunted for a place where there were many flint rocks, then they lay down and rolled in them, after which they ran up to the U'yê and begged it to swallow them. The U'yê swallowed them, but immediately, finding them covered with the hard flint rock, it spat them out again, and blew upon them until it blew away all the stones that adhered to their bodies, then it swallowed them again.

As soon as they were in the maw of the U'yê they found themselves in a vast dark place. There were many people and animals there, some dead and digested, some dying, and some newly captured. There was no escape, although they wandered and searched for many days. They asked all the animals and people whom they met, but none had any hope of escape. Dore wept at times, and was frightened, but Wahre'dua only laughed. Finally they searched all over their bodies to see if they could find any flint left there, but none could be discovered until finally Wahre'dua found a little particle under his foreskin. He took it and commanded it to grow in the shape of a flint knife, and such was his magic power that it did so at once.

It is said that this U'yê had a heart, liver, and throat, as well as a stomach, so Wahre'dua went to its diaphragm and cut it with his knife. This only tickled the U'yê, but at last he hacked his way through it and cut off the heart. Then the U'yê died, and all became dark, for it shut its mouth. Then Wahre'dua began to cut a hole out of its side. Through this the twins and all the other living captives escaped. When the U'yê died it shuddered so that all over the earth the fact was known by the earthquake, and everyone knew it was the twins that had done the deed. Since then the world has never had an U'yê.

When the boys got home they found their father was very much frightened by their power. The next day he told them to stay away from another place where their grandmother lived, near a spring. As soon as he was gone, Wahre'dua said to Dore, "Our father has ordered us to go and visit our grandmother." "Oh no," Dore made answer. "He told us not to." "Well then, give me back my scalplock if you are not going." So as usual Dore was persuaded, and they went and found the grandmother sitting on a rock by the spring. They ordered her to come down, as their father wanted her to come to their lodge. "Oh no," said the old woman, "I have sat here for years and years and I have never moved." "Well then, I will carry you," said Wahre'dua, and he took her on his back, and carried her home to their lodge. When they got there he told her to get off, but the old lady refused. Even when Wahre'dua and Dore beat her and pulled at her they could not get her loose. Finally even Wahre'dua had to lie down with the old woman still on his back. He

told Dore to cover him up with his robe, so Dore concealed him. When their father came back he asked why Wahre'dua was lying down, and Dore replied that his brother was sick. The father lifted up the blanket and saw the old woman. "Didn't I tell you not to bother your grandmother?" he asked. "Now take her back where she belongs."

Wahre'dua did as his father told him, and when he reached the spot again the old woman descended and resumed her seat once more.

The next day their father again warned the twins against going to a certain place at a river, but the boys went as usual. As soon as their father was gone, Wahre'dua said, "Our father has commanded us to go to the river."

"Oh no," responded Dore. "He told us not to." "Well then, give me back my scalplock from your belt."

So again Dore gave in to Wahre'dua and they went to the river. There were many wild fowl on the water, but no person could swim across. This time Wahre'dua held back, but Dore wanted to cross, so he called a swan and got on its back. He wanted it to help him get some ducks, but it paid no attention and carried him away. Wahre'dua began to search for Dore. He asked every bird that came along where his brother was, but none of them could tell him, so he searched and wept and sang this song :

Dore, Dore, mitheskëeanokonye  
Dore, Dore, mitheskëeanokonye.  
(Dore, Dore, if it had been, I'd fly.)

After a while Wahre'dua saw a lot of swans in a flock. He stopped and asked them if they had seen his brother, the one who was carried off. "Oh yes," said the swans. "He will come back in a little while."

Wahre'dua went on weeping and singing :

Dore, Dore, mitheskëeanokonye,  
Dore, Dore, mitheskëeanokonye.

Presently a swan began circling down from the heavens and lit near Wahre'dua, and Dore got off its back. "Why are you crying, my brother?" he asked.

"I'm singing about you, my brother. I'm proud of you," answered Wahre'dua. "Let us go now; we can return tomorrow and be revenged on these swans."

Although Dore said he had been well treated by the swan, the next day the twins returned, and this time Wahre'dua mounted on the swan's back. He took its neck and twisted it, so that from that day to this all swans' necks are curved. The boys killed many swans also as a punishment, and some they brought home to their father, who was frightened and angry, for he took these to be holy birds.

When their father saw how really powerful they were, so that nothing seemed to be impossible, he decided to tell them that the worst of their tasks lay before them. The next day he said to the twins, "There is a place yonder that is the most dangerous of all. Don't go there, yet if you are determined to visit it, do so."

As soon as their father had gone, the boys, after their usual argument, started for the place. It was where the Horned Water Panthers (*Icthm*) dwelt. When they drew near the place, Dore said, "What shall we do? These beings are very powerful and will surely kill us." Wahre'dua replied, "Let us visit them in the afternoon, for there are only certain times every day that they come out of their dens."

In the afternoon when the sun was shining and the sky was clear, the boys visited the Horned Water Panthers as they had planned. They went right up to the chief of them all and announced themselves as visitors. "Hau," said the Panther chief, "You two, Dore and Wahre'dua, may come to our lodge under the earth."

The twins went down into the lodge of the Horned Water Panthers, and when they got inside, there were many spirits there. These Panthers eat only people; and, although they brought the boys meat from all over the world, they would not touch it. As soon as their visit was over and they were out in the world once more, Wahre'dua said to Dore, "Let us kill these dangerous monsters."

"How can we do that?" asked Dore.

"I have a plan," answered Wahre'dua. "Kill me with your bow and arrows, cut me up, and place my head on top of the pile of meat and cook me. When you have finished, take me to the monsters, and say to the chief, 'I know you people like to eat meat, so I've killed you a raccoon and butchered it for you. Eat.'"

And so Dore killed Wahre'dua and butchered him. Wahre'dua first told him to stand back out of the way, when the kettle was boiling to watch his head, and when he saw it wink throw his blanket to one side, and shout, "Look out, Grandfather." Dore carried his brother's body to the chief of the Horned Water Panthers, and said: "Grandpa, I know you like to eat meat, so I found this raccoon and killed and butchered it for you. Eat."

The chief of the Horned Water Panthers said, "Hau, I thank you, my grandson," and he called all his people to feast. As soon as the kettle began to boil over, Dore, who was watching Wahre'dua's head closely, saw one eye wink, so he stepped back, threw his blanket to one side, and cried, "Look out, Grandfather!" Instantly Wahre'dua came to life and sprang out of the kettle, spattering the scalding water all over the panthers and crippling many. Then the twins took their warclubs and their bows and arrows and shot or clubbed many of them to death. They took the blood and some of the carcasses and climbed up on the bluff that stood over the home of the Water Panthers. They drew up the meat



and boiled the panthers, horns and all, in their kettle. "Our father will be pleased to eat this," said Wahre'dua.

But when their father came home he refused to eat it, although they told him of the wonders they had performed. Their father told them that there was a tree in the vicinity to which he did not want them to go. The next day Wahre'dua said to Dore, "Our father said we were to visit that tree."

"Oh no," answered Dore, "he told us not to."

"Well then," answered Wahre'dua, "give me back my scalplock."

Rather than do this Dore gave in as usual and went with Wahre'dua. It is said that this is a true story of the beginning of the Indian race, and many of the medicines that were found in the medicine bags of otter skin used in the Mankanye Washi are derived from Wahre'dua's hair. These twins made the world possible for men to live here. There is another tale, which concerns the killing of monsters and which resembles this one, which is called *A'ho'gé*.

Now the twins went to the tree and Wahre'dua climbed up into it and there he found a nest containing four little winged men. "Oh, I say, my brother, these are cute little fellows," he called to Dore. He picked up one and asked it, "What is your name?"

"Thunder-man," (*Khó'manyi*), answered the Being. "Oh my brother," called out Wahre'dua, "Here goes Thunder-man," and he dropped the little god to Dore, who caught him.

Wahre'dua picked up the second being. "What is your name?" he asked. "Lightning-man," (*Ukri'manyi*), answered the being. "Oh my brother," cried Wahre'dua, "Here goes Lightning-man," and he dropped the little god to Dore. Wahre'dua now picked up the third being. "What is your name?" he asked.

"Rain-man" (*I'yomani*), answered the being. "Oh my brother," cried Wahre'dua, "Here comes Rain-man," and he dropped the little god to Dore.

"What is your name?" he asked the fourth being. "Little-god," (*Wakanddi'nyé*), answered the being. "Oh my brother, here comes Little-god," cried Wahre'dua, and he dropped the little god to Dore. "Before you take me away, Wahre'dua, I want to sing," said Little-god and he sang:

"Itugo, itugo, urihi."

(My grandfather, my grandfather, come home. Wahre'dua has taken us.)

But if the Thunder spirits had power, Wahre'dua and Dore had more. A great cloud came up immediately, rain fell, and there was much lightning. Dore had a piece of flint and hid under it, but Wahre'dua turned himself into a wren and flew around the trees so that the thunder and lightning could not harm him. When the storm was over, the twins came back and took home the little beings. They told *Khó'manyi* to thunder.

When he did this for them he would raise his wings. Then they told Ukrímanyi to make lightning, and he opened his eyes and the lightning flashed. I'yomani they caused to raise his wings and the rain fell.

Even at a distance their father could tell by these disturbances what they had done, and he came home. The boys were sure that he would be proud of their performance, but when he saw what they had done, he ordered them to take the four little beings back, and this they did.

The next day the father of the boys predicted that someone was coming from across the Great Water to bother and harass them. "They will disturb our hunting ground (*Wokt'noka*); it is a race of giants called Warúska who will do this. These people kill all living things where they live, even to the frogs."

The twins decided to make war on the giants, so they ordered their former friends the swans to come and make a bridge for them across the ocean. The birds did this by putting their heads and tails together alternately and the boys ran across. Being imbued with supernatural power, they were able to get over in one half day, great though the distance was. On the other side they saw many tracks of giants and their monstrous dogs. Wahre'dua said to Dore: "Now that we're over here I want you to do as I say. When we draw close to the village, put our bow and arrows in good shape; then I'll play raccoon again. Kill me and butcher me and bring me to the chief of the Warúska to feast on. When you put me in the pot, place me head first. Have your bow ready, and when the water boils, cry, 'This ought to be under the water,' and strike me on the buttocks with your bow to drive the body down. Then look out for yourself."

Dore killed Wahre'dua, cut him up, and brought him to the chief of the Giants telling him that it was a raccoon that he had prepared to feast him and his people. The Giant chief accepted the offering and led Dore into his village. When Dore came up to the cooking place and all the assembled giants crowded around they were disappointed in the small size of his offering and began to grumble, "There is hardly enough. This one also ought to be in there." When the water began to boil Wahre'dua's buttocks began to bob about on the surface, so Dore took his bow and struck them, exclaiming, "This ought to be under the water." The giants had drawn close to watch the kettle boil, but Dore sprang back and cried, "Grandfather, look out!" and Wahre'dua leaped from the pot splashing the boiling water over the giants and scalding many. Then he and his brother shot and clubbed the giants to death, killing so many that they were nearly wiped out, and have never again been so numerous as to threaten the safety of mankind. They scalped all their victims and made themselves robes from the scalps. Then they went home, crossing the Great Water by means of their bridge of swans. They brought with them their trophies for their father's joy, even if he should scold them.

The next day their father said to the twins, "There is a place over

yonder in the hills where I don't want you to go and visit the people."

As soon as he was out of sight, Wahre'dua said to Dore, "Our father wants us to go over and visit those people in the hills."

"Oh no," answered Dore, "he told us not to go there."

"Very well then," responded Wahre'dua, "give me back my scalp-lock."

So Dore gave in to Wahre'dua, and the twin boys started out for the forbidden place. These people were called *Hompáthrótcí*, and were spirits with long flat heads sharp at the top, who used to dwell in the great buttes along the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers. These people were very fond of footracing and they at once challenged the twins to race. The twins staked their lives against the lives of two of the beings. Dore told Wahrédua that he would run first, so he raced the beings for ten miles and won, so that two of the beings were forfeit. Then Dore wagered these two and the lives of himself and his brother against four of them on another race, and won that. Then he bet the eight against eight more beings, and so on, doubling his bet each time until he had won the lives of all of them. Then the twins divided the captives into two companies and made them kill each other until all were wiped out, a few who were away hunting at the time being all that escaped, so that they were never again able seriously to molest mankind. Then the twins took the scalps of the slain and went home, saying that their father would be pleased but he was very much frightened, for the beings were very powerful spirits who made people have fits.

The next day their father said to the twins, "You boys have done so much I think I'll tell you about the Sharp Elbows, they are the ones who killed your mother. See if you cannot kill them and be revenged." (These Sharp Elbows look like persons except that they had long sharp bones like awls or daggers projecting from their elbows and two faces, one in the front and one in the back of their heads. The sacred pipe of the Black Bear Gens has a stone bowl that is made in representation of one of these powerful spirits, probably because one of the ancestors of the gens had some supernatural experience with one of these spirits.)

As soon as their father was gone, Wahre'dua said to Dore, "Well, we have killed all of the monsters except these, let us finish them too. Kill me again for a raccoon and make a 'singé coon' (*jmi<sup>n</sup>ke dashla*) dish for them. Put my head on top, and face me towards the rear of the wigwam. When you see me wink, jump to the door, throw back your blanket, and cry, 'Look out, Grandpa.'"

Dore obeyed and killed and prepared his brother. Then he carried the dish to the chief of the I'topai'ye, saying: "Grandfather, I have brought you a dish of singé coon." The chief caused Dore to bring the body of his brother into their lodge and place him in the kettle. All the monsters gathered round to watch it cook, and they grumbled because there was not enough and determined to kill and cook Dore as soon as he had

finished stewing the coon for them. When Dore, who was watching very closely, saw Wahre'dua wink, he threw back his robe, sprang to the door, and cried, "I'm ready, grandpa!" Then Wahre'dua came to life, upset the bucket and spilled the boiling water all over the awl-elbow monsters, who in their agony began fighting among themselves, stabbing each other to death, while the twins escaped and hid until the spirits had all killed each other. Then they went back into the lodge and cut all the awls of bone from the elbows of their slain enemies. "Now our father will be glad," they said, "for he can use these awls to patch up his clothes."

This time their father was pleased that they had killed all these dangerous monsters. He knew that his sons could control the animals of earth and air. However, he thought that he had better flee because he feared that they would finally kill him also, so he sent them out to discover the four corners of the earth.

The twins set out on their errand and first visited the scenes of all their former victories. While on their travels one foggy day Wahre'dua was taken up into the World Above by the spirits, and while there he was taught by them to control the rain, thunder, and lightning, so that he could go on the warpath as they did. He was taken up there to be shown the power that he and his brother had to exercise in this world. So the Powers Above showed Wahre'dua all the different types of war-bundles (*Waruháwe*). These hung all around the walls of the wigwam from one side of the door to the other. Among them were the prototypes of the warbundles that we use today in the Iowa tribe. They were :

1. The Holy Sacred Bundle (*Wathé Waruháwe* or *Wathé Ma'ka*) which contains some of Wahre'dua's hair medicine. It is a very strong power, and is used to govern the affections of women, to bring presents to the owner, to obtain gifts of horses for him, and even to reform bad women.

2. The Brave Bundle (*Wakwa Shóshe*).

3. The Red (Bean) Medicine Bundle (*Maka Sudje Waruháwe* This). is a bundle used especially for war and horse stealing. Horse doctors use it also, and so do snake doctors.

4. The Deer Dewclaw Bundle (*Ta Sagre Waruháwe*), used by Buffalo Doctors in healing the sick.

5. The Scalping War Bundle (*Watce Waruháwe*).

6. The Chief's Sacred Bundle (*Wanikihi Waruháwa*), a peace bundle.

7. The Buffalo Doctors' Sacred Bundle (*Tcehówe Waruháwe*).

8. The Grizzly Bear Bundle (*Ma'to Waruháwe*), used by the Grizzly Bear Doctors to cure the sick.

Originally there was only one of each kind of bundle in each gens, but many false ones are now to be found. One of each of these was given to Wahre'dua to carry back to earth. Some were covered with fresh scalps, just taken. Others had scalps that were a few days old, and some were

older still. There was one bundle that hung near the door which was very old and tattered. It was a leading bundle, and Wahre'dua, having magic power, knew it in spite of its appearance and took that one too. The spirit who was teaching him said : " You have taken the greatest of all. You can control the rain, air, sun, even the beasts and the fowls of the air. Your brother is crying for you down on earth, go back and continue your journey. You will find that your father has fled. "

When Wahre'dua got back to the earth he saw that it was all foggy again. He wandered around until he heard Dore calling him. When he approached him, Dore said, " What have you and where have you been ? "

" Oh, " said Wahre'dua, " I have something that will make us great. Now we will go on. "

They left that place and traveled until they came to a place where the earth ended. There was a great crack there that opened and closed, but the twins jumped over it when it was shut. Once on the other side they found a wigwam where dwelt Pigeon (*Rutce* or *Lutce*), the Master of the Fowls of the Air. He gave the brothers the Pigeon War Bundle (*Lutce Waruháwe*), which is used especially to locate the enemy. This Pigeon himself was the bird who located the earth at the time of the creation, hence came his great powers. He was the ancestor of the Pigeon Gens. He said to the twins :

" Now you have come. I have been expecting you. Take this bundle to use in war to protect you from the scouts and spies of the enemy. It shall be the sacred bundle of the Pigeon Gens. "

This Pigeon had also in his charge all the war bundles that are connected with the bird kind. There were the Eagle, Hawk, and Owl medicine Bundles, and that of Sparrow-hawk (*Greta'inyé*), and Black Hawk (*Greta*). All these were shown and explained to the twins. The lodge was covered with feathers inside. The twins were told to help themselves to all the feathers that they could carry. As for the bundles, they did not actually carry those away, they learned their contents and rituals, and copied them when they got home.

On their way back the twins again came to the crack that marked the corner of the earth, and stepped across. They had now visited the east and so they soon set out to visit the west.

When they got to the western end of the earth they came to another crack and stepped across while it was shut. Here they were presented with the Wolf Gens War Bundle (*Méjiradjí Waruháwa*), the original of the one I owned (Informant, Robert Small). The being who gave it to them had all the bundles connected with the wolves. He was called Wolf Chief (*Mé'jiradjí Wanikihi*), and with him was Coyote Chief (*Manikathi Wanikihi*), so they acquired the Coyote Sacred Bundle also.

All these bundles are only branches of the Sacred Medicine Bundles (*Waihe*) and the Scalping Bundles (*Watce*), which, with the Red Medicine Bundle (*MaKa Sudje*), head all the others. The Wolf Chief gave

them their choice of all the war bundles that hung around the walls of his lodge from one side of the door to the other, and again Wahre'dua selected the oldest and most insignificant looking, yet the most powerful one.

The twins returned and went south without looking for their father. Again they came to a crack that marked the boundary of the world and stepped over it while it was closed. Here they found a lodge where dwelt Munje Wanikihi, the Bear Chief, who greeted them kindly and showed them all the sacred bear bundles. These were mainly for doctoring the sick, as used later by the Grizzly Bear Doctors, but were also secondarily for war. The Brave Bundles (*Wankwa Tcutze*) belong to this latter class. The Bear Chief said, "When you get back you can tell the people what you have," and he explained each sort and its ritual to the twins. All around the inside of his house were hung sacred warbundles from one side of the door to the other. Some had fresh scalps on them, others scalps a few days old, others still older, as in the other two lodges at the east and west ends of the world. The Bear Chief gave them their choice as before, and Wahre'dua selected again the oldest and poorest-looking one, which was in reality the most powerful of all.

The twins returned, and by now their lodge was full of strong powers. They went hunting to get a bear, a wolf, an eagle, and a pigeon to use in making up their sacred bundles according to the instructions which they had received. As they knew that there would be Chiefs, Braves, well-to-do men, and commoners in the Iowa nation when it came to exist, they got four of each kind, and anyway there would have to be four in each gens, one for each of the descendants of the four gens ancestors. The twins later selected from each gens of the Iowa nation the four leading men and instructed them in all the ways of these bundles, and that took them a great deal of time. There should be four whistles attached to or inside of each sacred bundle. These are made of cane because cane grows in water whence emerged each of the gens ancestors. These whistles are to invoke the aid of the four winds. When the twins turned the bundles over to mankind a great feast was held, after which the leaders learned the traditions, rites, and rituals of the sacred bundles so that they could operate them properly. From that time until recently the war bundles were used as the twins taught us. The gentes began at that time, and once being organized the people of each gens were also instructed in the story of the origin and the use of these bundles. Each gens ancestor was an animal that came out of the Great Water and became a person.

The twins then said to the people, "We cannot stay here any longer, but now you people can take care of yourselves. There shall be chiefs, secondary chiefs, subchiefs, braves, and commoners. The Iowa tribe shall ever be peaceable, and we give you for each gens a peace pipe. Seven in all were given to the people. First one for the Buffalo (*A'rukwa*) gens, second one for the Black Bear (*Tunda'pi*) gens, third, one for the Pigeon

(*Rutce*) gens; fourth, one for the Wolf (*Munjiraji*) gens; fifth one for the Owl (*Mankatci* or *Mankoke*) gens; sixth, one for the Eagle (*Hkra*) gens, and seventh and last one for the Elk (*Homa*) gens.

As the people were now well supplied with the means to make both war and peace the boys started to look for their father.<sup>1</sup> They again examined all four corners of the earth, the water, rocks, trees, and the air. Still they couldn't find him. They then came home and asked the very poles of their wigwam, but these were unable to tell them. Even the fireplace did not know. Again they asked everywhere without success. At last Wahre'dua remembered that they had not inquired of the *thexis-kagre*, the pole from which kettles are suspended over the fire. So they pulled it up and asked it.

"Yes," said the pole, "Your father went through the hole in which I am standing."

The twins followed through the orifice into the nether world and searched there too. Their father had preceded them and had told all the inhabitants that they would soon be there. He told about all their triumphs in the world above, how they had slain all manner of evil powers from bloodsuckers to gods, and were so powerful and dangerous that no one could circumvent them so that he himself had fled to escape them. He advised the people to have nothing to do with them, and went on.

When the twins got there, they found that the inhabitants would not have anything to do with them, except to tell them that their father had passed that way. This happened at the second village, and at the third, but at the fourth and last they found an old lady dwelling in the last lodge all by herself, who told them that their father lived there and was married again, and that all the people were in terror of the boys. Meanwhile their father ran to the chief and told them that the boys were there, and advised him to make wax and seal their eyes while they slept, then they could all flee to the north. This was done, and while the boys slept, the wax was put on their eyes so that when they awoke they were helpless.

Now it so happened that the old lady where they were staying had some corn and pumpkin seeds stored away in her *woxe* (underground cache, a barrel-shaped, bark-lined hole dug in the center of the lodge floor). The rats and mice looking for the corn and seeds ran over the blinded twins as they lay helpless on the floor of the lodge. Wahre'dua got angry at this and threatened to kill them, whereupon one of the rats said: "Kill us if you will, but we want to help you."

Early the next morning the old lady returned to the lodge and said to the boys: "Grandson, under where I sit I have put away something for you boys to eat." (*Hintakwaa oamenakowada wapiliiyaki*.) Therefore the next time the rats and mice appeared, the boys offered to share the

1. Note that, probably by error of the narrator, no account is given of their journey to the north end of the earth, although it was said they were to go to all four quarters of the compass.

cache with them if they would help them, so the mice gnawed off the wax from their eyelids until the boys could see once more.

Again the boys started in search of their father, but could not find him anywhere. They called all the creeping things together and asked them for tidings. They also asked all the Powers and Spirits and offered their father's body as a reward. At last Dore went one way and Wahre'dua went the other, still searching. Wahre'dua went to the water and turned himself into a rock in the middle of a great lake. There he lay day after day, until at last a bird came and lit on him. He instantly seized the bird and he had his father. Wahre'dua carried his father back and waited until Dore returned, which was a long time. "What shall we do with our father?" he asked Dore when the latter came back.

"Well," answered Dore, "let's let him go, and we will resume our travels."

So they released their father and he returned to his last home in the fourth village. The twins first said to him, "Father, we hate to do any thing to you, although we would be justified after you fled from us. We will forgive you. Stay here, and we'll go farther, but we hope to return and see you."

The twins traveled a little farther and they came to a person who said, "Grandsons, I'm glad you've come. Before we talk, let us take a sweat-bath."

The sudatory was made of thick clay and had no holes for ventilation. Moreover it was so hard it could not be broken. After the boys agreed, the three entered the sweat lodge and there their host had a great fire outside. When the stones were heated they were placed in the bath, and one of the boys sat on each side, with the man in the rear, and the door-place vacant. When the door was closed the heat became terrible, but the twins, when it became too terrific to bear, took mussel shells and crawled under them, and so escaped. At last even the owner could not stand it any longer and ran out, whereupon the boys pursued him and drove him into the next world, where he remains invisible, but evil. He is the evil one, and knows whatever we do or even whisper. He is one of the tribe of Ghosts (*Wanagri*).

The twins next returned to their father, and made a sweat lodge themselves so that the people in the future would do this for their own benefit when sick. Cedar must be burned as incense as it is sacred to all Indians. This sweat lodge treatment is also to be used to restore a man who has in any way come in contact with a woman undergoing her menses.

The twins went off again, and presently they came to a village where there were three leading chiefs. These were, Greda<sup>he</sup> the Black Hawk, Ke<sup>tonha</sup> the Snapping Turtle, and Wankistogre or Man-in-the-ear-ring<sup>1</sup>. They had a feast, and one of the chiefs announced that there

1. Or, Human-heart-earrings. A Winnebago Indian tells me this character occurs also in the folklore of that tribe.



would be a great race, and whoever won should be given his daughter as prize. The course of the race was from one corner of the world to the other. Every creeping thing, every fowl of the air, Rain-Man, Thunder-man, Lightning-man, and Little God; they too were in it.

The chief took one of the gens peace pipes, and said, "This pipe you all see. One of you will start carrying it, and whoever shall overtake him shall take and carry the pipe until someone else overhauls him and captures it. The one who completes the course and brings it back to me shall be the winner."

Turtle, who is unable to run very fast, saw the pipe and he went and made one just like it. He took it and circled and came running back with the false pipe and cried, "I win the race, give me the woman."

"No," said the chief, "Wait till the others come in," but Turtle said, "No, I want her now."

However the chief would not let him have her, and finally the others came in, and Wankistogre, the Man-in-the-earring, brought in the real pipe and won. He received the woman, and became the ruler of the people, but Turtle's trick was the start of the false peace pipes that some people still hold and call genuine Iowa gens peace pipes.

"Now," said the twins, "We have done all we can, let us leave this place. We have made ourselves powerful enemies as well as friends, and we can't always remain here. We've killed too many monsters, let us go elsewhere than this world."

"I will go into the Sun," said Wahre'dua, and Dore, his brother, who had less power, went into the Moon. The father was weaker yet, so he went into a star, the fixed one, that the Iowa call *Mikathe Manyiskune* and I came home.

## 2. MAIANWATAHE.<sup>1</sup>

Once there was a village in which a young man dwelt. The chief of this village had a daughter who was very fond of this youth, but the young man did not care for her. On this account the girl wept ceaselessly, so the chief became very angry and called upon Ishji'nki<sup>2</sup> to help him punish the youth.

"Hau, Ishji'nki," said the chief. "This young man refuses to marry

1. The name of this story is derived from the title of one of the characters who appears later in the tale, Maianwatahe, "World Man", or "Everywhere Being", a dwarf who is a god of plenty and of good hunting. Children sent out to fast were adjured to try to dream of Maianwatahe or even of some article connected with him, as this would assure the boy of future success as a hunter. This story is also known, erroneously, to the Iowa as "Bédé'inyè" or "Thrown Away," but this is really the title of an entirely different story which will also be found in this collection.

2. Ishji'nki, the Trickster, appears in many myths as a herald, kidnapper, and general busybody.

my daughter and she cries over it. I want you to take this youth away to some unknown country and leave him there."

Early one morning *Íshji'nki* came to the youth's lodge and said, "Young man, you are stout and strong. I want you to go with me in your canoe across the Great Water so that I can get some *kinnikinick* (*naticikihi*)."

To this the youth readily agreed so they got into his canoe and paddled out into the Great Water until the middle of the afternoon when they arrived at the opposite shore. Then *Íshji'nki* said to his companion, "Now, grandson, while I paddle along the bank, you jump ashore and I'll throw you a rope to tie the canoe fast." But when the young man had leaped ashore, *Íshji'nki* paddled away and left him there. "Oh Grandfather, why do you abandon me?" cried the youth, but *Íshji'nki* made no answer and was soon out of sight.

All the afternoon the boy wandered around, and towards evening he saw smoke rising. He went to the spot, and there he found a lone wigwam. No one was in sight, yet deer ribs stood roasting beside the fire, a panther skin was spread for a couch, and various implements lay there in disorder as though someone had just left them. The youth sat down by the fire to warm himself, but he did not touch any of the food. He waited for the owner to come back. It grew dark, and he lay down to sleep, and yet the owner did not come. Next morning the youth rose and left everything untouched. He wandered all day, hungry and faint, and at night he again saw smoke which led him to a lone wigwam. Here he found food and utensils spread out just as he had the day before.

This time the youth was nearly starved, so he said to himself, "I'll eat no matter what happens." He snatched a piece of meat from a spit and devoured it. When he had satisfied himself he paused to look around, and beside him he saw a little short man hiding behind a tree, laughing at him.

"Grandson," said the dwarf *Maianwátahe*, coming forth, "You should have done that yesterday. Those things which you see are all yours." The old man came up to the fire. "Eat all you want," said he.

The two slept together, and the next day they traveled in each other's company. Towards evening the little man took an arrow and shot it ahead of them, and when they got there, there lay a dead deer. The two companions butchered it and took the choicest part of the meat which they cooked and ate. Then they slept, and in the morning continued on their journey.

The fourth day they set out together again. Towards evening the little old man shot an arrow ahead, and when they reached the spot where it fell, there lay a dead deer. They butchered and prepared its meat and slept together again as before.

In the village where the youth had lived, his parents mourned him as dead. They took his property and disposed of it. The boy had had three pets, a screech owl (*Pohri'nge*), a barred owl (*Ma'koke*), and an eagle

*Hkra*). These birds they placed in a canoe and set it adrift. In time the canoe was carried over to the shore where the boy was marooned.

As the boy and the dwarf were traveling the little old man said : " Let us go to the water, your animals have been sent to you by your parents who believe you are lost. Tomorrow we will find them and rescue them. "

Next day they made their way to the shore and found the three birds. They took them out of the canoe and fed them, and all traveled together. The next day as they were journeying along, they came to a place where there was a low tangle of grape vines and many mice. The screech owl liked this place, and said to the boy : " Master, you have raised me till now, but I'd like to live here. Let me stay, and if you need me at any time, call for me, and no matter where you are I will hear you and come to your assistance. " So the youth left the screech owl in the tangled place.

The next day the travelers came to a similar place where rabbits abounded. Here the Barred Owl desired to remain. " Master, you have raised me till now, but I'd like to live here. Let me stay, and if you need me at any time, call for me. I'll hear you and I'll be there. " So the youth gave the Barred Owl its freedom.

The next day they came to a forest where wild turkeys were abundant. Here the eagle wanted to stay. " Master, " he said, " you have raised me till now, but I'd like to live here. Let me stay, and if you need me, call for me, and I will hear you and I'll be there in that instant. " So the youth permitted the eagle to remain.

Next day the dwarf said to the youth, " Now we will find a canoe. Let us prepare and take lots of food, for soon we shall be in a hard place. " So they cooked much, and took plenty of fresh venison besides. Next day they set out and soon came to the shore where they found a canoe. " Now, " said the Dwarf, " here is your boat. Go on, keep in the middle of the stream. I must leave you now, but I will hear you if you need help and call for me. "

The boy paddled off, but had not gone far when he saw a giant walking along the bank, followed by his dog which was as big as a pony. The giant called to his dog : " Hoo ! Hoo ! Man-hunter, sick him ! " (*Hoo ! Hoo ! Man'si kojée !*) Then he called to the boy, " Come here, I want to see you. "

The youth obediently paddled over to the giant (*Warúska*). " Here, " cried he, " take this and eat it, " and he threw the giant some venison. While the giant was eating the youth attacked him and his dog and killed them both. Then he paddled on. The dwarf, Maianwátahe, had taught him how to shoot his arrow ahead of him at nightfall and kill a deer. This he did, and when he was ready to stop for the night, there was the dwarf and his wigwam waiting for him. The dwarf said to the boy : " Tomorrow will be the hardest day you have had. You will have to pass through a whole village of giants. Don't listen to what they say, but keep

to the middle of the stream and pass by as quickly as you can. Make yourself bundles of reeds, tie them with elmbark as thickly as you can, to each side of your canoe."

The youth obeyed his instructor, and when he was ready he called, "Oh my pets, I am going to be in trouble." Hardly had he said the words when the three birds arrived crying: "Master, what do you want?"

"I want you to help me go fast through the giant village," said the youth, so the birds took hold of thongs and pulled the boat swiftly through the water. It was dark when they reached the village which extended along both sides of the stream, and the giants made torches so that they were able to see the young man and his pets. They began to shout: "Brother! Grandson! Come this way!" But the youth did not pay any heed to them. Then the giants took hooks which they had attached to ropes, and threw these at him, but they only caught on the bundles of reeds that the dwarf had told him to tie to the gunwales of his canoe. Whenever they caught one the giants shouted with glee, thinking that they had caught the youth, and they would fight over the bundle in the dark until they found out their mistake, and so the youth succeeded in getting away. When he was past the village, the birds told him that he was safe. The next day he killed a deer with his magic arrow, feasted his pets, and sent them home.

The next day the youth came to a village. He went to the last house on the outskirts and there he found an old lady. He asked her if he might stay there for the night, and she said that he might do so. As soon as he had seated himself the old lady ran out and shouted, "We have a visitor who has come to marry the chief's daughter."

When the chief heard this he was glad and sent for the stranger. When the youth arrived at the chief's lodge, the chief said: "I am happy that you have come to marry my girl, but I hope that you are a person endowed with supernatural power who can help us." The chief ordered food to be set before his visitor. When the meal was set before the youth he saw in disgust that it consisted of nothing but frogs and frogs' legs, for all the other game in the land had been killed off by giants who infested the country.

Next day the youth started off to see the country. It was customary for all the human inhabitants to feast him, but the old lady where he stayed told him he need expect nothing better than frogs' legs. "If you don't want to eat them, at least bring them home for me." This the youth did.

In a few days the young man tired of this and decided to go hunting himself. He could see nothing anywhere, not even rabbits. The chief told him that there was one place, a lake, where there were many ducks and other waterfowl, but no one, even the giants themselves, was able to go to it. The youth, however, found his way to the shore, and saw the

water covered with waterfowl of all sorts, from swans to mudhens. He called upon his pet birds, who came to him immediately. As soon as they arrived, the youth ordered them to get him some of the waterfowl. The three birds slew the ducks by thousands and brought them in. Eagle and Barred Owl slew the swans and geese, and Screech Owl killed mudhens until there was an immense pile on the bank. When they had finished the youth thanked, fed, and dismissed the pets. Then he picked out some of the best birds and took them to the chief, his father-in-law. When the people saw him approaching with his game, they thronged around to ask him how he had taken them. He told his wife to go out and tell the people to help themselves to his catch, so every one went out and brought home a great store of fowls.

Next day the youth went out again, and, so great was his power, that though the giants had killed off all the deer in the country, yet he was able to find and kill some. Soon he had all the homes in the village well supplied with food.

Finally the young couple had a child. One day the Chief said to his daughter, "I know your husband has a home somewhere. Go with him, my daughter, I am glad to have so great a man as a son-in-law." So when the couple started, the chief gathered together all manner of presents from the people for them to take with them. Again the youth fixed the bundles of reeds along the sides of his canoe and called upon his pets to help him pass through the village of the giants. Again the giants saw him by means of their torches and threw their hooks at him but only succeeded in catching and pulling back the bundles of reeds, over which they quarrelled.

When the young man and his family had safely passed the giants, he fed and thanked his birds. Then he told his wife, "I have pets that live all along the road; we must spend a night with each as we pass that way."

They came first to the place where the eagle lived. The bird was glad to welcome them, and caught turkeys for them to eat. The youth told his child that this was his pet who had always helped him in time of need.

The next place that they came to was where Barred Owl lived. Barred Owl hunted and brought in rabbits for them to feast upon, and the youth explained that the bird was one of his boyhood pets who always helped him in times of trouble.

Last of all they came to where Screech Owl lived, and the bird hunted and brought them mice to eat, and said, "Alas, I can catch nothing that your son will want to eat, but at least I desire that he shall play with me." But the baby was afraid because the owl had such big eyes, and that is the reason that children have since been afraid of screech owls.

The next night they stopped at dark, and the youth shot an arrow ahead of him and killed a deer as he had been taught to do. When he had butchered it and made camp, Maianwátahe the dwarf appeared and

said : " Now grandson, I have helped you all these years, and from now on I will give you the power to be a great hunter. You will reach your own home today. " The little old man then gave the youth his magic arrows, his panther skin robe, and other objects, and left him.

The young man told his wife and child to stay in camp while he searched for his people. It was not long before he discovered his father's lodge. He went up to the door and looked in and saw that his family was almost starved to death. The youth walked in and said, " Mother, I have come back ! Father, I have come back ! " His father looked up and said, " Why, you have not been anywhere ; you had just stepped out. " <sup>1</sup>

" No, father, it is I, your son whom *İshjĩnki* took away and lost because he would not marry the chief's daughter. I have been away across the Great Water and have returned with a woman and a child. I am a chief now. "

So the youth took his parents and the rest of the family to his camp where they were all fed and made happy, and that's when I came home.

### 3. BE'DÊINGÊ, OR THROWN AWAY.

There was once a village in which the people were very much given to gambling. Pony races, ball games, and hoop and javelin games were constantly going on. Attending all these games were two who were young men chums. One, the chief's son, was married, the other, an orphan boy, was single. Every day these two would play together. One day when they were gambling, the chief's son said, " I have lost all that I have. Here, my friend, go to your sister-in-law and get me some more of my goods. "

The young orphan obeyed, and when he arrived at his friend's house he told his sister-in-law what her husband had commanded. She got the articles and gave them to the orphan boy, then she threw her arms around him and said, " You cannot go until you sleep with me, because I like you. " The orphan boy refused, but she held on and scuffled with him. At last her husband, the chief's son, got tired of waiting for his chum's return and went to his lodge himself. When he got there he saw his friend struggling with his wife. The woman told her husband that the orphan had tried to seduce her. His friend denied her charge and blamed her for the trouble, but naturally her husband was offended.

Two or three days later the chief ordered the camp to move, and the chief's son had his wife and his friend the orphan shut up in an earth-lodge together, and there they were left while the people of the village were gone all winter.

1. According to the ancient Iowa custom, a child had been adopted by the parents of the youth to fill the vacancy left in the family by his disappearance. The father, it was explained, thought that it was the adopted child who was speaking.

Every once in a while, while they were imprisoned together, the woman would approach the orphan and coax him to sleep with her, saying that as they were blamed for improper conduct, they might as well be really guilty, but the orphan always refused.

One day the orphan saw a horse feeding along the river and went to it. The horse had a sore back, was poor, ugly, and bow-legged. The boy took the animal, watered and fed it. It grew better-looking and fatter, until finally he showed it to the woman. At length he began to ride it, and the horse looked very fine indeed. He found that it could run very swiftly.

After a while some people came to the village, and addressed the boy as Thrown Away (Bédêngé). They offered to race against his horse, betting another horse against the orphan and his horse. The orphan won this race and then bet his two more. This he continued to do until he had acquired eight horses. Then others came to race against him, and after a while he had won all their possessions. By this time everyone knew him as "The Man Who Was Thrown Away."

When it came time for the spring buffalo hunt, he took his woman and went out and got a full supply of meat. All this time the woman kept house for him yet he refused to sleep with her. Soon he began to supply all the people with meat, until all the empty meat racks were full, and he had five or six hundred horses.

Next spring when his own people returned to their village they first sent out scouts to spy, and they found the village full of meat and horses. When the people arrived, they saw the couple there and were surprised to find them alive. The orphan said to the chief's son, "I never had anything to do with your wife, and even now she is the same as when you left her. Here she is; take her and this house, and here are fifty horses for you, and I also give you these racks of meat." The chief's son was glad and rejoiced to find out at last that his friend Thrown Away was true. So he had another girl chosen and given to Thrown Away to be his wife.

Everybody now had plenty to eat, and the horse that Thrown Away had found was the best in all the country. In battle it carried him right through the ranks of the enemy. One day his wife wanted to pick plums and so he took her out on the prairie. While she was gone, the village was surrounded and attacked by the enemy. Thrown Away had always forbidden anyone to ride his horse in battle in his absence, for it had appeared to him in a dream and cautioned him. His brother-in-law, however, a young boy, mounted it and charged the foe. He succeeded in getting through the enemy, but he and his horse were both killed. All of the enemy knew the horse so they cut its mane and tail and ears as though they were scalping a person.

When Thrown Away returned he found his brother-in-law dead and the horse dying but still alive. It spoke to him, saying: "I always told you to stay close to home, but you chose to obey your wife rather than

me, so now I am going to leave you forever. When I am gone, take a horse of my color and appearance and keep it well and you will always have good horses and good luck. Now take me to the lake. "

Thrown Away took the horse to the lake and the horse plunged in and dived. Then it came out all healed and well again. It said farewell to the orphan and rose up into the sky, and that's when I came home.

#### 4. MANIKA'THI TCA'GRE, OR COYOTE AND HIS FAMILY.

One time there was a coyote who camped by himself with his large family. He hunted daily, but was not very successful, so one day he went off, abandoning his family. After he had traveled for some time he came to a place where he discovered a lodge containing a man, his wife, and two or three children. The man was burning buffalo leg bones in his fire instead of wood when Coyote entered.

"Hau," said the man of the house to his wife, "Here comes your brother-in-law, seat him in the place of honor. "

Coyote was almost starving and the very smell of the burning buffalo bones made his mouth water. At last he snatched up a bone. When he did this, the man, seeing him, said to his wife, "Old woman, hurry up and get your brother-in-law something to eat. " The woman did as she was bid, and Coyote was well fed, for there was plenty of meat. After a few days Coyote wanted to go home, so the man gave him a supply of food to take to his children. Coyote was very grateful and soon returned to his kind friends.

When Coyote came back, he saw a lone buffalo standing at the edge of the timber near his friend's lodge. He asked his friend what it was doing there, and the old man replied, "That is my buffalo ; that is the one who gets me the meat. " The old man had a loop of buffalo hair that he put over his shoulder. As soon as he had put it on, he received supernatural power from the buffalo, and he would go out to his bison which would immediately vanish and become a buffalo horn headdress, while buffalo meat lay in piles before him.

When Coyote saw the powerful loop of buffalo hair, he begged his friend to give him one like it, so that he could supply his family.

"You would abuse it and make it useless," said the old man.

"Oh no, I'll take the greatest care of it," said Coyote, so at last the old man reluctantly consented and made one for Coyote. "When you are through hunting," said the old magician, "take this magic loop, and throw it down in a patch of rich grass, and it will again turn into a buffalo and feed there. "

Coyote went home rejoicing. He threw his loop down by the tent and went in and told his wife that he had something wonderful that would always bring them meat. He showed the buffalo to his family, and his



wife said, "Why, you are afraid of it?" but Coyote walked boldly up, and although the buffalo bellowed and threatened him, he seized it, whereupon it vanished and became a buffalo-hair rope loop again. Thus Coyote was able to supply his family for months.

"Now I'll go off and visit for a while," said Coyote one day. He took his magic loop and set out. After a time he came to a village where he found the people were starving. He took his medicine and cast it down in a place where the grass was lush, then he went into the village and told the people that he had some good news for them, but he wanted to tell it secretly to the chief's daughter. So Coyote was taken to the chief's lodge, and then everyone went outside and left him alone with the girl, while they went over the hill and waited.

"Now what I have to tell you is very secret and sacred," said Coyote to the chief's daughter. "In order to tell you we must observe the proper ritual. First of all you must lie down." When the girl had done as he ordered, Coyote said, "Now I must lie down beside you," and thus step by step he succeeded in having intercourse with the chief's daughter. When he was satisfied, Coyote said, "Now what I really wanted to tell you was that you should have it announced that I am going to kill buffalo for your father."

It was accordingly announced throughout the village by the herald that Coyote was about to kill buffalo for his father-in-law.

When Coyote was starting to hunt, he heard dogs and boys shouting and whooping in the locality where he had left his supernatural buffalo, so he ran to the place and found that the village boys were chasing the animal.

"I say, boys, leave my buffalo alone," he cried and ran up to it. But the buffalo was angry at his neglect and when he tried to seize it, it turned on him and gored him in the buttocks. Then the buffalo ran off to his home where he had come from, carrying Coyote on his horns.

When the buffalo drew near the lodge where its master dwelt, the old man's boys saw it coming and ran in to tell their father. "Oh father, here comes our buffalo with Coyote on his horns." The old man ran out and saw that it was so. He pulled Coyote off the animal's horns and found that he was not yet quite dead, and he doctored him until he was well. Then the old man lectured Coyote very severely. "I told you to care well for your buffalo," said he.

"Well, I did, only I forgot for a while," replied Coyote. "It was really the people who abused him. Next time I'll be sure to take good care of him."

"All right then," said the old man, "I'll give you another chance, but be careful and don't forget, for next time the buffalo will surely kill you."

Coyote took the buffalo home again, and when he had supplied his family with plenty of food he started out to visit again. After he had

journeyed for a while he came to another village. On the outskirts of the settlement he found an old woman living by herself, so he stopped there and asked if he might stay all night. The old lady was willing, and no sooner had Coyote come in and eaten than she went out and had it announced that Coyote had come and was going to marry the chief's daughter. The chief at once sent for Coyote and asked him if this were so, and Coyote replied that it was, but that he preferred to be tried out first. "All right," said the chief. "Stay here with us. Maybe you have something you want to tell us." "Yes," said Coyote, "I want you all to go away except your daughter. I will tell her, and she can inform you."

The chief agreed to this, so he took his family and went outside with the people to a distance where they waited. As soon as Coyote was alone with the girl, he possessed himself of her in the same way as he had the first chief's daughter, and when he was satisfied he told her to tell her father that he would kill buffalo for him. The girl went to her father and told him, and Coyote, who this time had put his buffalo in a safe place, went out and seized it, whereupon it became a buffalo-horn headdress and a hair-rope loop.

Coyote remained for sometime in the village and provided all the people with plenty of buffalo and deer meat. "Maybe you won't want me for your son-in-law," he said to the chief, "but I can help you this much at least." The chief was well pleased, and said, "I am glad to have you for my son-in-law."

After a while Coyote told the people that he had another family that he would bring over to the village. He went home, but he found his children had all grown up, and moved away. Even his wife was gone. Thus Coyote's family was scattered. That is when I came home too, and Coyote has been scattered all over the world ever since.

#### 5. WABA'GRE WASKIKE, THE BLOODCLOT BOY.

Badger was a very good hunter. He had a hunting trap with supernatural power and every day when he went to visit it he found a buffalo or a deer in it. This good luck attracted the attention of Grizzly Bear who came and enslaved Badger. Every morning he would force Badger to go out and visit his trap, kill whatever he found in it, butcher it, and then he would take it all, even the blood, leaving Badger only the refuse to support himself and his family.

One day after Badger had butchered a buffalo and taken it over to Grizzly, he found that a mass of coagulated blood had fallen from the load of meat. He put it away for the time being, not because he was going to hold it back from Grizzly, of whom he was immensely afraid, but because he wanted to finish something he was doing at the time. When he was ready, he told his wife to go and get it for him, and when she went

to raise the cover under which it was placed she found a baby boy lying there. "Look here, old man," she said to her husband, "Here is a child. Shall we take it over to Grizzly?" "No," said Badger, "Let us raise it."

So the boy, born of a blood clot, was kept by Badger and his wife, and Grizzly Bear did not know anything about it. Each day the boy would hear Grizzly, who never entered the lodge, come and order Badger to go to his trap and kill his game. After a while the boy grew big enough to make himself a bow and arrows and go hunting. After a while he was big enough so that he was gone all day and returned at night. The game that he killed helped support Badger. At last the boy decided that he would put an end to the sufferings of his foster parents by killing Grizzly. One morning he said to his father, Badger: "Father, when Grizzly Bear tells you to go to your trap today, tell him to go himself, for you are tired of waiting on him."

After a while Grizzly Bear came as usual and gave his orders. Badger at once said, "Why don't you go yourself?"

"Oh," growled Grizzly, "You must have company, you talk so bravely this morning."

"No," answered Badger, "I'm just tired of you."

"I'll make you go," snarled Grizzly Bear, but before he could do anything, Bloodclot Boy stepped out and shot Grizzly with his arrow and killed him. He skinned the bear, and turned the trap over to Badger once more.

The boy grew up to be a great hunter. Badger had great power, and he taught the boy. They would go out in the morning, and when they saw a track of any animal, buffalo, deer, elk, raccoon, or turkey, Badger had only to touch the track with a stick. Towards night they would return, and, as they walked, all manner of animals could be heard following them. Badger told the boy never to look back, no matter what he heard. As the two drew nearer to their home they could hear scratching, growling, the noise of hoofs and footsteps right at their heels, but they would enter the lodge, and the next morning all the animals whose tracks they had touched, and who had followed them home, would be lying dead at the threshold.

At length Badger gave his supernatural staff to the boy and ordered him to go out and hunt by himself. Just as he had seen his foster father do, he touched the tracks of all the animals that he saw, and did not come home until dark. As he was travelling he heard a great uproar behind him, hoof beats, scratching, growling, and cries of "Chew him up! Chew him up!" (Náxoxoké! Náxoxoké!) and "Scratch him up! Scratch him up! (Itutu! Itutu!) Catch him! Catch him (Aíyinuna! Aíyinuna!)." The boy's hair stood on end, and finally he was so frightened that he looked back, but saw nothing but darkness. He ran home shuddering.

"How did you make it, my son?" asked Badger.

"Oh, I saw a lot," answered the boy, but the next day when they got up and looked out, they found only a lean runt turkey (Hagata<sup>te</sup>).

"Sonny, this will not do," said the Badger. "When you go out today, no matter what you hear, even if they grab you, don't look back or you will never be a successful hunter."

The next day Bloodclot Boy went out and was gone all day, as was the rule of his medicine. At night as he was returning he heard a great commotion behind him as before, but he paid no attention to it and went into the lodge. The old Badger asked him again how he had made it, and the boy answered simply: "I made it."

Early in the morning they got up again and all manner of game was lying in front of the door. All went well from that time on. At last there was enough meat on the scaffolds to last them for a year in case of need, so Bloodclot Boy said, "I am going visiting, and I'll be back sometime."

The boy set out on his travels. He wore ceremonial clothes. His robe was made of otterskins, he had moccasins of hoot owls, and a headdress of yellowbirds. After a while he arrived at a point near a village. He stopped and took off his ceremonial garments and put on his old clothes leaving himself nearly naked as was the custom in those days. He went on until he came to the hut of an old woman on the outskirts of the village where he asked and received permission to stay. The next day there was a gathering of all the people in the settlement to which every one brought their bows and arrows. It seems that there was a bird that appeared hovering, stationary, in the sky above the village. The chief had decreed that anyone who could shoot the bird should receive his daughter in marriage. Bloodclot Boy went over to look also, and the people said, "That's the old lady's grandson; maybe he wants to try too." They laughed and sneered at him because he was so poorly dressed.

The boy went back to the old lady, and told her that he could kill the bird, and she said, "Fine. Then you can marry the chief's daughter." She went right out and announced to the multitude, "My grandson will kill that bird."

The boy took his quiver of otter skin and removed two arrows. He looked at the bird, and all the people crowded round, for they had all been unsuccessful heretofore, even the best marksmen in the village had failed. While the boy hesitated, everybody scoffed, until at length he took his weapons, shot, and brought down the bird.

The chief proclaimed, "The orphan boy can come to my lodge, and be my son-in-law."

Now as an orphan boy with only a grandmother to look after him he was poor, dirty, and lousy. He was to take the chief's second daughter, but when he arrived, and the girl saw how miserable he looked, she refused him, saying, "I won't marry that ugly lousy man." The elder sister said, "Well, if my sister doesn't want him, I'll take him and save our

father's honor." She made a bed for him beside that of her younger sister, who cried, "Take your bed farther off!" She removed her own, remarking, "I'll not get lice on me." She made a skin partition between them. "What she says is all right," said the boy to his wife, "I've got some clothes over at my grandmother's, I'll get them and bathe in the creek."

The two went over and got his goods, then they went to the creek where he told his wife to wait on the bank while he dived in. When he came out, he was a very handsome youth with long hair. He asked his wife how he looked, and she refused to believe that he was her husband. "Oh yes," he replied, "I am the same one." "No, my husband was a poor boy." "No, I am your husband," answered Bloodclot Boy, and he showed her a birthmark that he had taken the precaution of having her see before he dived in. He then dressed in his fine clothes, and they came home with the owl moccasins hooting and the bird headdress singing. Even the father-in-law got up when he heard them coming, and saw his son-in-law in his shining otterskin robe and otter quiver, with a white plume in his hair. The second sister came out and knew that it was the man whom she refused. She went back and moved her bed over beside his, but his wife threw it away saying, "We might get lice in your bed." Then the second sister began to cry and say, "Oh I want my man back!" "No," said the elder sister, "You shall not have him. You threw him away and now I've got him. No one else shall have him."

The second sister cried all night so that the chief told his elder daughter that she ought to share her husband with her. Again the elder girl refused in the same words as before.

All the game near the village had been killed off, so that the people were nearly starving. The next day the youth went hunting with his magic stick. He came home after dark, and he could hear a multitude of animals following him. His wife asked what he had killed, and he answered, "I brought home nothing, but you must tell my father-in-law to get up very early and have his knife sharp and ready." Next morning game lay dead in deep rows around the lodge. When the chief saw them, he cried, "Bring old man *Íshj'ínki*." (*Hwaiya, íshj'ínki akúrathe!*) When *Íshj'ínki* came, he ordered him to go through the village and announce, "Our new son-in-law has killed much game and wants you all to come and butcher it."

The old grandmother who had kept the boy moved over next to the chief's house and all the people came and cut up the meat. When they had finished, the boy told them that all he wanted to keep were the hides. *Íshj'ínki* was therefore called upon to distribute the meat among all the families. The Blood man told his wife to announce through the chief that the people were all to return the next day and for four days he repeated the distribution of game. Then Bloodclot Boy moved on to the next village, where, as usual *Íshj'ínki* was waiter. He told his wife that she

must care for his grandmother, and that he would be back after a while.

When Bloodclot Boy came to the next village he found another isolated lodge where an old woman lived and he stayed there. There were four giants who came to the settlement every day to gamble with the people at target practice (*Moské*) or at racing. They gambled by betting the lives of four of their number against four of the people. The chief offered to give his second daughter to anyone who would destroy the giants. The boy won the race, and then entered the target practice in which the human beings had never been able to shoot more than half as far as the giants. In this he was successful also. The contests lasted sixteen days, so that he did away with sixteen giants in all.

When the contests were over, the chief took the boy home with him as his son-in-law, but his second daughter refused to marry so miserable and lousy an orphan. The elder sister then took him and made up a bed for them beside her sister who immediately moved hers, saying that she did not want to be lousy. As at the first village, the Bloodclot Boy went with his wife to get his ceremonial clothes and then bathed in the creek. Before bathing he showed the woman his birth mark, so that she was able to identify him when he came out. When they came back, he looked so beautiful that the second sister wanted to share him, but his wife would not permit it, and when she moved her bed over by his the wife threw it away telling her that she might get lousy if she slept so near. The girl cried all night, and this angered her father the chief, so that he sent for *Íshji'nki* and told him to take the boy away and lose him.

*Íshji'nki* went and put his robe in a hollow tree so that the hair and the tails were plainly visible. Then he asked the boy to go hunting with him, telling him that he had found raccoon tree. The boy agreed and followed *Íshji'nki* to the river bank, and they traveled to where the tree could be seen from *Íshji'nki's* canoe. When they got in sight, *Íshji'nki* put the boy ashore: "Here it is, grandson," he said. "While you climb I'll sleep in the canoe." The boy took off his clothes and left them in the canoe, then started to climb the tree. As soon as he was well up, *Íshji'nki* started to paddle off, in spite of the cries of the boy, who called out to him to wait.

When *Íshji'nki* got back to the village he saw the boy's wife, she was worried, but he said, "We've come home, but he left me a little ways back," and passed on to his own place.

The boy was able to get down from the tree but was unable to get home. He wandered until he found a lonely wigwam. There was a girl there who said to him, "What a nice looking man. You had better go right away, for father and mother will soon come home, and they always kill and eat every stranger who comes here."

"I don't care," said Bloodclot Boy. "Let them eat me if they want to."

The girl however replied, " I love you and I would like to save your life. "

" No, let them kill me. "

" Well then, I'll try to save you, " answered the girl, and she hid him. Her parents were the people who had charge of storms and lost people were always drawn there. They were called Wind Controller (Inásingé'-katceruka) and Old Man Wind Chief (Wanshatadjeruka); the girl was named Chieftainess (Inú<sup>n</sup>ékihi).

As soon as the old people came in, they said, " Daughter, we smell something good. " " Yes, " she answered, " You always smell something good. I cut my finger. " " No, " they replied, " It's something else. " They kept on asking and teasing. At last the girl took them aside and said, " Father, I am going to ask you something. I know you and mother love me, and I want you to let me have this young man. I want to marry him because I am here all alone all day while you are gone out. "

The father was willing, but the mother was not. Finally she agreed on condition that the youth would do her three favors. The boy then came out of hiding, and the old lady pointed out a lake. " If that was dry, I could cut across instead of going round, " she said. She gave the youth an acorn cup as a bailer, and told him to drain the lake. As soon as they had gone, he took out three or four shells full, and gave up in despair. He threw himself down on the bank and slept. While he was sleeping, his wat came and asked him what was the matter. He told her that he had been set an impossible task. " I might as well die, " he said. " Then let me too, " answered the girl.

The girl was possessed of such supernatural power that four dips of the acorn cup dried up the lake. " You should have done this way, " she told her husband. When they came back, the old woman was dissatisfied. " I believe you helped your man, " she said to her daughter. " Oh no, mother. You told him to do the work, so he has obeyed you. "

The next task was to clear off all the heavy timber that grew around the lake. The old lady gave the youth a stone axe and departed. The boy could hardly even dent the bark of the trees with it, so he gave up in despair and lay down. After a while his wife came out and asked him why he was not at work. He told her that the task was impossible so he thought that he had better die. The girl took up the stone axe and struck four times with it and ordered the timber to be taken away. At once a whirlwind sprang up and tore up all the trees by the roots so that the forest was all down by the time the old woman got back. When she saw this she was much dissatisfied and accused her daughter of having done the work, but the girl said, no, that the orders had been given to her husband, and that he had only obeyed them.

The third task was to remove a great hill so that the old lady could make a short cut. She gave the boy a badger claw to dig with and depart-

ed. The boy tried scratching at it for a little while, and then gave it up in despair. His wife came and gave four scratches, and the hill disappeared at her command. The old woman was very suspicious, but the girl's father said, "Why do you complain? You wanted the work done, and it is all accomplished."

The old woman was still very anxious to eat the boy, so he said to his wife, "We had better run away, otherwise your mother will surely kill me." The young couple planned to escape. The girl took four acorns and placed one in each of the four directions and told them if the old lady asked if they were there to say, "Yes." Then the girl stole her moccasins and put them on and fled.

After a while the old lady woke up and said, "Chieftainess, are you there?" One of the acorns answered. "Yes," and this went on until the fifth time when there was no answer. Then the old lady exclaimed, "I knew it," and getting up she searched for her moccasins, but, as they were gone, she could not follow. She ordered her husband to look for the fugitives, and he did, but soon came back. The couple reached the water at last, but meantime the old lady had taken her husband's moccasins and was following.

When the boy and his wife came to the water they turned into swans and swam about. The old lady came to the brink and offered them pounded corn to eat. The boy would have eaten, but his wife would not let him.

Her mother cried out, "Chieftainess, let him eat," but she would not. After a while they crossed over to the other side and resumed their true forms again. After a while they came to an old lady dwelling by herself, and the boy told her that he had a wife in the village where he slew the giants and that they were going there. When they arrived, they found that his wife in this place had a baby son. They went on then to the place where he had killed the bird, and there they found his other wife had a baby also. With his three wives and their children the Bloodclot Boy went on back to Badger's. Badger said, "We can't all live together and be happy, but children shall hereafter always be created from the flow of their mother's blood."

Perhaps that is why we Indians are called Redmen, and value red paint.

From that time on the Blood family became and remained persons, but the badgers stayed animals. And then I came home too.

#### 6. WA<sup>n</sup>KX<sup>l</sup>ISTOWI, THE MAN WITH THE HUMAN HEAD EARRINGS.

There were once ten brothers, six of whom were good hunters, three poor hunters, while the last was the hero of this tale. The eldest boys all killed big game, and the other three killed only turkeys, raccoons, and skunks respectively. One day it was announced that there was to be a



great race around the world, and the tenth boy told the three poor hunters to get boughs and make a sweat lodge. The boys did this, while the six who were good hunters jeered and laughed at them and made their own lodge. However after they had sweated, and the youngest brother had pulled at their hair till it was very long, then he too sweated and became handsome. He put on his best clothes, placed his human head earbobs in his ears, and came out. When the elder brothers saw how fine the younger ones looked, they became very jealous.

On the day of the race all the brothers appeared at the appointed spot. The contest was to be against a party of giants who had mucus hanging from their noses and who always won. The whole tribe was to try against them on this occasion in hopes of wiping them out, for the people had lost many of their number through these giants, who always bet a life against a life. Human-head-earrings won the race, and slew the giants, in which he was assisted by two friends that he had made, Turtle and Blackhawk.

Human-head-earrings left this place and went on to another place where the people were tormented by a race of low built bears called *Ma<sup>n</sup>daswtsjé* who played lacrosse on the ice with the people betting their lives and killing the losers. The bears were always accompanied by their females who were so swift that the young men could not get away from them. Old Turtle was the one who played in the center, throwing the ball for the game to start. Human-head-earrings and Blackhawk hid until the former got the ball and fled, though a she bear almost caught him. One of his earbobs looked back, stuck out its tongue and made faces so the she bear laughed and blushed and finally gave up. The other bears accused her of liking Human-head-earrings so that she let him make a goal. The bears finally lost the game and were accordingly killed.

After several years had elapsed another company of giants came, and by an error Blackhawk was allowed to wrestle with one of them instead of Turtle who was a great athlete. The giants won, and Human-head-earrings and his two friends were slain. Human-head-earrings had a son who was exactly like him in appearance except that instead of having tiny human heads in his ears, one grew out of the middle of his chest. Blackhawk also left a son, and the two boys grew up together. When they were about eleven years of age they asked their mothers what had become of their fathers and they were told that the giants had killed them. The boys found out where the giants were and set out to find them and be revenged. When they drew near to the giant village they turned themselves into spider webs and floated over the settlement. They found out that the heads of Human-head-earrings, Turtle, and Blackhawk were kept in a sacred place and watched over constantly by the braves. They retired about a quarter of a mile from the town, and the son of Human-head-earrings sang :

"He<sup>ko</sup> he<sup>ko</sup> warúské ta'nyike wehadoghre!"

(Father, father, the giants are going to die, I've located them.)

Then the son of Human-head-earrings, who was on a bush, began to rock and spit blood. At once the giants were magically affected in the same way. One of them cried, "That's what we get for bothering human beings, one of them has at last grown up and is attacking us." Finally they all died, and now there are no longer any giants. The boys found the three heads and brought them home. The son of Human-head-earrings placed them together on the ground and the boys shot four arrows into the air and brought the three to life. Old Turtle sat up first and yawned, rubbed his eyes, stretched, and said, "I've slept a long time."

"Yes," replied the son of Human-head-earrings, "but for us you would be still asleep."

They all went home. "Well," said Turtle, "I'm going to leave my children here, but I'll still be helpful to them, and make them strong and powerful when they think of me and see me as a turtle. They can swallow my heart and thus gain my qualities and attributes. I will give them my tenacity of life." From then on Turtle went into the water to live.

Blackhawk likewise decided to depart, but before leaving his children he gave them the war powers that are included in the war bundles. These powers are to see far, locate the enemy, and pounce upon them.

Human-head-earrings was only a man like the rest of us, but he said that when he died his little heads should live always. So now when we die the little person invisible to us that dwells in us (the soul) goes to the other world. That's when I came to.

#### 7. WAGRE KAGRE, OR WHITE PLUME.

Once there was a village in which the chief had two daughters. He painted their faces with charcoal and sent them out in the woods to fast and cry that they might be empowered to marry White Plumed Man (*Wagre Kagre*). The two stayed and cried and wept until all the animals heard and came to take pity on them. Each would appear as a person and say, "I am the man you want." The girls would ask each, "What is your occupation, what do you kill? what do you eat?" When these questions were answered they would reveal the true nature of the animal that had come to them. Then the girls would refuse it, and it would assume its natural shape and run off.

At last a man came to them who wore a white plume. "I am the one you seek," he said. The girls asked him what he killed, and he answered, "Deer, bear, elk, turkey and other things that human beings eat." The elder one was willing to accept him at once, but the younger one wanted to test him further. After some argument, the younger one said, "Well, you marry him, but I'll wait."

The elder sister married the man, but her husband only brought home rabbits every day, no large game whatever. One night while they were sleeping the younger sister heard a voice that said, "I am coming over tomorrow noon. I am the one you are seeking." In the morning the younger sister said, "Today at noon the real White Plume will be here, this one whom you have married is only an impostor." The sister was indignant and insisted that her husband was really the hero.

The next day at midday even the birds began to sing and call out, "White Plume is coming." The Meadow Larks, whom we Iowa say name persons outright cried: "White Plume comes!" (*Wagre Kagrejiro*!)

Finally he really did arrive, saying, "I, the one you seek, am come."

The elder sister did not believe it, but the younger one received him. Next day both the men hunted. The real White Plume brought in deer and bear at once, the impostor just rabbits as usual. Three times more this went on. At last the father of the two girls came over to see how they were getting on. He at once guessed that the first man was false, but was well pleased with the second comer because he was such a good provider. By now the elder sister began to have doubts about her husband, who began to get jealous. When she asked why he killed no big animals, he said they did not furnish good meat.

The next day the two men went out hunting together. They stayed all night. While hunting they came to a hollow where a raccoon was, and the impostor persuaded White Plume to go in and get it. White Plume was caught in the hollow, and the impostor had power so that he turned him into a dog. Next day the impostor came home with the dog following him. When White Plume's wife asked where he was, the impostor told her that White Plume was hunting in another direction, and that he had found his dog in the woods.

The unfortunate dog was mangy and scabby, but at night it went and slept with the younger sister and she treated it well, and made a bed for it. As a matter of fact the impostor was a giant who transformed people. He tried to have his sister-in-law put the dog out, but she refused to obey him. The younger sister took the dog out in the woods and it easily found hibernating bears and other large game, whereas the impostor only killed rabbits as formerly. So it went on for some time, but one day the dog spoke to the younger sister when they were alone, saying: "Take me to a hollow log, put me in, and help me out on the other side."

The younger sister took the dog to a hollow log, and threw him in. He yelped and whined, but finally came out on the other side. He had shed his skin like a snake and came out in his natural shape again. Then he and his wife went home together. When they arrived, the impostor looked at him and said, "You must have chased something a long way, you have been gone so long." White Plume made a pleasant reply, but told his wife that he would have revenge.

After a few days he went off with the impostor again. White Plume as usual killed buffalo. They went a long way and built a campfire where

they meant to stay the night. About dark a great snowstorm came up. As the snow started to fall, the impostor said :

"Grandson, watch yourself, this moon is supposed to be the one that will crackle your clothes." (*Hi'takwó, akítan'ê hobidje biwidakokealeke.*)

The two sat and told stories. At length White Plume felt sleepy and began to doze. The giant asked if he was sleepy, and when he said yes, they agreed to sleep. After a while White Plume said to the giant, "Grandfather?" but he got no answer. So White Plume took his own clothes which he used as a pillow and changed them with his companion. By and by the giant woke up and called White Plume who pretended to be asleep and did not answer. "Grandson," said the Giant impostor, "didn't I tell you that this is the moon that burns one's clothes?" When White Plume continued to pretend to be asleep, the impostor stole the bundle of clothes from under his head and threw them into the fire. He laughed and again said that this was the moon that burned up one's clothes.

In the morning when they awoke it was bitterly cold. White Plume looked round and said, "Oh grandpa, my clothes are missing?" The giant answered, "Didn't I tell you that this is the month that burns up one's clothes? Why didn't you watch them?"

He then went over and pulled the clothes from his pillow, but when he went to put them on they were much too small. White Plume then claimed and took them and the impostor found out that it was his own clothes that he had destroyed. White Plume asked him how that was, but the giant was unable to answer. After a while they started for home. The giant said, "Grandson, don't step too far, make it so that I can step in your tracks."

White Plume did just the opposite, so that after a while the old giant could not keep up and froze. This ended the giant race, who might have killed us all.

From here White Plume went home. He killed game and supplied the family. His sister-in-law wanted him, so he took her to wife also. Later he went on his travels. He told his folks that he would return when their supplies were gone.

White Plume traveled until he came to a village where there were only children, because all the older people had been slain by the ogress, Nashin Waxógre. She had an image of the Underneath Horned Panther, and she said that she would spare anyone who could make a better one than she had, but if they failed she would kill them. When White Plume arrived, she had gathered everybody for her daily test. He asked the crowd what they were doing there, and they answered that there was an old woman who made them contest with her in making an image of the Underneath Water Panther, and that when they failed, as they always did, she killed and ate them.

"What have you to show her today?" asked White Plume. They exhibited to him a clay image, very imperfect. White Plume, being

possessed of great power, made it live, and told the children to cover it up. He told them that when the ogress came and demanded to see their attempt they should not hesitate, but tell her that they had something ready. They followed his instructions, and when she arrived she was annoyed to find them ready for her. "Someone has told you to do this," she said. She brought out her own perfect image that lacked only life. Then the children uncovered theirs, and showed her a real Water Panther, alive and shining. Then White Plume ran up and showed her a real Water Panther, alive and shining. Then White Plume ran up and shot her down, and that ended the race of old witches or ogresses.

White Plume then returned and soon went off again. Just before leaving, he told his father-in-law that he wanted to give a feast and tell his people that if they wanted to be successful hunters they must fast and call on him and they would always receive help. After the feast White Plume went off and came to a place where there were four women. If he married the eldest he was entitled to take the rest, according to the old Iowa custom. Of these women the youngest was the most beautiful. During the day she sought an opportunity to speak with him alone, and told him, "When you sleep with my sister you must be careful. Several young men have come here and spent the night, and were found dead the next morning."

White Plume wondered what it might be. He got himself a walnut billet and carved it in the shape of a male organ. Then he rolled it in the hot ashes until it was charred very hard indeed, then he hid it. That night he went to sleep with the eldest girl, but instead of his own member, he employed the wooden billet. He could hear the gritting of internal teeth, but he broke them off with his billet. In the morning the girl was found dead in her bed. The chief, who was the girl's father, asked what the cause was, but White Plume replied, "When the other men died you were not so anxious to know why, but now that your daughter is gone, you begin to inquire. I'll tell you, I killed her by breaking out her teeth with my wooden rod." From that day on no women have been known to have toothed vaginas.

White Plume went home again to his wives. He told them that he was not really a human being but a bird, an eagle. When men wish to be good hunters he said they should wear a white eagle plume in the hair. Then he flew away and I came home too.

#### 8. THIOGRITA'MI OR CREATED FROM FEET

Once there were four brothers who were all great hunters. The youngest used to stay at home and keep house for the others, but after he grew up one of the elder brothers would sometimes spell him so that he could go out hunting too. One day when he was out he ran a splinter in his

foot and came home lame. He stayed home till it festered, and one day when the others were gone it itched and pained him so that he looked at it. It was sticking out for a couple of inches, so he seized it and pulled it out. It was so large that he put it away to show his brothers when they came home. That night when they arrived in camp he said "Brothers, I finally got the splinter out of my foot, and I want you to see it." He went and uncovered the sliver, and in its place there lay a nice fat girl baby.

The brothers were all surprised and pleased to have a little sister, for they knew that when she grew up she could cook and keep house for them. At length she did grow into womanhood and one day she said, "Brothers, I want you to make lots of arrows. You have to go a long way to find your game and get very tired, I'll have the deer come here. I want you to build me a scaffold, and prepare to kill a great many."

The young men did as their sister told them, and the girl climbed up on the scaffold and began to cry: "Deer come, my brothers are going to shoot you." (*Ta tcihulé etcíndo deotan'a.*)

From all directions the deer came running to the scaffold, so that the brothers easily killed all they wanted. Their sister had told them to call out when they had enough, so they did, and the deer vanished. Then they would all get their knives and butcher the game. The girl did this from time to time as they needed food.

One day when her brothers were all gone, along came old Íshjí'nki. He said, "I came over, granddaughter, because I heard that you can make the deer come, and I'm hungry for meat." The girl inquired, "What kind of arrows have you?"

On the way over there Íshjí'nki had found one of her brothers' arrows and he showed her that, and put it back into his quiver which he carried over his left shoulder. He told her he had plenty more, but as a matter of fact the others were only sunflower stalks. When she wanted to see them he kept taking out the good arrow and showing it to her over and over again. She told him he must be sure to kill the first deer that came. When Íshjí'nki agreed she climbed up on the scaffold and began to sing:

"Deer come, deer come, Íshjí'nki wants to kill you." (*Ta tcihulé, ta tcihulé, íshjí'nki dehu dana!*)

This provoked Íshjí'nki who cried, "Don't say that, say your brothers want them."

However the deer heard and exclaimed, "Oh, old Íshjí'nki! Let's go there." They all ran over and sure enough, Íshjí'nki did kill the very first one, but his sunflower stalks just bounced off the sides of the rest. They gathered in such a multitude that they crowded against one another and finally knocked down the scaffold. A big buck caught the girl between his antlers and carried her off, her long hair was pulled out by the branches and her face scratched.

When the boys came home they found the scaffold trampled in the mud and the girl gone. They set out in search of her but could not find

her. The youngest brother who was named We'hata had the power to locate anything. He turned himself into a tiny bird and flying through the air found his sister. He saw that she was still between the buck's antlers and in sorry condition. He cried until the tears ran down his cheeks, and one of them dropped on the deer, who said: "It seems to be raining, but it is not cloudy, yet I felt a drop of rain." He became frightened and ran away. The younger brother went on home and told his brothers, who pursued and killed the buck and rescued their sister. They put her in a sweat lodge and thus restored her completely.

The sister had the brothers refix the scaffold, and one day while they were all gone again she went to draw some water. When she got there Otter was waiting for her. He seized her and took under water to another world where he dwelt.

Otter would go out fishing and when he returned he would call the girl to meet him and if she was not quick enough he would throw the fish at her so that she smelled foully and was all covered with fish slime and scales.

When the boys came home and found that their sister was missing, they set out in search of her. They had to look a very long time before they could find her. They saw her pail and thought that she was in the creek, so the youngest brother dived into the other world and found her while Otter was away. He hid himself and told his sister that when Otter came and told her to get the fish she was to answer, "Bring them yourself, you've got legs and hands."

After a while Otter came and called her by name to come and get the fish, but she told him to bring them himself, as he had legs and hands. Otter was surprised and answered, "Looks like you are talking big!" Thereupon her brother sprang up and killed Otter. He brought his sister back and gave her a sweat bath, and when she had recovered she told her brothers to fix the scaffold and she started to call deer for them again. Soon they had plenty of meat, enough to last them for a long time.

About this time the eldest brother thought that he would go visiting so he started. On his way he fell in with a female giant who began to ask him questions. He told her where he was going so she invited him into her tent and fed him. When he had finished she killed him. The second one next started to look for his brother, but at the same place he met the giantess, who killed him in the same way as she had his brother, and the same fate overtook the third one, and the fourth.

The sister missed her brothers, so she decided to search for them. First she made a supply of ground corn or *wáshúnga*, which she baked into four cakes. She put them into a little parfleche trunk. While she was doing this a giant came into camp singing:

"Thiógrita'mi sta idana<sup>n'</sup>é anyina hakue<sup>n</sup> nawino hoho!"

(Created-from-feet, we are going after you.) (Twice repeated)

She invited him into the lodge, and said, " Why did you come ? Here I am all alone and having a hard time. "

She gave him a cake of her meal, which was ball shape, and it swelled in his mouth and he choked. She took her warclub and knocked him over the head. She cut off his head and put it in the rawhide trunk with the remaining cakes, and started out on her journey. On her way she met another giant who sang like the first :

" Thiógrita'mi sta idana" anyina hakue<sup>n</sup> nawino hoho ! "

The giant asked her if she was not Thiógrita'mi. " No, " she answered, " Thiógrita'mi is broken hearted over the loss of her brothers and stays at home. Grandpa, you're hungry, eat this, " and she gave him another round corn cake. As soon as he put it in his mouth it swelled and he choked, whereupon she slew him with her warclub, cut off his head, and put it in her rawhide trunk as before.

The girl went on until she had disposed of a third and fourth giant in the same way, and had their heads in her trunk also. After a while, as she went on, she met a woman who was dressed in a whole elkhide in front, with even the antlers attached, and another behind. The woman said, " Thiógrita'mi, what have you done with my brothers ? " " Why, I have never seen them, what have you done with mine ? " " Why, " exclaimed the giantess " I have never seen them either. "

Suddenly the giantess threw the four heads at Thiógrita'mi, " There are your brothers, " she cried. Thiógrita'mi promptly threw the heads of the giantess' brothers at her with the same remark. Then the giantess said, " Let's gamble. If I beat you, I'll kill you, but if you win, you can kill me. Let us race on the ice. "

Thiógrita'mi put turtleshells on her feet and swiftly raced out of sight before the giantess could catch her. The giantess demanded another chance saying, " There is a hill nearby, let us both dig through to the other side. Whoever comes out first will kill the other. " On this they agreed, Thiógrita'mi turned herself into a badger and came out long before the giantess. She waited for the latter, and as soon as her head appeared she struck her with her warclub and killed her.

The girl then went back and gathered up the heads and bones of her brothers. She took them to the woods and laid them out in natural order, then she took an arrow and shot it up in the air, crying : " Look out ! It will fall on you, my brothers. " The fourth time that she did this, they all got up and rubbed their eyes and said, " We've slept a long time. " They all went back to their home, and when they got there Thiógrita'mi said to her brothers, " Brothers, if I continue to stay with you it will cause endless trouble. I will therefore leave you, and become Núnwakanda, the Fairy of the Woods. " The boys were still there when I came home.



9. MA<sup>TO</sup> I'KIRUHE, MARRIED TO GRIZZLY BEAR.

There was once a village in which there was a chief who had a son and two daughters. The son was a young man, and although the other youths of the community had all been to war and brought back scalps to make their sisters proud he had never been on the warpath. His father urged him to go, but he steadfastly refused. For four years he would not cut his hair, and all during that time he was planning to go to war, although no one knew it. At length he picked out twelve youths to go with him.

During the four years that the son was preparing to go to war, his two sisters used to go out every day to get firewood, and, as it was scarce near the village, sometimes they had to travel several miles. One day while the elder was in the brush gathering faggots a grizzly bear played with her, and forced intercourse with her. Finally the other girls who were on the wood-gathering party were heard returning, so the bear released her, and she told him that she would return to the same place the next day. They kept this up for a long time. Sometimes they stayed together for hours while the younger sister watched the pack horses. The elder sister had warned her not to spy on her, but she crept up and watched. She was horror-struck at what she saw, and went back to tell her father. Her father was angry and determined to kill the bear. He had it announced throughout the village that they would go on the warpath against the Grizzly, so they armed and went over on horseback and finally killed the animal after a struggle. The skin was tanned and kept in the chief's home.

At the end of four years the chief's son collected his four followers, they decided upon a date for leaving, and set out on the warpath. They went into battle several times, but they kept right on. They were gone over two years, and decided to visit the end of the world. Finally they reached the spot and saw the great crack in the ground that marks the boundary there. When the crack closed itself, they all went over, and once on the other side they found a huge lodge. There were four people in the lodge who received them hospitably. They laid down their arms and went in.

One of the four people was the leader, and he addressed them as follows: "My grandsons, we have heard that you were coming here, and we are glad that you have arrived. Now I shall talk to you for four days. But first look about you. You see all around the lodge many war bundles. Some have fresh scalps attached to them. Some of these scalps were taken today, others are older. Now you who are the leader, look these over, pick out any one that you want for yourself, and it will take me four days' time to teach you its ritual, so that you can use it when you get home."

Next to the door hung a sacred bundle that had no scalps attached to

it. It was old and dirty, and falling apart. The chief's son chose this one, although it was old and homely. The beings told him that it was one of the foremost of all the sacred bundles. The leader opened it and spread out its contents before him, and explained them to the chief's son, and it took him four days to explain them all. When the days were up, the man said to him, "Tomorrow morning I want you to go out and get some feathers to take home."

Next day the floor of the lodge was covered with eagle feathers. The youths took the best of these, as many as they wanted. They were told that on the way back they would be engaged in several actions with the enemy, but that they would be successful. The chief of the lodge at the end of the world told them: "Remember that you can always give us tobacco and dog meat. These are the principal things that we want."

That is the reason why every spring the Iowa used to have a bundle feast, using dog meat. Sometimes they used merely to kill a dog, tie tobacco around its neck and say: "We sacrifice this dog and tobacco to our Grandfathers the Thunderers," for the four beings were really Thunderers. These were the same ones who are mentioned in the other stories. Their names were Khromanyi, Ug'rimanyi, N'iumanyi, and Wakand'ainyé.<sup>1</sup>

On the way home the four warriors and their leader first crossed the opening and closing crack at the world's edge, and after this they had several battles and took many scalps. They had been told that they would meet powerful foes but that they would vanquish them. As they came on they discovered an immense long lodge, the biggest they had ever seen, and this they entered. Inside there was a great Waruska or giant who was crippled, and he exclaimed: "Ahau, the crippled man is going to kill." (*Ahau! Wa'siké manyi skrunyé nahallé watceinóne.*) He meant that as the enemy had happily come to him, he would slay them then and there. Later in the day the other giants began to come in from their hunting until there were eleven there besides the cripple.

"Well, my friends," said the crippled giant, "since you have come to visit us we will cook you some 'pumpkin bottoms'" (*wadwandice*, the last piece left when pumpkins are cut in circles for drying). However, in the language of the giants this word meant human ears. When the warriors refused to eat the meat that was set before them, the giants were insulted but said nothing.

The crippled giant had a long rawhide thong with a hook on it that he could throw as far as the door, for he could not walk. He had his guests come in to sit and sleep on the south side, while his brothers slept on the north, with the cripple in the center but in the rear. The chief's son told his men to act as though asleep but to watch with their bows and arrows ready. The chief's son himself fetched in a pole six or seven feet

1. See p. 433 the story of Dore and Wahre'dua.

long, and lay there slyly with it, next the door. After a while the giants went to bed. The principal giant asked the chief's son if he knew any stories, and he said yes, that he sometimes told them. He then told the story of their adventures on their journey to the end of the earth whence they were now returning. "On our way back," said he, "We met twelve giants, one of whom was crippled. He had a hook that he was going to throw, but he only succeeded in cutting his own people instead of us."

"Are you sleepy?" asked the giant.

"Yes, we are ready to sleep now," was the reply.

Instead of going to sleep all watched the giants. They saw the crippled one untie his hook. The chief's son saw him get ready to throw it, and he struck it away with his pole, knocking it back over to the giant's side of the lodge. It was very sharp, and cut most of the giants. Then the chief's son and his men all shot and exterminated the giants with their bows and arrows. They then scalped the giants, and there were scalps enough to make a blanket apiece.

When the warparty was nearly home they stopped a little way outside of the village and went into camp there.

During the time that the warriors were gone, the girl who had married the grizzly bear put on its hide and began to chase the children in the village. At last she actually turned into a grizzly herself, and she frightened the people so that they removed the village to another place. The girl pursued them and killed some of the people. Finally she captured her own younger sister. The younger girl made a little lodge down by the spring, and there they lived while her bear sister killed and ate the people. When the warriors returned therefore they found the lodges gone and the old village site in high weeds. A scout from the warparty fired an arrow, but there was no noise. He could find no one. The village was abandoned. He went back and reported to his warparty, and then the leader went himself and finally found one lone wigwam by the spring. He approached it, and as he came up he recognized his little sister and heard her story.

"You remember the bear my sister loved and whom the people killed before you went away? Well, she put on his skin and killed them all. I am now the only one left, and she would kill you too if she knew you were here."

"Well, sister," replied the chief's son, "tomorrow at noon, when the sun is in the middle of the sky we will return here. Get ready. I'll bring you something. She'll see me, and if she gets angry, run towards me."

The chief's son went back and told his party about his sisters, and said that the one who killed his bear sister could have the other one to wife. Next day on the way over he killed a rabbit and took it to his little sister, saying: "When you take back the water to the lodge throw the rabbit in and say, 'I'm getting tired of you.'" The girl did as he told her, and the bear growled, "I know someone's been here and I'll kill

you. " The girl fled and the bear pursued her. When the warparty saw them coming they all climbed up on a flat rock with the girl, and the chief's son ordered it to rise in the air. The bear was unable to reach them, but they shot her full of arrows and at last one killed her. Then the leader ordered the rock to descend. They got down, took the carcass of the bear and burned it up. They took the ashes and sprinkled them all over the place where the village had stood, then the chief's son told his men to go and spy on the place. When the scouts got there all they could see were lots of ants crawling everywhere the ashes had been thrown. After four day's time, however, the village was restored again with all its people. Then the party gave the warwhoop and charged in. Each had his giant scalp blanket and feather ornaments, and all the ritual of the bundle the leader had received from the thunderers. They brought back their lost sister and everything was well again. They had a great scalp dance and everybody was happy. Then I came home.

#### 10. HAXUGA, OR WOLF CRY

There were once two brothers who were great hunters. They killed game of all sorts. One day, before going hunting, they were preparing to take a sweatbath when they discovered at the last moment that they had no water. Haxuga sent his brother to the spring hole to get some. He waited a long time but his brother did not return. At length Haxuga went to look and found the water bucket but no trace of his brother. Haxuga hunted all over the world, and even under the water for his brother, crying as he searched, " My brother, my brother. " (*Hitho<sup>n</sup>ga*, *hitho<sup>n</sup>ga*.) Each time he called out, he sobbed, and when he sobbed all the streams drew up towards him. He could not find his brother, so he came back and started out all over again.

One day Haxuga saw a woodpecker that kept in his way. All the animals knew Haxuga, because he was such a famous hunter, and, as a rule, they would flee when they saw him, but this bird acted very boldly. " Why are you in my way as I walk, Woodpecker ? " asked Haxuga. " All right, Haxuga, I wanted to tell you something, but no matter. " " Very well, Woodpecker, " answered Haxuga, " if you tell me something good, I will paint your hair-part red, and I'll put my awl in your bill, too. " " Oh Haxuga ! They had a feast on your brother, and every living thing was there. Those who crawl and creep and walk, and all the birds of the air were present. They ate all of him up, Haxuga. Each one had some part, but what offended me was that I got only his little finger nail, so I was angry and I came to tell you. Your brother was caught by the Horned Water Panthers. Right below your camp there is a big cutbank, that is where he is, inside. They have skinned him and stretched and dried his hide, and they use it to cover their door. "

" I am glad you told me, " said Haxuga, and he painted Woodpecker's hair-part red as you may see among woodpeckers today, and he placed

his bone awl in his bill, where it may yet be seen on all woodpeckers. "I thank you, Haxuga," said the woodpecker, "Whenever the sky is cloudless, and the sun shines, the chief of the Horned Water Panthers will come out with his wife and they will sun themselves on the other side of the cutbank."

Therefore Haxuga went to the place where the Horned Water Panthers were accustomed to bask, and changed himself into an old rotten stump standing by the river bank. Finally the monsters came out of the water and saw the stump. The male one was afraid, he said: "That stump is new, I never saw it before. It may be Haxuga." "No," said the female, "Haxuga cannot be here."

The Horned Panthers came out on the bank and argued over the presence of the stump. The female was sure that it had always been there, she caught hold of it and pulled it partly open and found a mouse nest. Then they both believed that it had been there a long time. After this they sprawled out on the warm sand bar. They even took out their veils of stomach fat and spread them on the willows. They feared clouds, for the Horned Water Panthers are afraid that clouds may conceal Thunderers who prey upon them. But this day there were no clouds, and they thought there was no danger. All at once Haxuga turned back into his own form again and shot them both with his arrows. The two monsters snatched up their inwards that were spread in the sun and plunged into the water. Haxuga could see that the water was all bloody and knew that he had wounded them both.

Haxuga went out hunting, and on his return, as he was following along the bank of a stream, he heard some one chopping. It was an old lady beaver. "Oh grandma, what are you doing?" asked Haxuga. "Haven't you heard the latest news, grandson?" — "No, I've been away in the woods hunting, and now I'm going home." The old lady looked up: "Why, grandson, you aren't Haxuga, are you?" — "Oh no, grandma, Haxuga has just lost his brother and is almost dead from crying." — "Well, then I'll tell you, grandson. Haxuga shot and wounded the chief Water Panther and his wife while they were basking in the sun. I am the one appointed to get some wood to keep the fire going at night while they are doctoring them." — "Oh grandmother, how will they doctor them?" asked Haxuga, "and what will they do to Haxuga?" — "Why, they will kill Haxuga by starving him out," said Beaver-woman. "They can't starve him out," answered Haxuga, "He is too powerful. Why, he can dry meat and store it for months and months." — "Oh grandson, I believe you are Haxuga!" — "Oh no, grandma." — "Well then, if they can't starve him, they plan to get a herd of elk to trample him to death." — "This Haxuga has such power that he will go into the ground, and the elk will be unable to hurt him." — "Oh grandson, I believe you are Haxuga!" — "Oh no, grandma, go on and tell me." — "Well, if the elk fail they plan a deep

snow to smother him." — "Why, grandma, if he is smart, he'll go under the snow from tent to tent to live." — "Oh grandson, I believe you are Haxuga!" — "Oh no grandma, go on, tell me." — "Well, if that fails, they plan to have a flood, and they will have me gnaw a hole in the bottom of his canoe so that it will sink, and Haxuga will be drowned." — "Why, in that case Haxuga will get in his iron canoe, and then what will they do?" — "Well, all the Horned Water Panthers and the fishes will band together and upset him." — "In that case Haxuga will have a sharp edge to his boat that will cut them." — "Oh grandson, I believe you are Haxuga!" — "Oh no grandma, let me see what kind of teeth you have to work with on Haxuga's canoe." — The old Beaver-woman held up her head so that he could see her teeth, and Haxuga struck her dead. He skinned her, took the hide, and went on. After a while he found two otters traveling along the stream. He stopped and watched them.

The otters saw him and one said to the other, "I believe that is Haxuga." "Oh no," replied Haxuga, "I have just returned from hunting, and I don't know the news." — "Why, there has been much excitement. Haxuga has wounded the chief of the Horned Water Panthers and his wife." — "No! It's news to me." — "Well, now they're planning to destroy Haxuga." Haxuga questioned the two otters and they gave him the same account as the old beaver, and added, "We two are appointed to locate Haxuga because we can stay under water and keep track of him."

Haxuga killed them both and skinned them, taking the skins with him as he journeyed. After a while he met a toad, and killed it too, also a pair of squirrels. He took all their skins and went down to the shore of the ocean and talked to the shells there. They told him that they were to help in capturing Haxuga by drinking up all the water so that they would kill him by thirst. He killed them too and took their shells. Thus, as he travelled, Haxuga killed a lot of things that we use in the Medicine Dance, and took their skins with him. At the same time he composed the dance songs that we use in the Medicine Dance.

When he got home, sure enough, along came the snow storm that he had been threatened with, but he had plenty of provisions and let them think that he was starving. Even the little birds that watched him from the trees thought that he was finished. Then Haxuga came out and began to travel around again. As he journeyed he saw the Buzzard who was dancing and singing:

"He tce<sup>x</sup>waswehi wagwatci<sup>nyê</sup> gwagwakipa kipi', kipi'!"

(Buzzard Doctor, they've come after him. They've had bad luck  
— they'll get well, get well.)

"Oh grandpa, how will you doctor them?" inquired Haxuga.

"Well, Haxuga wounded them both, and when I say 'gipi, gipi', they will gradually recover," answered the old Buzzard. "What will they do with Haxuga if they ever catch him?" "Oh everyone, even the fowls of the air are against Haxuga now," the Buzzard replied. When Haxuga had persuaded the Buzzard to give him the details of how the monsters were to be doctored, Haxuga killed him, and, skinning him, dressed in his hide. He went to the lodge of the Horned Panthers and entered with his gourd rattle in his hand, sounding "sha! sha!" and singing the song that he had heard Buzzard sing.

As Haxuga entered, the Horned Water Panthers which were gathered there said, "Here comes the doctor, let us get out of his way." When Haxuga got to the door and saw his brother's skin there, he groaned and cried in a low tone, "Oh my brother!" (*Eh, inthu'ntci.*) Tears fell from his eyes, and some of the Horned Panthers noticed. The wounded ones were lying there among them. One of them said, "Didn't you hear him say, 'Oh my brother!'"

"Oh," said Haxuga, "the smoke brings tears to my eyes. Now this is a very severe case. I want to ask every one of you to move out quite a way from here so I can have the lodge all to myself. These people may die, and I want to use all my power and my sacred things to cure them."

All the Panthers left the lodge and went to a distance. Then Haxuga took two ironwood sticks which he had pointed and hardened in the fire, and heated them very hot. He went over to his patients and located the wound in the body of the chief. He ran one of the hot sticks into the wound and killed him. The dying panther groaned, and Haxuga said, "Oh the old man Wa'i'yagipikex, he has already gone to sleep, he's getting well." Then he went over to the female Water Spirit and killed her in the same way also. Haxuga butchered them and cooked them.

Meanwhile those outside began to grow suspicious. One said, "Why, it may be Haxuga. Old man Buzzard never did send us out. Moreover he said 'Oh my brother', when he came in at the door, and he cried. I believe something is wrong."

While Haxuga was at work he noticed a little snake sent by the Panthers that came creeping in through a hole at the bottom of the door. Haxuga called him in softly and sliced meat from the cooking monsters and fed the little snake tiny bits until it was full. One piece even stuck out of its mouth, it had eaten so much, so Haxuga took his finger and stuck it in. Then he snatched his brother's skin off the door and ran. The little snake went back to tell those who had sent him, but he couldn't cry out, he could only hiss. It was some time before the others understood, then they ran over and found the chief and his wife dead and cut up and cooked, while Haxuga's brother's skin was gone.

When Haxuga had gone a long way from the Horned Panthers' lodge, he laid the skin on the ground. He took four arrows and shot them

in the air exclaiming, "Look out! The arrow will fall on you!" (*Ithu'n'e sese! Sese! Maagrigridje<sup>x</sup>! Sesese!*) After the first shot the bones all came back. After the second they assumed their natural position, after the third they were clothed with flesh, and after the fourth, Haxuga's brother rose up again. So it is in the Medicine Dance, a man is shot with the sacred shell, he is killed, but he rises again.

Then said Haxuga, "Oh brother, I surely had a time! I went to the four corners of the earth, to the realms above and below searching for you. Now we have made many enemies, and we will always have trouble if we stay here, for all our foes will work against us. So now let us depart from here."

Haxuga's brother chose to be an eagle, and went up into the sky, and Haxuga said, "I will go up into the Heavens where I can help my fellow men, my people." So he arose, and the incense of all food cooked in the Medicine Dance rises to Haxuga. After the two brothers had departed, then I came away home.

## II. THE JANUS-FACED MAN.

There was once a village where dwelt a man, his wife and their four daughters. Every morning when they rose they found the carcass of a deer already dressed and wrapped in its skin, lying before the door. They wondered who was courting their daughters, but no matter how early they got up they could never catch the donor. This happened three times so the fourth night the mother watched all night to see if she could discover who it was. At last she heard something drop on the ground, so she ran to the lodge door and peeped out, and saw a man leaving. She was startled and frightened to observe that he had two faces, one in front like everyone else, and another in the back of his head. The old woman roused her children, and told them all to get up, for she had seen a very fearful man. "We have often heard about this person," said she, "and now he is bringing meat to us. This is the fourth time now, and he does this for us because he wants to marry you all."

The parents were very worried about it, as they were afraid of the power of this mysterious being, they took the girls to the cemetery and there they dug a large grave and concealed their daughters, telling them to lie quietly for four days and they would tell Two-faces that the girls were all dead.

After they had concealed the girls in the grave, the parents came home and when Two-faces arrived that night he found them with their faces blackened and their hair cut, while their arms were slashed with flints just as though they were in mourning. When Two-faces entered the lodge, they told him that their daughters were all dead and buried in one grave. This made Two-faces grieve, and he went over where they were buried



and wept like a widower. The girls heard him crying and laughed and said to each other, "Listen to your husband, (or brother-in-law, as the case might be), how he grieves over you."

After he had cried for a while, Two-faces lay down on the grave. The girls were aware of what he had done, and the youngest one said, "Our mother told us not to laugh or talk or make any noise when he came around," but the girls would not keep still, and Two-faces heard them. He got up softly and went back and got his canoe, then he came to the grave and dug them all out. He found them sleeping, so he carried them one by one to his boat. He pushed off from shore and started for his home, keeping in the middle of the stream all the time. When the morning broke, the girls woke and found themselves in the canoe with Two-faces paddling. The youngest one wept for fear, but the others sat up and called Two-faces 'Husband,' and 'Brother-in-law.'

When noontime came, Two-faces said, "Now we will eat, and I will learn what relation you will be to me."

The eldest replied, "You had all this trouble to marry us, so I will call you husband."

Two-faces immediately threw her overboard. The next two said the same thing, so he disposed of them likewise. The last and youngest girl, however, said, "I'll call you brother."

Then Two-faces wept, "I wish that two more of you had said the same thing," he cried. "What kind of meat do you like to eat?"

"Deer," replied the girl, so he killed one, roasted it, and fed it to her.

"Now sister," said he, "I know you will be lonesome, so I'll get you a playmate." Thereupon Two-faces went under the water and was gone some time, and when he came back he brought a little water-panther baby.

When they finally got back to his home, Two-faces had a place where he kept his "sister" and she had four beavers to wait on her. Two-faces had a four-storied scaffold, and on the lowest part the four beavers stayed and cooked. Two-faces was off hunting much of the time. Sometimes Two-faces was gone for as much as two or three days at a time. One night he came home crying. "Alas my sister!" he said, "All the water animals are plotting to bewitch me." He went to work on his canoe and made its edges so sharp that they could cut anything. He told his sister that there would soon be a flood.

"When you retreat from the rising water as far as the third tier of the scaffold, if you don't see me, take a brand from the fire, and throw it into the water. If it goes under and comes up burning, you will know that I am still alive. If it is quenched, you will know by that token that I am dead." With these words Two-faces fled from the place.

When the flood finally came, the girl took some of the binding from the water-panther-baby's cradle and threw it into the water. The flood at once stood still for a while, but then it began to rise again. When it

got up as high as the third floor, she saw Two-faces coming. He shouted, "Do all you can, they are determined to destroy me now." His canoe was loaded with the tails of different kinds of fish and water-panthers. "If you can't do any better," he cried, "throw that baby water panther away." As he finished speaking, the canoe and all its contents sank.

After the girl saw Two-faces vanish under the waves, she took a coal of fire and plunged it under the water and it came up quenched so she knew that he was dead. Then she was frightened, so she took the water-panther baby and threw it into the water, and the flood subsided. Indeed, the flood had been made by the monsters to recover the baby.

When the water was gone, the girl tried to find her way home to her parents, crying: "Alas, my brother Two-faces! There is nobody like him! He was a great man, but now his bones will be lying along the river somewhere."

So the girl went on until she came to a wigwam made of poles and reed mats. She stopped at the door, and some one bade her come in, so she stooped and entered, and there she saw an old beaver wife.

After a while the old one said to her children, "Your grandma's come back, and anyone of you who is willing to be eaten by her may volunteer herself." Sure enough, one offered herself, and the old mother killed and cooked it. The old man beaver said to the girl, "Now you are about to eat your granddaughter, but be careful, don't bite any of the bones." But the girl was careless and did bite one of the little finger bones. When she had finished, the bones were all gathered up and taken down and thrown into the river, and after a while the little girl beaver came back crying, "Father, my grandmother, has cracked my little finger!"

After a while the old beavers sent their children down to cut a foot-bridge for the girl, whose home was just across the river. The children gnawed down trees and made her a foot log, but when she was half way over, it blew away, so the old lady herself waddled down and made a new bridge, and this time the girl got across.

When she drew close to the village she met her uncle. "Are my parents still there?" she asked. "Why yes, they have never been away," he replied. It seems that there had been another girl adopted to fill her place, and her uncle thought that she was the new relative. However she said to him, "I am the girl whom Two-faces stole, and I have just returned." So she went on to the wigwam and saw her mother and father.

"Oh my parents, I have just returned," she said. "Why, you have been nowhere," they answered, thinking that she was the adopted child. Then she explained that she was the girl who had been taken by Two-faces. Both were delighted, and cried, "Oh daughter," and hugged her. Then they both fell dead, and it is said that this is the way that the custom of adopting some one to take the place of the dead started.

## 12. THE SCALPED MAN. LUWHÉ'THERÊDJE.

There was once a wigwam in which lived four men, brothers, who were accustomed to go hunting each day, leaving the youngest to watch the place and cook their meals for them. One day when he was alone, he went to the creek to get some water, and there he saw a great bird. He hurried home and got his bow and arrows and shot them all at it but did not bring it down. There was a sacred arrow that belonged to one of his brothers in the lodge, so he went and got that and shot the bird with it, but the bird flew off carrying the shaft. The boy chased it, for as it was wounded it could not fly far without lighting. He followed it all day long, and at nightfall he came to a village, on the outskirts of which an old woman lived all alone. He asked her if he might spend the night with her, and she was willing, but, after she had cooked and given him his supper, she went out and announced to the people that the youth had come there to marry the chief's daughter. She then took him to the chief's lodge where he was accepted as a son-in-law, and spent the night.

The next day early in the morning the boy started out on his hunt. He followed the bird all day as before, and at nightfall came to another village where he was received by an old lady and married to the chief's daughter, and this also happened to him on the two succeeding days, as before.

On the end of the fifth day he came to a steep bank that overhung a river, and here the bird fled into a cave, where the boy followed it and found himself in a large wigwam where sat an old man who had been scalped. His head was all bald and raw except for a fringe of hair along the sides.

"I am the one who sent for you," said the old man to the boy, "and I have your brother's sacred arrow safe, for I've kept it for you. The people who live across this river have my scalp, and on warm sunny days they tie it to a pole and take it out and dance around it. Now I want you to go and get it for me. About this time of day the chief's son goes out to shoot birds along the river. When he gets home he tells his father he has a headache, and then they put the scalp on him and play ball. The chief himself always tosses up the ball for the youths."

The boy went across the river and waited, and after a while the chief's son came along. "What is that tied to the pole over in your village?" "Oh," said the chief's son, "that is a scalp. Whenever I get a headache they give it to me and play ball to relieve me."

The boy slew the chief's son, skinned him, and put on the skin, then he went down to the village, looking very ill. He told the chief that he felt sick and wanted the ball game played to make him feel better. The chief accordingly sent out a crier to call the people to hurry up with the game. The game was played along the bank of the river, and, as soon as

he had a good opportunity the boy threw the ball as far as he could away from the bank. When the players rushed after it he leaped into the river, at the same time calling upon his dream guardian, *icé'xi*, the underworld panther to carry him across. So he escaped with the scalp, and took it to the old man.

When the boy arrived with the scalp, the old man told him to soak it until it was soft and then throw it at his head. This the boy did, and the scalp lit and fitted right in place.

"You have helped me, so now I'll help you," said the scalped man to the boy. "As you have been married four times, I will give you some presents to take home to your wives." The scalped man made four bundles of deerskin dresses and wrapped them in robes of different furs and gave them to the boy, who bade him farewell and started for his home. At the first village he went to the chief's lodge and presented him with one of the bundles.

"Father-in-law," he said, "here is a package of gifts for your people, but, when you untie it, keep at a distance and be very careful."

The chief was alarmed at these words, so he sent for *İshji'nki* to open the package. *İshji'nki* came and straddled the bundle while he cut the thongs. It was packed so tight that when the thongs parted it burst open and threw *İshji'nki* sprawling. The chief and his people were delighted with the gifts, and when the youth started home he sent his daughter with him. The boy had exactly the same adventures at each village, where *İshji'nki* came to grief when called upon to open the bundle of garments, and in each case the chief's daughter accompanied the boy to his home.

When the boy got home with his four wives he gave one to each of his brothers, but kept the first one for himself, since she was the prettiest. The brothers were not pleased at this, but grumbled with jealousy. They plotted to kill him, and the next day they came back from their hunt and told him that they had discovered a raccoon in a tree. They persuaded him to go back with them and climb the tree, but, as he was clambering up they shot and killed him.

When the brothers came back alone, the boy's wife was worried, but they said to her, "Last-son is always the last one to come in after we have been hunting."

After two days had passed, and the boy had not yet come home, the girl was much troubled, so the eldest brother said, "Oh let us tell stories to amuse our sister-in-law. It will keep her from being so lonesome." So he began: "One time there were four brothers who lived together. The youngest got four women and gave three of them to his brothers as wives, but he kept the prettiest one for himself."

While the eldest brother was yet speaking, the head of the slain boy came rolling in. "It is a shame the way they murdered me on your account," he said to his wife. She hid him and told him about the tale

that they had made up to account for his death. "Well," said the head, "Tomorrow night you can tell them a tale also."

The following evening the girl told the brothers a story about three jealous brothers who had slain their youngest brother, and as she finished the head rolled into their midst and devoured the three wicked men and their wives also. Then the head said to his wife, "Let us go home to your people."

The girl had a blanket which she belted about her waist and in this she placed the head and carried it on her hip. The head had great power; it could even pursue and catch deer, and thus kept the wife supplied with food. The girl carried the head with her wherever she went, but one time when she went for wood, she left it wrapped up under the sleeping bench in the wigwam. Her mother noticed it there and went to look at it. She called in her sons, "See, this is what your sister carries in her bundle. It must be your brother-in-law."

Then the head told them its story, and the boys played with it and rolled it around. They made such a noise that the wife came running back and rescued the head. She washed it tenderly and put it away, but after that it used to come out every night and eat up one of the brothers-in-law, and, after it ate them up, it devoured all the people, and when it ate up all the people and that was the end of it; I came home.

### 13. RACCOON AND COYOTE.

Once when Coyote was travelling he fell in with Raccoon. They camped together, and when night fell Coyote said, "Let us have intercourse." "No," said Raccoon, but Coyote coaxed him until at last he gave in. "At least let me cohabit with you first," said Raccoon. They agreed, and when he had finished Raccoon ran up the nearest tree. Coyote begged Raccoon to come down, but Raccoon just laughed and curled up in a fork of the tree to sleep.

"I'll go and get my grandmother's axe and chop you down," threatened Coyote. He made an axe of mud and tried to fell the tree with that, but he failed, and started for home. On the way he met a party of boys and asked them what the news was. "Oh nothing," they replied, "except that Raccoon cohabited with Coyote and got the best of him." Coyote pretended to laugh, but was really very much ashamed.

The people of the Buffalo Gens tease those of the Wolf Gens about this incident, just as the members of the Wolf Gens twit the members of the Buffalo Gens about *Īshj'inki* (who is supposed to have been a Buffalo Gens member) and his long penis. The Buffalos twit the Wolves for being related to the Coyotes. Each gens uses waiters from some other gens, but the order of service is not fixed, as among the Sauk.

## 14. RACCOON AND CRAWFISH.

The least raccoon of a family of these animals said to his elder brother : " Let's eat hackberries, my brother. " — " Oh no, younger brother, they are too constipating. " — " Well then, elder brother, let us eat wild grapes. " — " Oh no, they are likely to purge one. " — " Well then, let us eat crawfish. " — " Oh then, let us eat crawfish. " — " Oh that is all right, crawfish are what I like to eat. "

But the two raccoons had difficulty in catching the crawfish. One of them finally played dead, and, when the crawfish discovered him, they crawled out to see the body of their enemy. They crawled all over him, and finally one old lady was bold enough to pinch his buttocks. She nipped so hard that he could not help flinching and alarmed the old woman. First she hurried off to tell the high class crawfish, the tattooed ones, and then she ran to tell the rich ones, that they might stand back and be saved, but Raccoon sprang up and ate them all.

## 15. MO'POSKE, OR BLUNT ARROWS.

A giant was once performing a ceremony in honor of his sacred bundle. He had it open before him and was going through its ritual. As he was opening it and singing the sacred song, he shook a gigantic gourd rattle for accompaniment. A man overhearing the noise crept up to watch, and heard him sing that he was vulnerable only if blunt arrows struck and mutilated his penis. The man made haste to get some blunt arrows, pursued the giant, and shooting them against his vulnerable spot " poked him to death. "

## 16. A GIRL WHO WAS STOLEN BY A WATER PANTHER.

A young man's sister was once stolen by a Horned Water Panther. He called upon the prophet Wanêt'un'jê to help him find the missing girl. Wanêt'un'jê asked all the trees what their names were and then if they had seen the girl. At length he located her in the wigwam of the Horned Water Panther underneath the water. He told her brother, who said, " I will go and rescue her. " Wanêt'un'jê told him to shut his eyes and dive, wishing with all his power to arrive at the monster's den. He did, and found his sister there all alone while the Panther was away fishing. He rescued her safely, and she was all right except that she smelled fishy and her hair was full of slime and scales. He gave her a sweat bath and so cured her.

## 17. WANÊT'UN'JÊ.

Wanêt'un'jê had a previous existence, and that is why he became such a great prophet. Before birth his soul floated about in the air and he inspected many tribes before he decided to be born an Iowa. He declined the Winnebago because they smelled fishy, and so he circled around until he discovered the Iowa. They suited him because they were clean, kept their camps swept up, and sent their women a long way off to menstruate. He came down and entered a dark lodge with a bearskin door and after quite a stay he came out.<sup>1</sup> He soon became a great prophet and told of his former existence. He claimed to have met while in the other world a Sioux prophet who would always recognize him. This Dakota prophet because of his wisdom made the Dakota afraid to attack the Iowa. After years had gone by, this was proved to be true, for the Sioux did visit the Iowa with their prophet, and he recognized the Iowa seer.

## 18. SKUNK AND HIS FAMILY.

Skunk was disabled and lived all by himself with his family. He decided to pretend to die, so he feigned death, and had his wife call in his friend Buffalo to bury him. Buffalo came at Skunk-woman's request, and buried her husband with his buttocks pointed up and sticking out of the grave. When they were about to leave the spot, Skunk's wife begged Buffalo to kiss Skunk for the last time. Buffalo went over to caress his friend, and Skunk discharged his effluvium in Buffalo's face and killed him. Skunk and his family then had plenty of meat; and I came home.

## 19. TURTLE'S WARPARTY.

The Box Turtle decided to go to war, so he called his trusty friends the Stone-corn-crusher (*I'napa*), and Bone Awl to help him. They journeyed until they came to the village of the enemy. Corn-crusher struck the first blow, for when he was captured and they tried to crack corn with him, he crushed one of the fingers of his captor. The man threw him away, so that he escaped, but the enemy died of blood-poisoning later on. So *I'napa* counted a coup.

In like manner Bone Awl was taken prisoner, and succeeded in pricking his captor's hand severely, so that he too was thrown away and escaped. The captor, however, contracted blood poisoning from the wound, so Bone Awl also counted a coup.

When it came Turtle's turn to enter the village, he, too, was cap-

1. His mother's womb.

tured. But he did not have any opportunity to count any coups, for the Indians boiled and ate him ; and then I came home.

## 20. I<sup>h</sup>ITOYE, OR GREEN WHISKERS.

Way back in *Moka'shutze* (Red Earth, the traditional eastern home of the Iowa), a party consisting of a man and his wife went off to hunt. While the man was hunting each day his wife would go berrying. One day she saw a grizzly bear which called to her. She went to it and it hugged her and slept with her. Every day for some time this went on, until at last the woman gave birth to a child that was covered with wool. The child was a boy who soon grew up, and was called Half-Grizzly-Bear (*Ma<sup>n</sup>to Uki<sup>i</sup>the*.) After a time he wanted to see the world, so he said to his mother, " Mother I am leaving you. I will be back some time. "

Half-Grizzly-Bear wandered around the country until at last he came to a place where he told the people that he wanted work. It was given him, and he stayed for a while, but because he ate as much as a quarter of a beef at a sitting, the people wanted him to go away. First, however, they wanted him to haul some wood, so he went out, cut some, and loaded his sled. His horses couldn't pull it so he tied them up, threw them on top, of the load, and dragged them in too. The woman of the family wanted him to stay when she saw this, but he refused. He asked the people to give him a bar of iron with a crook on the end, big enough so that it would take five or six men to lift it. When it was made and given him, he left.

While he was travelling he came to a place where he saw someone throwing wood about and tearing up trees and hurling them in all directions. This was *Naki'skatcé*, the Wood-Player. The woolly boy told him that he was travelling, so Wood-Player offered to join him. They went on until they came to a blacksmith named *Mandéka're<sup>x</sup>*, Plays-With-Iron. He joined the other two, and the three went on.

At last they came to a deserted village in the middle of which was a fine house. The three companions went in and found a table set with food all ready to eat, so they feasted and afterwards slept. After dinner the next day the others went out, but Wood-Player remained behind to prepare the next meal. He saw a man with a long green beard emerge from a hole in the floor. " What are you doing here ? " he asked. " I thought everybody was afraid of me. "

He fell upon Wood-Player and beat him so that he was unable to prepare any meal for the others. When the other two came back they found Wood-Player lying on the floor, and he told them that he had fallen down and had been knocked unconscious.

Next day the blacksmith stayed to get dinner while the other two went out, and the same thing happened to him.

The third day Half-Bear stayed, and when Green-Whiskers appear-



ed, Half-Bear beat him and drove him back into his hole. When the other two came in, Half-Bear said, "Why didn't you two tell the truth, I beat him easily enough." So the three hunted up rope, string, and rawhide and descended into the hole from which Green-Whiskers had made his appearance. The other two were afraid, so Half-Bear himself descended and found out where Green-Whiskers lived. There were two panthers guarding the path, but Half-Bear killed them both and went in. When he got in, he saw three pretty girls fanning the old man, who had his head in the lap of one of them. "Oh grandson," said Green-Whiskers, "spare me, but take anything you want."

The girls told Half-Bear that they had been kidnapped by Green-Whiskers, so he decided to take them away. He therefore sent them up the rope one at a time. He told the first one to marry Wood-Player, and the second to take Plays-With-Iron. The third one he determined to marry himself. After the others had pulled up the girls, he took his iron rod and put it in a box and sent it up. When it was part way up, the other two, thinking that it was Half-Bear himself and wishing to do away with him, dropped it. Half-Bear was thus caught in the underworld. He went back to Green-Whiskers and ordered him to take him up. Green Whiskers at first refused, but finally Half-Bear scared him so that he did. When Half-Bear arrived, he found that his two false friends had fled.

When Half-Bear caught up with his comrades, they had already reached the fathers of the girls and said that they themselves had released them.

Every night the queen of that country would have a great story-telling contest. Half-Bear was present that night and heard his friends tell how they had saved the girls. The third girl was displeased and told her father that she should wait until a stranger came and told his version of the happenings. She saw Half-Bear in the crowd and said, "There is a man here who can tell a better story." Then Half-Bear told the tale of his adventures. When he had finished he said he did not care, and, as the third daughter corroborated everything that he said, he was married to her and made king of that land.

Then they had a great feast, and that's when I came home.

## 21. BIRTH OF İSHJİ'NKI.

Once there was a common family, not that of a chief or brave or even a rich man, that dwelt in a village. In this family there was a virgin whose father took great care of her and secluded her, yet she became magically pregnant. While she was in this condition a war broke out and the enemy came into the village. Several of them seized her and pulled in different directions so hard that they dragged her apart. After the battle the girl's parents found the fragments of her body and a new-

born babe lying among them. The old people raised the baby, who was a boy.

The little boy was constantly in mischief, and from his silliness he earned the name *ishji'nki*, (trickster). *ishji'nki* had a very long penis so his grandfather, who wondered why the lad was not like other boys, killed a raccoon and tanned the skin to make a covering for it. *ishji'nki* wrapped it in the coon skin and threw it over his shoulder.

When the boy grew up, he became an *ishji'ki* (herald who announces all important things around the village).

## 22. *ISHJI'NKI* AND THE BATHING GIRLS.

One day when *ishji'nki* was travelling some of his playmates told him that there were some girls swimming down by the river bank. *ishji'nki* went to the spot and saw a party of women swimming on the other side. He unwrapped his organ and thrust it under the water for a long way and finally captured the prettiest girl. The others cried and ran out of the water but the one that *ishji'nki* had selected could not escape, but could only stand there and weep. The people all thought that a bad spirit had caught her and stood back. They went and found an old witch, *Hinsäing'a Waxobi*, who was also a kind of prophet, and told her about it. The old woman came and entered the water. She felt all over the girl's body until she got hold of *ishji'nki*. "Oh a bad spirit has the girl," she called. "Get me my stone corn crusher and my bone awl." The people ran and brought these implements to the old woman who placed the point of the awl against *ishji'nki* and struck it with her corn crusher, *ishji'nki* felt it and pulled away and the girl escaped, but *ishji'nki* only laughed. *ishji'nki* was noted among all people both for his great powers and his foolishness.

## 23. *ISHJI'NKI* AND THE UNDESIRABLE SON-IN-LAW.

One day the people had a dance at *ishji'nki's* town. *ishji'nki* was there with the others. A fine looking young man come from a visiting tribe. The chief's daughter fell in love with him and married him. The girl's younger sister also wanted to marry him, but the elder one refused to let her. She cried bitterly, and went and told her father. The chief spoke to the elder girl, telling her to let her younger sister also have her husband but the elder daughter still refused. The chief felt sorry for the younger girl so he sent for *ishji'nki*. When *ishji'nki* arrived at his wigwam the chief told him about his trouble, and said, "You ought to take this young man, my son-in-law, and throw him somewhere."

So *ishji'nki* took some of his several coonskins and climbed up a tree. He stuck the coonskins into hollows so that the tails hung out. Then he came down and went to the young man's lodge and said, "Young man,

my grandson, I have come to ask you to do me a favor. You are said to be a good climber." "Yes," said the youth, "that is true." "Well," said Ishji'nki, "I have found a tree full of raccoons and I'd like to get you to climb it and kill some."

The youth agreed and went with Ishji'nki, and when they came to the tree Ishji'nki stayed below while the young man went up. The youth had moccasins made of owls (*Hinga*) skin and a blanket of otterhide, also a headdress of yellowbirds, and these he told Ishji'nki to watch while he climbed. As soon as he was well up, Ishji'nki exclaimed, "You tree, grow taller, taller, taller, taller." (*Nankada ratase, etc, etc, etc, etc.*)

"What did you say grandpa?" asked the boy. "Only that my grandson is a good climber," replied Ishji'nki.

This Ishji'nki repeated four times, and each time the youth asked what he was saying and received the same answer, until the fourth and last time, when Ishji'nki answered, "I say, tree grow, grow, grow, grow!" Then the tree shot right up to the sky, and the youth could not get down. As soon as he was out of sight, Ishji'nki took the youth's clothes and put them on, and hurried back to the village. The owl moccasins used to sing "hu, hu, hu, hu," with every step that the youth took, but now they were very quiet with Ishji'nki, and he felt that he did not look quite like their owner. He waited until dark and then he went to the young man's lodge and tried to sleep with his wife, but she was suspicious and pretended to be sick. Early next morning Ishji'nki left, but returned after dark, and hung his ceremonial clothes above the bed just as the youth had done. But the birds on the headdress would not sing.

While this was going on in the village, the youth was trying to get down out of the tree, and began to cry and sing. He sang four times:

"Kaxre pan'ana kuata ingrakin'are, wara'tcinankeeee!"

(Head crow, take me down. When I kill game you always eat.)

Soon a big raven came and said, "What do you want?" "Take me down," begged the youth, "and when I wound a deer and it escapes and dies, you can have it. I've often done it for you before." "You're wrong, grandson," said the raven, and went on.

Again the youth began to sing. He sang four times:

"Kaxre pana'na kuata ingrakin'are, wara'tcinankeeee!"

Soon another raven came and asked the youth what he wanted. "Take me down," begged the young man, "I'm the one who always wounds deer so that they go off and die, and the wounds turn blue and then you have a good meal." "No," said the raven, "you've not got it right." And he went away. So the youth again sang the same song again, four times:

"Kaxre pana'na kuata ingrakin'are, wara'tcinankeeee!"

Pretty soon along came another raven who inquired what he wished. "Take me down," pleaded the young man, "I am the one who wounds deer so they go off in the willows and die, and you pick at their hind quarters." "Ahahee! It's too bad, grandson," said the raven. "Maybe some other grandpa raven will hear you and have mercy on you." And away he flew. So the youth again repeated his song four times:

"Kaxre pana'na kuata ingrakin'are, wara'tcinankeeee!"

At length a great raven came and asked what his trouble was, and the youth replied, "Grandpa, I am the man who always wounds elk so that they die in the bushes. They lie there until they smell, then come apart, and are full of maggots. That is when you feast and I am the one who causes your enjoyment." "Hau," said the raven, "all right, my grandson. How many times shall we rest on the way down?" "Four times," replied the youth, so the raven took him on his back and circled downward around the tree. They rested four times as agreed, and when they reached the ground the youth found that the high winds up above had blown all his hair off. It was very dark when they reached the earth, and the youth started right off for his home. As soon as he neared it the owl moccasins began to hoot, and the yellow birds on his headdress began to sing, and then Ishji'nki knew that he was coming and made his escape.

#### 24. ISHJI'NKI AND THE SHUT-EYE DANCE.

Ishji'nki always played tricks and got rid of people. When Ishji'nki got back from the chief's house he was angry because he had failed to get the young man's wife. One day when he was alone Ishji'nki saw a great many waterfowl. He went over towards them and the ducks said to one another, "Oh, old Ishji'nki is coming."

"I say," said Ishji'nki to the birds, "Come on over where I am and I will sing for you, and you can dance." The fowls agreed to this and came where he was. As soon as they had gathered Ishji'nki lay down and had them form a circle around him. He told them, "Shut your eyes and don't look, and I'll sing." So he commenced:

"Iya anastanaha istayijewi!"  
(Whoever looks will have red eyes.)

As fast as the ducks passed around him dancing, he would reach out and catch them and wring their necks. He soon had a great many piled up before him. Every once in a while he would shout to encourage them, "Hau, good dancing!"

Finally one of the birds became suspicious and peeping saw that *Īshji'nki* was wringing the bird's necks. "Look there," he shouted, "old *Īshji'nki* is killing us!" All of the birds that were left alive then flew away. "Well," said *Īshji'nki*, "I've enough to eat anyway."

The bird that peeped was the mud-hen, which still has red eyes to this day.

*Īshji'nki* made a fire and put his ducks in the hot ashes to roast. While he was watching them, two trees which were close together began to rub in the wind. "Aaa<sup>h</sup>!" they creaked. "Ah shut up! you're too noisy!" cried *Īshji'nki*. "Kwaa!" creaked the trees. "Shut up or I'll come and make you!" shouted *Īshji'nki*. So the trees kept up their noise until *Īshji'nki* climbed up and tried to hit the trees at the very place where they rubbed together. When he did this, the branches opened far enough to catch him by the wrist so that he was caught and unable to escape.

While *Īshji'nki* was a prisoner, some wolves came by that way. "He!" cried *Īshji'nki*. "Don't bother my cooking ducks!"

As soon as they heard this, the wolves stopped and talked it over and finally went to see if it were so. They took and ate all the birds, but stuck the feet back in the ashes. After they had gone, *Īshji'nki* was released by the trees. When he got back and saw the feet of his birds sticking out of the ashes he was pleased, for he thought that they were still there, but he was disappointed when he found only the feet were left.

## 25. *ĪSHJI'NKI* AND THE FLYING RACCOON.

*Īshji'nki* was very tired and sleepy so he went off and lay down and went to sleep. While he lay there asleep he had an erection, and when he woke he was surprised to see a raccoon flying high in the sky over his head. He did not know what it was, and wondered what the buzzards were doing up there. After a while he pulled down his organ and packed it up as before. Then he went on.

## 26. *ĪSHJI'NKI* IS BEFOOLED BY A SAUK WOMAN.

While *Īshji'nki* was going along he saw a woman coming, so he hid, and disguised himself as a Sauk woman. He took the balls from a sycamore tree and hung these all over his dress instead of jinglers. Then he put his organ in a pack on his back and went out and met the strange woman. "Oh my sister-in-law," he said to her, "which way are you travelling?" "Oh, I'm not sure," said the real woman, "I'm looking for a place to die; my brothers never used to scold me, but lately they've been doing so. I'm angry so I am going off to die." "Alas, I am in the same fix; my brothers never used to scold me, but now they are abusing me, so I too, am going off to die. Let us then travel together," said *Īshji'nki*.

So they went along in each other's company. Towards evening they came to a good place to camp, so *Íshji'nki* said, "Now sister-in law, here is a good place to stay. Let us sleep here. We'll make a shelter, and one bed, so we can be together." They went in and lay down, and *Íshji'nki* said, "Now let us tell stories." The woman said, "I don't know any, so you start, for I'd rather listen."

"Well," said *Íshji'nki*, "once there was a village and in it dwelt a woman who had three or four brothers. These brothers abused her so that she wandered off to die, but on the way she met another woman who was in the very same plight, so they cast in their lots together. When it came night, they made a camp and went to sleep, but it turned out that the second woman was really old *Íshji'nki*."

When *Íshji'nki* finished the woman pretended that she was asleep, even when *Íshji'nki* nudged her twice and spoke to her and told her that he was passionate. *Íshji'nki* scuffled and wrestled with her nearly all night without success, and towards morning he was so tired that he fell asleep. While he slept the woman got up and took an old rotten log that was full of ants and put it in his outstretched arms. *Íshji'nki* began to fondle it, and pretty soon the ants began to bite him. "Oh, quit now, let me sleep," he said, thinking it was the woman, but the woman had fled. At last the ants bit him so hard that he woke up and was very angry. "Oh waaaa!" he exclaimed. So he got up and packing his organ on his back, went on his travels once more.

#### 27. *ÍSHJI'NKI* IS TRICKED BY THE BUZZARD.

As *Íshji'nki* was travelling he came to a place where he saw a buzzard flying above him. "Oh grandpa," exclaimed *Íshji'nki*, "how you must enjoy yourself up there in the air. There is nothing that can hurt you and you can see everywhere. I wish I could get up as high as that, and see as far you as do!"

"You would never get used to it, my grandson," said the buzzard. "You belong down there and I belong up here, I'd rather you'd stay where you are."

But *Íshji'nki* begged and teased the buzzard until the bird took him up a little ways and returned. Then *Íshji'nki* besought the buzzard to take him up again and higher. This happened four times, the last time the buzzard took *Íshji'nki* very high, so that *Íshji'nki* cried "Wahaha" in terror every time that the bird dipped as he soared. Finally the buzzard went down close over the tops of the timber until he saw a stump that was hollow at the top. He tipped *Íshji'nki* head first into it, and *Íshji'nki* was stuck there. It happened that there was a hunting party of Sauk nearby camping and some of their women came very close to the tree as they were gathering firewood. *Íshji'nki* was able to see them through a crack, so he called out, "Big male raccoon in here!" (*Mi<sup>h</sup>ke dóké tci'nani hé!*)

"Listen," said one of the women, and again *Īshjĭ'nki* sang as before :

"*Mi<sup>u</sup>ke dokê tci'nani hê !*"

This time the women heard him plainly. They went up to the tree and *Īshjĭ'nki* put his coonskin up to a crack so that they could see it plainly. They cut a hole in the tree with their axes, and could see it plain-er. "There it is! *Ka'nje* (big !), " exclaimed *Īshjĭ'nki* to encourage them, so they chopped the hole still larger. At last it was large enough, and *Īshjĭ'nki* said, "Oh my granddaughters, it is me, *Īshjĭ'nki*, let me out !"

"Oh it's our grandpa," said the women, and *Īshjĭ'nki* sprang out. "Haa, now I feel good," he said. "Now you must dance, and I'll sing for you. Get your axes and hold them." So *Īshjĭ'nki* sang :

"*Mi<sup>u</sup>ke dokê tci'nani hê  
Mi<sup>u</sup>ke dokê tci'nani hê  
Mi<sup>u</sup>ke dokê tci'nani hê  
Mi<sup>u</sup>ke dokê tci'nani hê.*"

*Īshjĭ'nki* was angry at the buzzard so he made a trap for him. He pretended to be a dead horse and lay until the crows pecked his buttocks. The buzzard appeared, but although *Īshjĭ'nki* tried three times he could not fool him. The fourth time he became a dead elk. The birds came and ate most of his buttocks and the crows even went in and out of his body. At last the buzzard came and pecked at the edge of the opening, and then he stretched his head and reached away inside. All at once *Īshjĭ'nki* closed the opening. "Now I've got you," he exclaimed, and walked off with buzzard dangling from his buttocks. He kept Buzzard there for a long time, but finally he said, "I'll let you go, you have suffered enough for your trick." He released the unfortunate bird. That is why Buzzard's head is bald and smells bad.

## 28. *ĪSHJĪ'NKI* AND THE PURGING WEED.

From there *Īshjĭ'nki* went on until he saw a little weed that seemed to be singing :

"*Īshjĭ'nki ista sakre dethri skatu'n.*"  
(*Īshjĭ'nki* if you crack me you'll be purged.)

"Ah," said *Īshjĭ'nki*, "I've done it before and I can do it again. Nothing happens." But the weed repeated the song :

"*Īshjĭ'nki ista sakre dethri skatu'n.*"

The weed is a tall one that the Iowa call *de<sup>\*</sup>thánke*. It often has galls, and it was the little bug in the gall who answered and sang. So Íshji'nki finally grabbed the weed and ate it. He chewed it up and spit it out and rubbed it on his buttocks. "Now make me ease myself," he jeered and went on. As Íshji'nki travelled presently he was taken with a cramp, "Úk," he cried; he was in pain. This happened again and again, and he broke wind at intervals. Finally it got so that he did this at every step. Íshji'nki went on until he saw a slanting log, he climbed up on this and began to ease himself. At length there was a great pile beneath him. At length Íshji'nki slipped off the log and fell into his own excrement, so that when he got out even his eyes were glued shut. He went along until he bumped into a tree and asked, "What kind of tree are you?" The tree replied, "An oak" (*Butu*). So Íshji'nki said, "Oh I know where you grow on the dry highlands." He went on to another, and asked what it was. It replied, "A walnut" (*Tóku*). "Oh I know your location," said Íshji'nki. He proceeded until he came to another tree and asked it what kind of tree it was. It said, "An elm" (*E'hu*). "Oh," said Íshji'nki, "you're near the bank." He went on and came to another and inquired what that was. It replied, "Hackberry"; then he came to the cottonwood (*Baxre'*). "Oh you are right on the bank," said Íshji'nki. He went on and came to another and asked what it was. It said, "Willow" (*Uxristun'a*). "Oh," said Íshji'nki, "I am at the water's edge," and he leaped right into the water and washed his eyes open.

From this circumstance it happens that the Buffalo gens has certain dog names as follows: *Nokréici*, or "Talking-to-trees," *Ne<sup>\*</sup>hiwaru*, or "Tree-to-tree," *Mi<sup>\*</sup>grekiskadji* or "Plays-with-excrement."

These names are given by members of the Buffalo gens to their dogs and there is also a horse name, *Legraki* or "Packs-his-organ-on-his-back." There is also a man's name in the Buffalo gens, *Uje'a*, or "Urines-in-the-water." Íshji'nki gave many names when the world was young. He was a member of the Aruhwa gens himself, and these names were given by him after he had washed himself in the water.

#### 29. ÍSHJI'NKI DECEIVES SOME WOMEN.

Íshji'nki was travelling along the bank of a stream when he saw the clear reflection of a bush covered with wild plums, growing in the water. He dived in at once to get the fruit but only came up with a handful of mud. Then he looked up, saw the plums growing on the real bush, came out and gathered some, and went on his way eating a handful of them. As he travelled he came upon a wigwam. He attached some of the plums to the end of this organ and threw it through the smokehole. The women snatched eagerly at the plums, until finally one of them said, "I am going to see who is doing this." She ran out, and there was



Íshjî'nki. "Oh it's Grandpa Íshjî'nki!" she exclaimed. He gave the women more of the plums, and they asked him how far it was from their dwelling to the place where he got them. Íshjî'nki replied, "Not at this bend of the river, or the next, or the next, but at the fourth bend from here." The women had a little baby boy on a cradle board, and they asked Íshjî'nki to watch him while they went to gather some plums.

While the women were gone Íshjî'nki decided to kill the baby. He proceeded to do so, and cooked it all but the head. He took its head and put it back on the cradle board. Íshjî'nki took some of the grease from the kettle and greased the baby's own mouth with it, then he ate some of the flesh, and left some for the women. They were gone a long time gathering the fruit, but at last they came back.

"Well," said Íshjî'nki, "while you were gone a big raccoon came along so I killed it and cooked it for you. The baby cried so I fed him some meat and soup and he went to sleep."

The women sat down and began to eat the stew. While they were doing so one of them pulled out the baby's foot. "Why, this looks like *Hakaî'nya's* (ordinal name for the last born son) foot."

"Oh yes," said Íshjî'nki, "raccoons' feet always look like childrens'."

Then Íshjî'nki thought that he had better be off, so saying, "I'll go," he departed. He went a little ways, disguised himself, and returned. When he drew near the lodge he heard the women screaming and crying and so he went in and asked them what the trouble was.

"Oh," cried the women, "Íshjî'nki was here and ate up our baby."

"Oh," answered Íshjî'nki, "that's the way that old fellow, that old nasty, ugly fellow is. Give me your warclub and I'll go and fix him."

The women gave the club to Íshjî'nki who went out and turned over an old rotten log. When he knocked off the bark out ran some mice. Íshjî'nki killed them and bloodied the club. He went back and said, "There, I surely fixed him, you needn't cry any more;" then he went on his way again.

### 30. ÍSHJÎ'NKI HUMBLER A CHIEF'S SON.

Íshjî'nki came to a village where *Mushião* the Snapping Turtle was a very prominent citizen. He heard that Turtle was living in a nice house, so he went there to visit. He and Turtle had a long talk together, and after a while Íshjî'nki was chosen to be town crier or herald. He said to Turtle, "I am a great man, I can make a fool of anyone and get away with it at the same time." The Turtle only laughed and told Íshjî'nki that he could not fool him.

Now it happened that the chief had a son whom he wanted to get married, so Íshjî'nki went to the chief's lodge dressed as a pretty *Tha'ke* (Sauk) girl and hung around until the son noticed him. The youth told his father, the chief, that he would like to marry her, so the

chief had it announced that his son would marry the Sauk woman. Íshjí'nki went and got himself a piece of liver and made himself like a woman with that, and every morning the chief's son would lie with him. The young man's sisters were suspicious, especially when the liver began to putrify and smell bad. The girls disliked it so much that they spoke to her about it and she quarrelled with them. "If you don't like me I'll go," said Íshjí'nki, and he threw the liver at them. "There, sisters-in-law," he cried, "that is what your brother has been loving."

### 31. ÍSHJÍ'NKI DECEIVES TURTLE.

Íshjí'nki went back to his friend Turtle and they went around together a great deal, attending ball games and all manner of sports. One day Íshjí'nki said to Turtle, "My friend, I am the greatest man alive; I can fool any one, I don't care who it is." To this Turtle replied, "You never could fool me." Íshjí'nki laughed, "Oh yes I could, if I really wanted to."

Wherever he went Turtle carried his *waruha'we*, sacred bundle, with him, even at ball games he always had it. One evening Íshjí'nki decided to fool Turtle. Turtle was in a friend's lodge at the time. Íshjí'nki again dressed as a girl and appeared as a beautiful Sauk woman, with characteristic trailing headdress and all. She sent someone into the lodge to say, "There is a beautiful Sauk girl here with no place to stay." The friend had her brought in, and as soon as Turtle laid eyes on her he desired her. He filled up his pipe to smoke, and when he drew on the mouth-piece he would chirp with his lips to attract her attention. At last the girl dropped her eyes. Turtle kept right on until she blushed and giggled, "*Hehe*, he always makes us laugh." Finally she left the lodge and Turtle followed after and caught her. Íshjí'nki said, "I'm a poor Sauk woman, I've no place to go, I'm a wanderer, and I have no man, either."

"Oh," said Turtle, "I have no woman; let us marry each other."

They talked for a while, and *K<sup>x</sup>eto'n'a* (proper name for the snapping turtle, the other title being only a nickname) forgot his pipe. "You hold my sacred bundle," he said to Íshjí'nki, "and I will get my pipe and then we will go home." Turtle went for his pipe, and when he came back Íshjí'nki was gone with his sacred bundle. The supposed Sauk girl had told Turtle that her name was *Wawa'tikwäo*. First Turtle began to call her by whispering, "Sshh," very softly, and then he began to crawl around peering here and there under everything and whispering; then he whistled her name, then he began to call louder and louder until at last he was nearly frantic. While he was in this condition along came Íshjí'nki in his own proper guise.

"I say, my friend," he said to Turtle, "what are you looking for that Sauk woman for? Here's your sacred bundle, take it; I told you I could fool even you."

## 32. ÍSHJÍ'NKI PLAYS THE BUNGLING HOST.

There were once five friends, the first was a man named *Wa<sup>a</sup>shike*, the second was Íshjí'nki, the third was a squirrel, the fourth an elk, and the fifth was *Ma<sup>a</sup>tosinké*, a mink. All these people had families and lived in different places. Old Íshjí'nki told his wife and children, "Well, I'm going to see your brother-in-law Squirrel." His wife told him it was all right, so he started out.

Squirrel and his family were at home when Íshjí'nki got there. As he approached Squirrel said, "Here comes your brother-in-law, Íshjí'nki, make room, children, for *nanje* (your father). Well, I don't know what your brother-in-law is going to eat, but give me my wooden bowl and bone awl."

Íshjí'nki sat there and watched Squirrel. Squirrel told his wife to hold the bowl. Then he began to grit his teeth and chatter, then he ran up the side of the lodge by the smoke hole, took his awl and stabbed himself in the testicle. He pulled the awl out and told the old lady to hold up the bowl, when she did so hazel nut meats ran out of the wound. Then Squirrel stabbed himself in the other testicle and out ran pecan meats. They gave the bowl full to Íshjí'nki who ate and begged for some to take home. The squirrel was willing, "All right, my brother," he said.

The next day Íshjí'nki told his wife, "I am going to visit my brother the Elk." His wife was willing so Íshjí'nki started out. When he arrived Elk said to his wife, "Make room for your brother-in-law Íshjí'nki; but I don't know what we will be able to feed him. However, get my knife."

Íshjí'nki watched Elk and saw him sharpen his knife. Then Elk told his wife to lie on her side, and he cut off a big tenderloin from the inside of her thigh. The moment he took it off it was miraculously restored. Then old Elk-woman made soup for Íshjí'nki, and after he had eaten all he could he begged for some to take home to his wife and children, and Elk was glad to let him have the remainder. Íshjí'nki was much impressed by what he saw, and went home with the food.

Next day Íshjí'nki said to his wife, "I'll go and visit your brother-in-law Mink." His wife was satisfied, so he went to Mink's lodge. As soon as he entered, Mink said to his wife, "Make room for my brother, I don't know what he is going to get to eat, but anyway give me my hook."

As soon as his hook was brought, Mink went to the creek and got out on a stump that stood in the water, he sang twice:

"Hotha<sup>a</sup> warastuj, Hotha<sup>a</sup> warastuj, ragadua<sup>a</sup>a<sup>a</sup>, ragadua<sup>a</sup>a<sup>a</sup>!"  
(Fish, gray, swallow — and move it in your gills.)

When he had finished the fish swarmed around him and Mink drop-

ped the hook into the mouth of the one that he selected, and caught it. He took it in and had his wife cook it for *İshji'nki*, and when *İshji'nki* had eaten all he could he begged leave to take the rest home to his wife and family, which Mink was willing to let him do, so *İshji'nki* went away full and greatly impressed.

The next day *İshji'nki* said to his wife, "I am going to visit your brother-in-law *Wa<sup>n</sup>shike*." As his wife was willing, he set out at once and soon came to his friend's house. As soon as the man saw *İshji'nki* approaching he said to his wife, "Here comes your brother-in-law *İshji'nki*, make room for him, but I don't know what we can give him to eat. However, get me my axe."

*İshji'nki* saw the man cut a hole into a hollow log just big enough to crawl through, and then get into it and say, "Red hair part." (*Pu'w-gretesuj*.)

Turkeys then came running into the log, and the man caught them all. He killed one and took it in for his wife to cook, she did so and it was placed before *İshji'nki* who ate until he could hold no more and then he begged to be allowed to take the rest home to his wife and family. This *Wa<sup>n</sup>shike* was, of course, willing he should do, so he went home full and greatly impressed.

The next day Squirrel came to visit *İshji'nki*. "Here comes your brother-in-law Squirrel," said *İshji'nki* to his wife. "I don't know what he'll eat, but get my bone awl and have my wooden bowl ready." *İshji'nki* went outside and climbed up on his lodge, he took the awl and stabbed himself in the testicle, "Oh na<sup>n</sup>na!" (ouch), he screamed as the blood ran.

"Look out brother, you'll kill yourself," cried Squirrel and he ran up and performed the trick of obtaining the nut meats for *İshji'nki*. *İshji'nki* wept and said, "I always used to be able to do it all right, but I'm getting old now."

Next day Elk came to visit *İshji'nki* who said to his wife, "Here comes your brother-in-law, make room for him, though I don't know what he is going to eat. However, bring me my knife." Elk came in and saw *İshji'nki* order his wife to lie down while he tried to cut a slice off her tenderloin. The woman shrieked, and Elk was obliged to come to the rescue. He was able to cut off some meat without hurting her and the wound was immediately healed. *İshji'nki* was very much embarrassed and wept, saying, "I always used to be able to do that all right, but I'm getting old now."

Next day Mink came to visit *İshji'nki*. As soon as he was seen approaching, the latter said to his wife, "Here comes Mink, your brother-in-law, make room for him, although I don't know what he is going to eat." As soon as Mink entered he saw *İshji'nki* take a hook and line and go down to the creek. He climbed up on a stump and began to sing:

"Hotha<sup>n</sup> warastuj, hotha<sup>n</sup> warastuj, ragadua<sup>n</sup>a<sup>n</sup>, ragadua<sup>n</sup>a<sup>n</sup>."

Presently a swarm of great fish came about him and Íshjí'nki threw his hook into the mouth of one of the largest which swallowed him so that only his feet stuck out of its mouth. Íshjí'nki's feet were yellow and homely and plain to be seen. Mink ran down, and called the fishes back and made them disgorge Íshjí'nki half dead. Then he caught a big one for Íshjí'nki and his family to eat. Íshjí'nki was very much cast down, and wept, "I always used to be able to catch fish that way, but now I am getting old."

Wa<sup>n</sup>shike came next day, and as soon as he was sighted Íshjí'nki said to his wife, "Here comes my brother Wa<sup>n</sup>shike, make room for him. I don't see what we are to give him to eat, but fetch me my axe." As soon as Wa<sup>n</sup>shike came in he saw Íshjí'nki take his axe and go out and cut a hole in a hollow log. He crawled in and began to call, "*Pu<sup>n</sup>rugretesuj.*" The turkeys heard him and remarked to each other, "That's old Íshjí'nki calling, let us go and see what he wants." They ran over, but when Íshjí'nki tried to catch them he stuck in the log and could not get out. His buttocks stuck out and the turkeys scratched and pecked at them while he shouted and wailed. Wa<sup>n</sup>shike hurried over and rescued Íshjí'nki, then he caught a turkey for his own dinner there. Íshjí'nki was extremely mortified, and said, "I always used to be able to get turkeys that way, but now I am getting old."

### 33. ÍSHJÍ'NKI AND THE SHELL SPITTER.

All was quiet for a while. There was a chief who had two daughters who were anxious to marry, but who wanted a man who was able to spit up cowrie shells (*kuthru*). There was a chief's son in the neighborhood who had that power, and could cough them up at will. He had a waiter who followed him around just to pick up the shells, and he was allowed to keep some for his pains. In this way the servant amassed enough to make himself a necklace.

One day the servant was in a canoe when he saw the two girls on the opposite bank; they wanted to be ferried over so he went and took them on board. They told him they wanted to marry *Washú'ské Í'sho*, the Shell Spitter. The youth replied, "Why that's me!" He broke his necklace and put some of the shells in his mouth. Whenever he coughed he would spit out some of the shells and the girls would pick them up. This servant was really an orphan who lived at the village edge with his grandmother. He took the two girls to his lonely wigwam and there he put his head in the lap of one and his feet in the lap of the other and stayed with them. Pretty soon Íshjí'nki, the town herald, came along and said, "Young man, you're wanted at *Washú'ské Í'sho's*; he is going to spit up shells."

"Oh," said the youth to his wives, "that old fellow always jokes with me. You two stay here and I will go over and throw out some shells for them and come back immediately." So he went over and waited on the chief's son.

The girls became suspicious and decided to go over and see how their husband performed his magic deeds. They hid and saw that he was only a waiter crawling on his knees to pick up shells. "A<sup>uh</sup>, we have been deceived," said they. "He's only a servant." So after the performance the girls did not go back to the little man, but they followed Shell Spitter home and told his father, the chief, that they had come to marry him. However, they were too late, for already there were two girls there who had come for that purpose. The father of the first two girls ordered *İshji'nki* to take them away, and they wept.

Meanwhile the servant came home and when he found that his wives were gone he was angry. He went to the chief and told him that he wanted them back, but the chief said, "No, they are to marry the Shell Spitter."

This orphan boy had great but hitherto unknown power. After he had appealed to the chief three times he went a fourth time and killed the chief and the Shell Spitter also. He cut off their heads and rose up into the air with a head in each hand. Another chief ran and got *İshji'nki* to exercise his power to bring back the fugitive, who was already away up in the air. *İshji'nki* looked up and sang :

"Uxwanyële, uxwanyële, uxwanyële, uxwanyële."  
(Fall, fall, fall, fall.)

The servant came tumbling down for some distance. "Oh *İshji'nki* is surely bringing him," cried all the people. *İshji'nki* kept right on singing, with his hands raised and his mouth open, while everybody gaped upward. All at once the orphan servant evacuated right in *İshji'nki*'s face and rose up out of sight. He went into the moon, and the black shadow sometimes visible in the moon is this boy standing there with a head in each hand.

#### 34. *İSHJI'NKI* IS BITTEN BY A GROUND SQUIRREL.

*İshji'nki* cleaned himself up and went on. Presently he saw a ground squirrel which began to sing :

"*İshji'nki* le legraki<sup>a</sup>, lahose sho<sup>a</sup>tçê ik'ua egra ko<sup>a</sup>he dahose skididi, le adabrun kxre, skididi, le adabrunbrun kxre!"

(*İshji'nki* you pack your member on your back when you are coming, and your testicles are hanging low, skididi! I am going to bite your member, skididi!)

*İshji'nki* said, "I don't think you will bite me." But the ground squirrel kept right on teasing him. The fourth time that *İshji'nki* heard the song he grew angry so he chased the ground squirrel into its hole and, unwrapping his member he poked it into the opening. The ground

quirit bit the head of it off and this tickled Ishji'nki, who laughed and kept right on pushing it into the hole. All this time the ground squirrel kept biting it off until it was cut down to what is the normal size among human beings today. It is really a good thing that it happened or else the male members of the Buffalo gens people would be enormous today.

When Ishji'nki found out what had happened to him he was sorry. He dug out the pieces that the ground squirrel had chewed off and decided to make things good for his children in the future. He took one piece and said, "My children will call you blackberry." (*Tcincinga nampa iligayetako.*) He took the next piece and said, "My children will call you grape." (*ha'dte*) The next one he took he said, "My children will call you coon sprouts or Gooseberry." (*Minke labrinske.*) So he named all the fruits, the plums etc. The last piece, the head of his organ, he called acorn (*bu'dje*). Then I came home.<sup>1</sup>

### 35. HARE RIDES COYOTE FOR A HORSE.

There was once a village where an old woman lived alone in her hut near the outskirts. Every day she would go out to gather firewood, and one day she found a tiny rabbit. She picked him up and brought him home, and kept him until he grew to a good size and was very bright. This hare had a friend, a coyote, with whom he went about a great deal, although the old lady cautioned him not to go very far because there were so many evil things prowling around the world in those days. One day Hare and Coyote went to another village to look over the girls. They liked Coyote best because he had yellow eyes, a bushy tail, and a pointed nose, whereas Hare had big eyes, a stubby tail, and long ears. When they got back and their grandma asked where they had been, they just said that they had been visiting another town.

The very next day Coyote wanted to go again, and Hare said, "All right, you go, but I'll stay, for I feel sick." "Oh come on," said Coyote, "and I'll carry you." "No," answered Hare. "Well, I'll be your horse if you come. I'll take you right to the girl's door, then you'll only have to walk in." "All right," said Hare, "I'll go if you will let me put a bridle and an Indian saddle-pad on you so that I won't fall off."

Coyote agreed to this so they set out for the girl's place with Hare riding. When they got there they found the girls at home having a good time. Hare had put a cockle burr in the fur of one of his hind feet, and when they came to the lodge and Coyote said, "Now get off, my friend," Hare spurred him so that he bounded right into the wigwam.

"Well, girls," said Hare, "this is my horse that you liked so much."

The girls were ashamed and laughed and Hare rode home on Coyote.

1. Told by Robert Small.

From that time up to now Coyote and Hare have been enemies and Coyote tries to eat Hare whenever possible.

### 36. HARE MAKES A BOW AND ARROWS.

One day Hare said to his grandmother, "I want you to make me a bow. What kind of wood do my uncles, the Indians, use for that purpose?"

"Why, grandson, they use ash (*iitha'grehu*) and Bois D'arc (*nanpi*)."

Hare went out and gathered wood for the bow, then he asked his grandma what kind of wood his uncles used for arrows. She answered ash (*wagla'shku*), but Hare thought she said frog's legs (*wagna'sku*) so he went down to the nearest pond and got these. He kept on misunderstanding her for some time until at last he got the right idea and they made the bow and arrows.

"Now grandma, what do my uncles use to feather their arrows?" asked Hare.

"Why, grandson, they use Thunder-god feathers." (*Waka'nda mazhon*).

Hare went to a hill and cried out until all the birds of the air came to him. Each as it appeared said, "Look me over," but Hare refused all the eagles, hawks, and owls. Finally the Thunderbirds came, and he liked them. He took twelve feathers, which were shiny and bright like lightning. He carried them home and laid them down outside of his lodge and went in. After a while he told his grandma that he had the feathers, and she went out to bring them in. She found the feathers so beautiful that she hid one and brought in eleven. Hare put them away and later on got them out to use. "I say, grandma, one of my feathers is gone," he cried. "I don't know where it can be, grandson, I brought them all in," she said.

Hare did not believe her so he kept on asking for the missing feather until at last she confessed that she had taken one to cleanse her buttocks with, so Hare made her fetch it in. They made the arrows all right, and then Hare asked her how his uncles shot their bows. The old woman told him how, and he shot well.

Hare had sore eyes at this time. The old woman went out to gather firewood and saw a bear. She ran back and told Hare that there was a bear for him to shoot. He went out but could not see it very well. "Now grandma," said Hare, "you aim my bow for me, and I'll shoot when you say so." They went up to the animal and with his grandmother aiming the bow, Hare shot and killed it.

"Alas, my grandson, you have missed him," said the old woman. So after Hare had gone home she went back and butchered it, brought back the meat, and, after cooking a little for herself, she kept it away



from Hare. All she gave Hare was some beans, but he could taste the meat flavor in them. He got angry and went outside and sang this song :

" Hare, camping with his grandma, smelled something else good with beans. "

The old lady felt sorry for him then and said, " Come back in here and I will give you a piece of meat. "

When Hare had eaten the meat, he recovered from his sore eyes.

### 37. HARE, HIS GRANDMOTHER, AND A BEAR.

One day Hare went hunting again, and killed another bear. He came back and got his grandmother to butcher it. This was a male bear, and when she cut it up the old lady left the animal's member still attached to its belly. " Well, " said Hare, " carry its shoulder, grandma. " — " No, my grandson, it will scratch me. " — " Then carry the back. " — " No, my grandson, it will pound on my back. " — " Then carry the belly, " said Hare, who knew what his grandma was up to all the time. " Oh, that's what the old lady wants to carry, " she said.

Hare went on ahead, and the old woman loitered behind. On his way back Hare spied her abusing herself with the organ of the bear. Hare went on and brought in the rest of the meat, but he made his grandmother cook that part first.

### 38. HARE DECEIVES HIS GRANDMOTHER.

One day while he was out hunting, Hare found a grassy spot in the woods. He lay down and rolled and beat down the grass in several places. Then he came home weeping. When his grandmother asked him what the trouble was he said, " Oh my friends had a feast, and each one brought his grandmother and lay with her. They told me my grandmother wouldn't do anything anyway, so I was left. "

" Why didn't you come and tell me, grandson ? " said the old woman. " Where is the place anyway ? " " Oh they're gone now, " answered Rabbit. " Well, let us go anyway, " she answered.

They went over and saw the traces, so Hare slept with his grandmother.

### 39. HARE KILLS THE U'YÊ.

After this Hare became a great hunter. One day on his travels he came upon the U'yê (Female Organ of the World). He went home and asked his grandmother what it was. She said, " That is one of your grandmothers, keep away from it. "

Hare disobeyed his grandmother and went there again and was

sucked in. He was gone several days until his grandmother got so worried she went to the U'yê and asked for him. The U'yê replied, "I don't know whether I have devoured your grandchild or not, I eat so many things." However, it spewed out some of its recent takings, and among them was Hare, nearly dead. His grandma took him home, gave him a sweat bath, and made him well, then she cautioned him again to keep away from the U'yê.

"No," said Hare, "I will be revenged. She started it." Hare went and studied the situation. The U'yê lay at the foot of a hill, so he went up the slope and built a fire and put in many stones to heat. When they became red hot he rolled them down into the U'yê one by one, and so finally killed it. As the U'yê was dying it shuddered and caused many earthquakes, so that Hare's grandmother knew what was happening even way off where she was.

#### 40. HARE CATCHES TURKEYS AND MAKES A FEAST.

Hare went home and when he got there he said to his grandmother, "Grandma, I want you to make me a sled." So they made a sled by taking a hide and sewing up the edge over a thong, so that Hare could slide down hill with it. While he was coasting a lot of turkeys came over, and when they saw Hare they wanted to borrow his sled. Hare refused to let them have it; he said, "My Grandma has made it holy." (*Inko<sup>nye</sup> waxonyita enionte.*) Therefore it was not possible to lend it. "But," said Hare, "since it is you, my friends, I will let you take it."

Several of the turkeys got in and Hare drew the string tight and caught them as in a bag; only their heads stuck out. He ran home with them. "Oh grandma," he said, "I've caught something! What do my uncles use when they kill turkeys?" — "Why generally they use sycamore, (*Nantha<sup>tsi</sup>*), my grandson."

Hare went off to get some, and while he was gone the turkeys said to the old woman, "Grandma, it is all right for Hare to kill us, but we would like to sing and dance first."

The old woman said no at first, but they begged and pleaded until at last she untied them; after fastening the door she sang for them to dance:

"Wa'in kandji ao'na iwistandupagê."  
(I'm playing turkey puckered tails.)

While they were dancing Hare returned. As he entered the turkeys all shouted "Karo'sê!" and tried to fly up through the smoke hole. The old lady sprang up and caught one of them by both legs and shouted. "Grandson! I'm holding two of them!" (*N'takwaaa! Nowê'uhanane-manki!*) But Hare found out it was only one that she held by two legs.

They killed and dressed the turkey. As the old woman sat opposite

Hare with her legs spread out, he took the blood of the turkey and threw it between her thighs. "Grandmother," he said, "you are menstruating! Take the sacred bundle and go outside of the house." This was the begining of menstruation among women. "Stay there, grandma, and I'll cook the turkey and invite my friends to feast," said Hare.

When the turkey was cooked Hare made a long wand of wood, with it in his hand he stepped outside of the door, and began to pretend to call his friends to eat with him. He called the names of the different trees, Elm, Oak, Walnut, Sycamore, and so forth. When he had finished he sat by the door and pushed it open with his stick and then let it slam, as he did so he would call out, "Hau, my friend, you sit over here," and this he kept up for a long time so that his grandmother would think that his friends had come and were feasting. He would cough and talk, changing and disguising his voice to imitate a lot of people. Meantime he ate all the turkey that he could himself, and what was left he put away. Then he slammed the door again for a while so that his grandma would think this friends were all going home. Then he called, "Grandma, come back and bring in the medicine bundles. My friends went home pretty full, but there's some left for you."

#### 41. HARE CAPTURES THE SUN.

Every morning when Hare went out he discovered that there was an earlier and fresher track that went by his lodge. One day he came back and said, "Grandma, even when I go out early, there has always been someone before me and I'm going to find out who it is."

"Oh that's just one of your grandfathers, you inquisitive fellow."

"Well, I'll find out anyway," said Hare, and he set a slip noose snare in the path and caught the stranger.

It was the Sun, who was caught so fast he could not move. The sun called :

"Mishji'n'ê Ingru'skare washigê toto<sup>ni</sup> naheje,  
Mishji'n'ê ingru'skare washigê toto<sup>ni</sup> naheje."

(Hare, untie me, what will the people do if you tie me up?)

Hare tried to loosen the snare but it was so hot he had great difficulty. At last he succeeded, but from that day to this Hare has had a tender skin because he was burned; his fur was browned; and all the fat was melted from his body except in front.

#### 42. HARE IS FRIGHTENED BY A TICK.

Hare went on. He heard a voice calling. "Hare, I am going to eat you." (*Mishji'n'ê, diko<sup>nd</sup>deratogre ditaho'xgewi!*) "Oh grandma,"

cried Hare, "Someone is coming to destroy us!" He took up the wigwam and ran. Still he heard the voice calling. "Oh grandma, he's coming yet." Hare ran on again. As soon as he stopped he heard the voice once more, and ran on. Again it happened, but the fourth time Hare finally discovered that it was only a tick that was fast to his ear. So they went on.

#### 43. HARE PLAYS A TRICK ON HIS GRANDMOTHER.

Once when Hare was camping with his grandmother the people were going to have a race. Hare said to the old lady, "I would like to have the winner for my grandfather. Catch the one who comes in first so that he can be your husband. He will have only one eye; you will know him by that."

Hare went out and plucked out one of his own eyes, hung it on a bush and came running back. The old lady headed him off. "Let me go," he cried. "The others will beat me." "No," cried the old woman, "Hare told me to catch the one-eyed man to be his grandfather. You're the man and I'll keep you." Hare agreed and lived with his grandma for a long time as her husband. When he went back to look for his eye that he had hung up in the woods he found that a crow had eaten it. Since it was gone he took an acorn and put it in its place. That is why Hares have bulging eyes to this day.

#### 44. HARE AND THE BLIND MAN.

Hare went on and finally came home in his own natural guise. He went out and saw an old man sitting by himself. The old man was blind, and had strings stretched to his woodpile and his toilet so that he could feel his way along to them. Hare said to the old man, "You must have a hard time. I know you would enjoy life if you could only see." The old man said, "Yes, I'd love to get out and see the world again. I've been blind many years." "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Hare, "I'll lend you my eyes so that you can see to run around a little." So Hare changed eyes with the old man and took his place for a little while. The old man had hardly gone before Hare called him back.

"Oh grandson," said the old man, "how good to see the world." He went off once more and went a little farther. Again Hare called him back, and again he went off, going a little farther each time. Finally he ran away and left Hare calling without any answer. At length Hare got a couple of crows to look for the old man. They finally located him at the end of the earth and brought him back. The old man told Hare that in looking the earth over once more he felt so good that he forgot him. Hare got his eyes back, but before he went away he cut the old man's guide strings to punish him.

45. HARE IS FED BY A GHOST.

Hare went on. He travelled so far that he got hungry, and finally lay down to die. Where he lay down there was a little mound in which there was someone who said, "Hare, what do you want to eat?" Hare was surprised, but answered, "I'd like to have some buffalo pemmican."

At once a wooden bowl full was handed to him. He ate some and felt better at once. Three times a day the voice would ask what he wanted to eat, and he would receive whatever he asked for — bear-meat, corn, and so forth. At last he was strong enough to run about once more. Hare knew now that this was a grave mound that he had been lying on, and he called the place *Wat'cé'homi*, or "A Dead Smell." At last he said "You, Dead Smell, I don't want anything more from you!" "Eench," said the mound in anger, and began chasing him. Hare was unable to dodge it, and it pursued him so closely that when he saw a hole he had to circle back and dash into it. As he ran in *Wat'cé'homi* grabbed him by the tail and pulled it off short. After a while Hare came out crying and singing:

"Hi<sup>st</sup>tuko Watcé'homi thingé elithrugé!"  
(Grandfather Dead Smell pulled my tail off.)

After a while all the animals heard him and gathered to help him, even the buffalo. The buffalo said, "Since you've lost your tail you can have mine." Hare looked at it and saw that there was dung matted in it so he refused. Coyote offered his, but Hare refused it also. Others came but were refused in turn. The only thing that Hare saw that looked like what he wanted was a bunch of thistle down which he took and stuck on. That is why hares have a white fuzzy tail today.

46. HARE OVERCOMES A BEAR.

Hare went on, going to many parts of the country and killing many monsters. He told his grandmother that he would not be back for some-time. As he followed along a creek bank he saw a bear track and said, "I see there's a track going of old Big Foot, Big Heels, and no hair on the seat." (*Thiroka, thiroku, shogaha<sup>n</sup>je jiwaiciré thiridjé dithro<sup>n</sup>ha-kanjé, sindje ke<sup>x</sup>kewé kanje je'wageré.*)

Meanwhile the bear had hidden along the trail and overheard this. He ran out and caught Hare. "What were you saying?" he demanded, "I'll surely kill you now." — "No, uncle, I was saying that I was proud of you, I was singing about you." — "Oh, no, you weren't, I will surely kill you." Hare managed to break away and the bear chased him into a hollow tree. The bear decided to set fire to the tree, so he went to Hare's grandmother's to borrow a firebrand. While he was gone, Hare slipped

out and made his escape. Before he left he put two acorns in the tree, and told them that if Bear asked if he were still in there they were to say, " Yes. " Sure enough, when Bear returned he asked if Hare was still there, and the acorns said, " Yes. "

Bear started the fire and after a while one of the acorns popped. " *Taa!* " " Oh, " said Bear, " I am losing the best part of Hare, that was one of his eyes that cracked. " Presently the other popped, and Bear stepped over to look at the fire. Just then Hare ran up behind and kicked him into the fire and killed him, so they had bear meat again.

Hare wanted to visit all the parts of the earth. He went south first, then west, east, and north. As there was nothing that he saw that people would remember he made up his mind to stay at home where the people knew him and would talk about him always. However he decided to go to the north to see what made the cold weather.

#### 47. HARE DESTROYS THE NORTH GOD.

In the north there was a god whose breath caused the freezing winds. When people had frost bite it was a sign that he was eating them. Hare went there and found the god's family but he himself was away. He visited awhile and told them with tears that he was their relative. When the cold god came home the family told him of their new relation who was smarter than they were, for he knew all about their relationship and they did not. Next day Hare begged to be allowed to accompany the cold god. This he was allowed to do. As they travelled Hare said, " Oh my brother-in-law, one so powerful as you must be immortal. " " Not at all, " answered the North Being, " I also will die. " Hare pretended he did not believe it, and in the course of their argument he persuaded the North Being to tell him where his vulnerable spot was. " If anyone should touch my testicles with an elk patella, I should die. "

Hare secretly killed an elk and took its patella, and the next day when the North Being rose to blow Hare touched it to his testicles. The North Being died at once, Hare then killed the entire family except one child who hid in a crack in the ground. Therefore we still have cold weather. And then I came home.

#### 52. ORIGIN OF THE WOLF GENS.

Originally, back in *Moka' Shutze* (Red Earth, the mythical point of origin of the Iowa, thought by them to have been in Wisconsin on the shore of Lake Michigan), there were no people, only animals. Finally a wolf came out of the water. He had great power over all the other four-footed creatures, and he became a man, the first Wolf gens ancestor,

As he came out of the water he walked away from there, hence come the names *Manyi'hu* and *Manyi'humi*, or "Walks From The Creation On," and "Walks From The Creation On Woman," in the gens. Moreover when the wolf became a human being he was then master of himself, hence in the Wolf gens are the names, "Master Of Himself," and "Mistress of Herself". Other names came to us from his weapons and the way in which he conducted himself. The pipe came from above, as is related in other myths.

48. THE SISTER AND BROTHER ; AN IOWA TRADITION. <sup>1</sup>

Once upon a time there was a man whose family consisted of himself, his wife, a daughter about twelve years old, and a son who was about three years younger than the daughter. These four persons dwelt by themselves ; there were no other Indians near them. The man used to go away to hunt every morning, and in the evening he brought home the game which he had killed.

One day the man killed his wife, and hung her body up in a tree. Returning home, he told the children to go to a certain tree that was close to his lodge, and there they would find a piece of venison which he had put on a stick to roast. When the children went for the meat, the man took from the lodge what things he desired, and hastened away, continuing his flight till he arrived at a village. When he reached there, he married the daughter of the chief.

In the meantime, the children had gone to the tree, and, sure enough, there was a fire, and by it was a piece of meat, which appeared to be a piece of venison. "Sit down and let us eat," said the girl to her little brother. When she pushed off a piece of the meat from the stick, lo ! she heard a human voice. Looking up immediately, she saw her mother's body, lying on a bough of the tree. The cruel father had deceived his children, having tried to make them eat part of their own mother ! Then the girl cried out, saying, "Oh ! my dear little brother ! Father killed mother, and this is she above us in the tree. Let us go home." So they ran home as fast as they could go. When they reached the lodge, behold, it was deserted.

The sister having exclaimed, "Oh ! my dear little brother ! let us go to hunt for father," they searched all around the lodge till they found his trail. "Oh ! my dear little brother ! here are father's footprints," said the girl. Then they followed the trail.

At length, after traveling for some days, they arrived at the village to which the father had fled. An old woman dwelt in a little tent apart

1. Previously published by J. O. Dorsey in the *American Antiquarian* vol. 4, pages 286-289. Chicago. 1881-2.

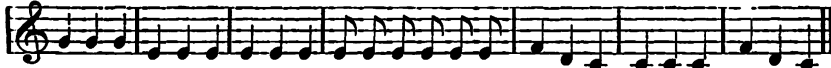
from the rest of the people. When she saw the children she said, "Oh! never has any person entered my tent. Why have you come?" And the girl said, "Grandmother, father came to this place, so we have come after him." "Yes, my granddaughter," said the old woman, "they say that your father has come, and that he has married the chief's daughter." The old woman went out of the tent, and when she saw a man passing by, she called to him "O first-born son of the family, tell the chief's son-in-law that his children have come." So the man went to tell the father. The latter told a falsehood, saying, "They were bad, and killed their mother; so I was angry with them, and came to this place to hide from them." Then he addressed his father-in-law, saying, "Ho! grandfather, let us flee from them."

Then the people of the village made boats by the great water. When they finished the boats, the chief's son-in-law said to them, "As soon as night comes, close the eyes of the two children with glue. And when day comes, let us cross the water." Then some of the men took glue, and approached the place where the children were lying. When the children were asleep, the men glued their eyelashes together, and departed. Early the next morning all the villagers went on the hunt, leaving the village without an inhabitant.

By and by the children awoke. "My sister, I am unable to open my eyes," said the boy. "Oh! my dear little brother! I, too, cannot open mine," said the sister. Presently a mouse came running toward them. When the sister heard her coming, she cried out, "Oh! you big hateful thing! Begone! Why are you running toward us?" And the mouse replied, "Well, now, why do you talk in that manner? I have come to open your eyes by licking off the glue. Why are you angry with me?" — "Oh! my grandmother, I did not know that such was your intention. Open my brother's eyes first." Then the mouse opened the boy's eyes; and when this was done, she opened the eyes of the girl. Said the boy, "My sister, I am going to see the great water. I am going to see those who went on the hunt." When he reached the shore, there was an old woman sitting on the sand. "Oh! dear little grandson! look beneath that on which I have been sitting." And when the girl had parted the grass for her brother, she said, "Oh! dear little brother! your grandmother has left a pile of provisions for us." Then they had plenty to eat.

And the boy said, "Sister, make me a bow, and bring me some reeds which will answer for arrows." And she brought him some. "Go to the place where the tents were, and search for a feather," said he. And she came back with some feathers, which she put on the arrows. When she had finished the bow, he said, "My sister, I am going to hunt," and he killed a small blue bird, with white spots on the feathers. He did not know the names of any of the animals, birds, etc., so when he drew near the tent, he described the bird in a song:





Hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no'! Hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no'! Ta'-ku-re' kre'-kre - ciñ'-ei - ya<sup>n</sup>"Tc'e'-ha-ro', hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no'! tc' e'-ha-ro'

(" Sister mine! Sister mine!  
One spotted little thing  
I have killed, sister mine, I have killed. ")

" Oh! my dear little brother! They call that the to-kre'-kre-çe,"  
said the sister. The next day the boy went hunting again. On his return  
with game, he sang as follows :

" Hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no'! Hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no'!  
Ta'-ku-ré qa<sup>n</sup>'-ye i-yan'  
Tc'é-ha-ro', hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no', tc'é-ha-ro'! "  
(Sister mine! Sister mine!  
One large something  
I have killed, sister mine, I have killed.)

" Oh! my dear little brother! They call that the big bird (wild tur-  
key)," said the girl. When he returned the next day, he sang thus :

" Hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no'! Hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no'!  
Ta'-ku-re'-ci<sup>n</sup>'tce cka yin'-e i-yan'  
Tc'e'-ha-ro', hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no', tc'é-ha-ro'! "  
(Sister mine! Sister mine!  
Something with a white little tail  
I have killed, sister mine, I have killed.)

" Oh! my dear little brother! That is called a deer," said the sister.  
On the following day he said, " My sister, I am going again." On his  
return he sang as follows :

" Hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no'! Hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no'!  
Ta'-ku-re' ce'-we qa<sup>n</sup>'-ye i-yan'  
Tc'e'-ha-ro', hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no', tc'é-ha-ro'! "  
(Sister mine! Sister mine!  
One large black thing  
I have killed, sister mine, I have killed.)

" Oh! my dear little brother! They call that the black bear," said  
the girl. When he returned to her the next day, he sang as follows :

" Hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no'! Hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no'!  
Ta'-ku-re' he' ce'-we qa<sup>n</sup>'-ye i-yan'  
Tc'e'-ha-ro', hi<sup>n</sup>'-yu-no', tc'e'-ha-ro'!  
(Sister mine! Sister mine!  
Something with large black horns  
I have killed, sister mine, I have killed.)

"Oh! my dear little brother! They call that the buffalo," said she. And when the girl had cut the buffalo meat into strips for drying, they had an abundance of food. And when the boy returned the next day, he sang thus:

"Hi<sup>n'</sup>-yu-no'! Hi<sup>n'</sup>-yu-no'!  
 Ta'-ku-re' ci<sup>n'</sup>tce nin'-e i-ya<sup>n'</sup>  
 Tc'e'-ha-ro', hi<sup>n'</sup>-yu-no', tc'e'-ha-ro'!"  
 (Sister mine! Sister mine!  
 Something without a tail  
 I have killed, sister mine, I have killed.)

"Oh! my dear little brother! That is called an elk," said she.

When her brother went out of the lodge, he spied a man. So he cried out to his sister, "Oh, sister! a man having on a robe with the hair outside is leaning against a tree." — "Oh! my dear little brother! That is your brother-in-law. Go after him," said the sister. When the boy reached the man, he said to him, "O brother-in-law! let us go to my sister." "Yes," said the man, "I have come to marry your sister." Then he went with him to the lodge, and married the girl. Every day the little boy went hunting with his sister's husband. As they were good hunters, they never failed to bring home plenty of game, and they always had enough to eat. By and by two men came to the lodge. They belonged to the party of villagers who had formerly lived there. They told of the condition of their people, saying, "The tribe is in a very bad state: we are suffering from hunger, and many of us have died."

The girl cooked for the two men, and gave them as much as they could eat. Then the boy told them to go back to the people. He said, "Let them come back. But let nothing be given to my father. My grandmother, who was kind to us, can have this side of buffalo meat. Give it to her."

At length all the tribe returned to their former home. And the boy gave out food to all the people except his father.

## PORTO RICAN FOLK-LORE; FOLK-TALES

BY J. ALDEN MASON ; EDITED BY AURELIO M. ESPINOSA

(continued from Vol. 37, p. 344).

### III. CUENTOS DE ENCANTAMIENDO

#### I. LA CENICIENTA

(Cinderella.)

MARÍA LA CENIZOSA .

Hace mucho tiempo había una señora que tenía dos hijas y vivía con una muchacha huérfana llamada María. Sus hijas eran muy orgullosas y egoístas, como la madre, y María era todo lo contrario. La señora y sus hijas le tenían mucha envidia porque ésta era más bonita y la tenían dedicada para que hiciera todos los trabajos fuertes. Todas las cosas mejores eran para las hijas de la señora. María dormía en un pequeño y desarreglado cuarto y era conocida por la Cenizosa.

Un día el príncipe dió un baile y mandó a convidar a la señora y sus dos hijas, pero María como vemos, no fué convidada. En una semana se hicieron los preparativos del baile. María les ayudó a todas a hacer los trajes, los cuales estaban hechos todos de oro y plata.

Mientras todas cosían, un día le dijeron a María : — ¿ No estarías tú contenta si fueras al baile ? Entonces la Cenizosa les dijo : — Ah, ustedes se ríen de mí ; yo no puedo ir a ese baile por ser una Cenizosa.

Llegó el día del baile y la señora se marchó con sus hijas dejando a María cuidando la casa. Entonces María se fué a su cuarto y empezó a llorar. Cuando lloraba con más pena, se le presentó un hada. Esta le preguntó : ¿ Por qué lloras María ? — ¡ Lloro porque desearía ir al baile ! dijo ella. — ¡ Sé una buena niña y veré lo que puedo hacer por tí. Corre al jardín y tráeme la calabaza más grande que haya ! María en seguida corrió y trajo la calabaza. El hada le sacó lo de adentro y después la tocó con su varita de virtud. Pronto la calabaza se convirtió en un hermoso coche de oro. Después buscó seis ratones, y los convirtió en seis lindos caballos. Luego buscó un gran ratón, lo tocó y lo convirtió en un elegante cochero. Después corrió al jardín y trajo seis legartijos y los convirtió en seis pequeños hombrecitos. Luego tocó el traje de María y lo convirtió en un precioso traje de plata y oro. Después le dió dos pequeñas sandalias de cristal y le dijo : Ahora puedes irte, pero tienes que retirarte a las doce ; si no lo haces, no tendrás coche, ni caba-

llos y volverás a ser María la Cenizosa. María le prometió al hada que así lo haría y pronto llegó al baile.

Cuando le dijeron al príncipe que una hermosa princesa había llegado fué a su encuentro, la cogió de la mano y cuando entraron en el salón, la música dejó de tocar y todos dejaron de bailar. Todos estaban maravillados viendo a la princesa que nunca habían visto otra más hermosa y guapa. Empezó el príncipe a hablar con ella. Jamás se había visto persona que hablara mejor. La princesa conoció a sus hermanas y se sentó al lado de ellas. Pronto se oyeron las doce y María corrió para irse. El príncipe también quería irse con ella y en la carrera se le cayó una de las sandalias. El príncipe la vió y la cogió. Pronto estaba María en su casa en su traje de Cenizosa.

Después el príncipe dijo que se casaría con la joven que le sirviera la sandalia. Todo el mundo trataba de medírsela, pero en vano. Luego de habérsela medido sus hermanas, María dijo : Dejadme medirme las sandalias. Las hermanas no querían, pero el príncipe quería que todo el mundo probase. María se sentó a medírsela y en seguida le entró el pie. Las hermanas se quedaron maravilladas y no podían creer cosa semejante. En estos momentos se apareció el hada, tocó a María y ésta quedó convertida en una princesa mucho más hermosa que antes.

Todas se quedaron atónitas y le pidieron perdón por haber sido tan malas con ella. Las perdonó y en seguida el príncipe se casó con ella y vivieron muchos años entre la mayor felicidad.

#### MARÍA LA CENICIENTA

Había una vez una mujer que tenía una hija. Se murió la madre y la hija quedó con su padre. El padre se volvió a casar con otra señora y tuvieron dos hijas muy feas. Las dos hermanas de María no la tenían por hermana y la madrastra la tenía siempre en la cocina, sucia y cenicienta y a las hijas siempre las tenía en la sala. Cuando venían a convidarlas para un baile ella salía y la madrastra le entraba a golpes. Nunca la dejaba ir a un baile, ni la dejaban salir de la cocina.

Un día vino un joven a convidarlas para un baile y vió a la muchacha en la cocina y dijo : — ¿ Y aquella señorita que está en la cocina ? Y dijeron : — Es la fregona de aquí. — ¡ Qué lastima ! — dijo el hombre — ¡ Aquella muchacha tan bonita y que sea cocinera !

Cuando el hombre se fué la madrastra le empezó a dar golpes, porque salió de la cocina. Cuando la madrastra iba a llevar a las hijas al baile, dejaron a María recogiendo agujas en el piso. Ella estaba llorando amargamente y se le apareció un hada que le dijo : — ¿ Por qué lloras tan amargamente ? Y entonces María le dijo por qué. El hada le dijo que si quería ir al baile y ella le dijo que quería ir al baile. Entonces el hada le dió una varita de virtud y le dijo que todo lo que ella quisiera se lo pidiera a la varita.

María le pidió a la varita un traje tan bonito, que ni el rey ni la reina se lo hubieran puesto nunca y la varita se lo dió, y también le dió unos zapatos, un coche con su cocheró y una pareja de caballos que no los tenía ni el rey ni la reina y se fué para el baile. Cuando llegó al baile todos se quedaron admirados y hasta el rey se enamoró de la señorita.

A la madrugada María se fué del baile. Vino la madrastra a su casa y le dijo : — ¡ Ay María Cenicienta, si tú hubieras ido al baile hubieras visto una señorita que hasta el rey se enamoró de ella ! Y ella le dijo : — ¡ Quizás sí, quizás no, quizás si sería yo ! — ¡ Ay mamá ! Mira lo que dice María la Cenicienta : que quizás sí, quizás no, quizás si sería ella. Y entonces le empezó a dar de bofetones y le rompió la boca diciéndole : — Vete para la cocina, Cenicienta, que siempre estás sucia como las cerdas. Ella se fué llorando para la cocina.

Volvió el joven a invitar a las hijas y la madrastra no llevó a María ; la dejó recogiendo granos y volvió el hada y le preguntó lo mismo que la noche antes y ella le contestó igual. El hada le dió la misma varita y le concedió otro vestido más bonito que el primero, otros zapatos y otro coche. Fué al baile y al irse en la madrugada, al bajar la escalera para irse antes que la madrastra se fuera, se le quedó un zapatito.

Al otro día el rey mandó a un criado a buscar a la dueña del zapatito y ya estaba cansado de buscar sin haber encontrado a quien le sirviera, llegó a la casa de la señora y dijo : — ¿ Dónde estan las niñas de aquí ? La mamá presentó a sus dos feas, pero a María no la sacaron. Por fin, viendo el criado que a las dos feas no les servía el zapatito pidió que saliera María. Le sirvió el zapatito y el rey se casó con ella.

#### LA CENIZOSA

Había una vez una niña huérfana a quien el padre mandaba todo los días a la escuela. La profesora le decía que le dijera al padre que casara con ella. La niña todos los días se lo decía y el padre le contestaba : — María ¿ tú no ves que ahora te da sopitas de miel y mañana de hiel ? Pero ella no lo creía y tanto estuvo insistiendo hasta que él le dijo que mandara hacer un zapato bien grueso y que lo metiera debajo, de la tinaja y que cuando el zapato estuviera roto, él se casaría con la profesora.

La niña mandó a hacer el zapato bien grueso y todos los días iba a verlo. Un día fué a ver el zapato y lo encontró roto ; entonces fué corriendo a donde estaba su papá y le dijo : — ¡ Papá, papá, ya el zapato está roto !

El padre se casó con su profesora. El primer día la profesora puso a la niña en su cuarto muy bien arreglada ; al segundo día la puso en el comedor ; al tercero la puso en la cocina, en el suelo.

Un día le regaló a la niña un hada, una varita de virtud. La profe-

sora tenía por costumbre irse a misa y dejaba a María cocinando. Al domingo siguiente de haberle regalado el hada la varita a la niña, después que la madrastra se fué para misa, ella sacó la varita y le dijo: — Varita de virtud, por la virtud que Dios te ha dado quiero que me pongas tan linda que en el mundo no haya otra. Al momento la puso tan linda que parecía una reina y se fué para misa. El rey al verla le gustó. Cuando dieron las tres de la tarde, ella se fué y se desvistió. Cuando llegó la profesora con las hijas le dijo una de ellas: — ¡Ay María, si tú hubieras visto una joven tan linda que fué a misa! Y entonces ella dijo: — ¡Quizás sí, quizás no, quizás sí sería yo! Y la niña dijo: — ¡Mira mamá lo que dice esta fregona: que quizás sí, quizás no, quizás sí sería ella! Y la cogieron a palos.

Al siguiente domingo se fueron otra vez, vino la hija y le dijo lo mismo. Ella le contestó igual que la primera vez.

La tercera vez que fué ella a misa, el príncipe puso brea en la escalera de la iglesia y al salir ella se le quedó un zapato; como iba con tanta prisa, lo dejó.

El rey hizo proclamar, que a la que le sirviera el zapato se casaría con él.

El día que el rey llegó a la casa de María con el zapato estaba ella asomada a la ventana y al llegar el príncipe salió la hija de la profesora, se probó el zapato y no le sirvió. Entonces él le dijo: — ¡Mire, señorita: díglele a aquella niña que — está allí, que venga acá! Ella le contestó: — ¡No, si aquella es la cocinera! Y entonces dijo: — ¡Eso no le hace! Díglele que venga acá. La señora llamó a María, no de muy buen modo y le dijo: — ¡Pruébate ese zapato! y cuando ella se lo puso le quedó muy bien. El príncipe le dijo que se preparara para casarse.

Cuando María fué al cuarto sacó la varita y dijo: — ¡Varita de virtud, por la virtud que Dios te ha dado, quiero que me pongas tan linda que en el mundo no haya otra!

Cuando salió María, la madrastra le rogó que la perdonara y que se la llevara a vivir con ella. María se la llevó. A la semana, la profesora echó a María por una ventana y se volvió un pato. La madrastra quiso ocupar el sitio de María y se hizo la enferma. El príncipe le preguntaba por que era que la enfermedad la había puesto así. El pato en el cual se había convertido María, subía todas las noches y los criados se lo dijeron al rey. El rey dijo que lo cogieran cuando subiera y así lo hicieron. La enferma quiso que le mataran el pato y cuando el cocinero lo mató salió una princesa. Entonces se lo dijeron al rey y ella le contó todo lo que le había sucedido. El rey le preguntó qué quería hacer con la madrastra y ella le dijo que la echara del palacio. Entonces vivieron felices.

LA CENICIENTA

Había una vez un matrimonio que tenía una hija, pero al poco tiempo murió la madre dejando viudo al esposo. Había otra vieja que tenía otra hija llamada Cenicienta y la muchacha del padre tenía una chivita y cada vez que ella iba a mudar a su chivita, la vieja le decía : — Si obligas a tu padre a que se case conmigo te doy sopas de miel. Y cuando la muchacha se lo decía al padre él le contestaba : — Hoy te las da de miel y mañana de hiel. Pero tanto estuvo insistiendo la hija hasta que el padre se casó.

La vieja le compró una chivita a Cenicienta, pero desde el segundo día, María, que así se llamaba la hija del padre viudo. era Conicenta, y Cenicienta fué llamada María.

Un día a María se le antojó que mataran a la chivita de Cenicienta y por más que la muchacha lloró para que no se la mataran no hubo remedio. La vieja le dió de golpes a la muchacha y siempre le mató a la chivita y la mandó a limpiar el mondongo al río y le contó las tripas diciéndole que si le daba una tripa la iba a pasar muy mal. Como la muchacha le tenía tanto miedo, se puso a limpiar el mondongo con mucho cuidado y cuando ya iba a venirse se le cayó una tripa al río y la muchacha se tiró diciendo : — Río, río, río abajo, dame mi tripita, que si no me la das mi madre me mata ! Y seguía diciendo : — ¡ Río, río, río abajo, dame mi tripita !

Cuando estaba en tan grande afán salió a un palacio que estaba muy sucio y allí vivían unas encantadas y habían salido para misa y la perrita se quedó en la casa, que también estaba muy sucia. La muchacha desde que llegó allí, en seguida empezó a limpiar el palacio y a echar la basura en el basurero, bañó a la perrita y se escondió detrás de la puerta y cuando las encantadas llegaron empezaron a gritar : — ¿ Quién sería el que nos hizo este trabajo ? Y la perrita gritaba : — ¡ Jau, jau, jau, detrás de la puerta está ! Pero como la muchacha no sabía una de las encantadas dijo : — ¡ Yo le doy, que cada vez que hable, eche rubíes y diamantes por la boca ! Y la otra encantada dijo : — ¡ Yo le doy, que cada vez que se peine eche perlas y oro ! Y la otra dijo : — ¡ Yo le doy la estrella del oriente que le salga en la frente ! Y la otra le dijo : — ¡ Yo le doy la varita de virtud ! Y le dieron la tripita y la muchacha se fué.

Cuando llegó a su casa, cada vez que iba a hablar hacía : — ¡ Blu, blu, blu ! — y echaba rubíes y diamantes. Entonces la vieja recogiendo los diamantes y los rubíes estaba muy contenta.

Como al otro día, le dijo a María que matara su chivita, y la mató. Entonces ella le cortó las tripas y la muchacha se fué, pero como se le iba la tripa la echó y se tiró al río y empezaba a gritar : — ¡ Río, río, río abajo ! — porque la muchacha le había contado que así había dicho ella, y cuando llegó al palacio estaba muy limpio. Entonces ella echó

la basura en el palacio e hizo muchísimas porquerías y cuando las encantadas vinieron dijeron : — ¿ Quién me haría esta maldad ? La otra vez me hicieron un favor y ahora una maldad ! Entonces una de ellas dijo : — ¡ Yo le doy que le salga el chino del burro en la frente ! Y la otra dijo : — ¡ Yo le doy, que cada vez que hable eche porquerías de caballo por la boca ! Y la otra dijo : — ¡ Yo le doy, que cada vez que se peine eche canánganas y piojos ! Entonces la muchacha se fué y cuando llegó a su casa cada vez que hablaba echaba porquerías de caballo por la boca. Si se peinaba echaba canánganas y piojos y siempre el chino del burro le salía mas grande cada vez que la madre se lo cortaba.

Un día la vinieron a convidar para un baile de un príncipe y Cenicienta dijo : — ¡ Ay, yo voy ! Ellas le dieron de patadas y entonces ella se quedó callada y la noche del baile ellas se vistieron y se fueron, y la dejaron atrancada en el fogón y ya que eran como las diez de la noche, hora en que estaba anunciado el baile entonces ella dijo : — Varita de virtud, por la virtud que tú tienes y la que Dios te ha dado, quiero que me pongas en el baile con el traje que yo sola alumbre y no haya necesidad de luces. Quiero que me pongas allá con un coche que tenga las ruedas de oro y un caballo tan hermoso que no se encuentre en ninguna parte.

Cuando abrió los ojos estaba allá, y el príncipe desde que la vió en seguida se enamoró de ella y la empezó a sacar a bailar. Como ya eran como las cuatro de la mañana ella le estaba diciendo que se iba, porque ya era tarde. El príncipe le preguntaba : — ¿ Usted es María la Cenicienta ? Y ella le contestaba : — ¡ La misma ! Y entonces el príncipe le dijo que la iba a buscar un refresco antes que se fuera y cuando se fué a buscarle el refresco ella se tiró, se montó en el coche y se fué.

Entonces se acabó y no la encontró más. Se volvió loco y empezó a darles de palos a los músicos y a los que lo acompañaban y se acabó el baile.

#### LA CENIZOSA

Una vez una vieja tenía dos hijas, una que era lo más maldita y la otra era blanca y bonísima, la cual se llamaba Rosa y la otra Carmen. La mamá quería más a Carmen que a Rosa y ésta tenía que hacer todos los trabajos de la casa ; siempre estaba en la calle haciendo mandados y en el río lavando.

Un día en que mataron un puerco en su casa mandaron a Rosa a lavar las tripitas al río y cuando ella las estaba lavando se le fué una con la corriente y ella se fué diciendo : — ¡ Río abajo, río arriba, dame mi tripita ! — hasta que llegó a una casita donde vivían tres brujas con dos chiquitos y un perrito. Ella entró en la casa y lavó todo lo que había sucio, recogió la casa, la barrió y a los muchachitos y al perrito, los bañó y los puso aseados.

Cuando las brujas llegaron que encontraron la casa tan bien recogida



y a los muchachos y al perro limpios, se preguntaron unas a otras que quién sería la que les hizo aquel favor, y el perro que las seguía ladraba : — ¡ Jau, jau, jau, detrás de la puerta está ! — hasta que ellas buscaron quien había sido y le preguntaron si había sido verdad. Entonces ella les contestó que sí, que ella había sido. Después de haberle hecho varias preguntas las brujas, le dijeron : — ¡ Pues yo te deseo que cuando llores llueva aguacero tieso y que cuando te laves las manos no necesites coger jabón de ninguna clase para lavártelas ! Y la otra le dijo : — ¡ Cuando hables, lo que ha de salir de tu boca serán diamantes y perlas y cuando te peines lo que caiga de tu cabeza serán granos de oro ! La última le regaló una vara de virtud para que cuando necesitase algo diera tres veces sobre una piedra con ella y lo que pidiera se le concediera.

Cuando llegó de regreso a su casa su mamá la regañó y le pegó diciéndole que por qué se había tardado tanto y cuando ella empezó a llorar llovía un aguacero tieso y cuando le fué a contestar empezaron a salir diamantes y perlas. Después se fué a peinar y mientras se peinaba caían granos de oro sobre su falda y Carmen al ver tanto oro corrió a donde estaba la mamá a decírselo. Entonces la madre le dijo : — ¡ Granos de oro ! canángalas serán. Y Carmen le dijo : — ¡ Es verdad, mamá ! ¿ Quieres que te traigas unos pocos para que los veas ? Y cuando ella se los trajo se sorprendió y corrió hacia Rosa a preguntarle que quién le había dado esa gracia. Ella le contó, pero en vez de contarle lo mismo le contó lo contrario.

Entonces la madre que quería todo para su Carmen, mató otro puerco y la mandó lavar las tripas. Carmen dejó ir una tripita con el agua y se fué diciendo lo mismo que Rosa hasta que llegó a la misma casa e hizo todo lo que Rosa le había dicho y se escondió detrás de la puerta hasta que llegaron las amas de la casa, las cuales la encontraron y después de haberla maltratado le desearon que le saliera un mango de burro en la frente que cada día le creciera más y más largo, hasta que le arrastrara, que el pié le creciera igual y que cada vez que hablara fueran sapos y lculebras lo que saliera de su boca.

La muchacha se entristeció muchísimo y al llegar a su casa cuando su mamá la vió le preguntó qué le había pasado y al contárselo ella se le llenó la cara de sapos y culebras.

Y esto les pasa a las niñas que son egoístas y envidiosas y a las madres que quieren más a un hijo que a otro y todo lo quieren para él.

#### LA CENIZOSA

Una vez había un viudo que se llamaba Simplicio. Tenía una niñita llamada Rosa y cerca de la casa donde estos vivían, habitaba una viuda que también tenía una hija. La hija del viudo, era muy bonita y la de la viuda era fea. Simplicio había encargado a su hija que no fuera a

casa de la viuda Pepa, que así se llamaba la vecina. Don Simplicio todos los días se iba a trabajar de jando a Rosa haciendo el almuerzo, pero sucedió que un día se le apagó la candela y fué a casa de la vieja a buscar con que encenderla. La vieja en seguida la lavó y la peinó diciéndole que le dijera a su padre que se casara con ella. La muchachita se lo dijo a su papá y él se quedó espantado y dijo que cuando se le acabaran unos zapatos muy fuertes que compró, se casaría con la vieja, pero tenía que ser sin usarlos.

Como Rosita veía que la vieja era complaciente con ella, quiso que los zapatos se acabaran pronto y todos los días trataba de romperlos. Al fin los zapatos se acabaron y Simplicio se casó con la vieja.

Los primeros días, Pepa cuidaba muchísimo de Rosita, pero después acabó por maltratarla. La niña tenía una cabrita y ella la mató y después la mandó a lavar las tripas, pero una se le fué río abajo y la pobre niña no consiguió cogerla. Se fué río abajo hasta que llegó a una casita de encantadas. Rosita entró en la casita, la limpió y la arregló todo lo que pudo y después se escondió detrás de una puerta para ver lo que pasaba.

Cuando llegaron las encantadas y vieron el bien que les habían hecho, empezaron a preguntarse quién sería la que les hizo tanto bien. Ellas tenían un perrito que decía : — ¡ Jai, jai, detrás de la puerta está ! Y las mujeres le contestaban : — ¡ Ay, perrito embustero, si tú dijeras verdad ! Pero al fin la encontraron.

Las encantadas la colmaron de regalos y entre ellos le dieron una varita de virtud y le desearon que le saliera el sol y la luna en la cara, a fin de que se pusiera muy bonita.

Cuando la niña fué a su casa, la madrastra tenía ya coraje y la estaba esperando con un fute para darle, pero cuando la vió tan bonita le preguntó la causa y explicándole todo la niña, entonces la vieja mandó matar una vaca y mandó a Juana, su hija a lavar las tripas, pero le pasó todo lo contrario que a Rosita porque ésta en vez de hacer bien hizo mal rompiéndolo y ensuciándolo todo, y cuando vinieron las encantadas la consumieron a maldiciones. Una de ellas le deseó que le saliera un chifle en la frente, que mientras más le cortaran más le creciera.

Cuando Juana llegó a su casa, la madre ya estaba deshecha porque llegara y verla tan bonita como Rosita, pero al verla tan fea, por poco queda loca del susto.

En la vecindad vivía un rey que tenía un hijo. El príncipe quería casarse e hizo una fiesta a fin de que fueran todas las jóvenes para elegir él una. La vieja Pepa se fué con su hija a la fiesta, pero antes de irse derramó un quintal de mostaza y otro de semilla de tabaco para que lo juntara, y mató una res para que le preparara comida que no estuviera ni fría, ni caliente y que para cuando ellas llegaran todo este trabajo tenía que tenerlo hecho Rosita, escoger y recoger las semillas separadas cada clase.

Como Rosita tenía la varita de virtud, consiguió hacerlo todo y después le dijo a la misma varita : — Varita de virtud, por la virtud que tú tienes y la que Dios te ha dado, quiero que me traigas el mejor vestido del mundo y un caballo que corra como el viento. En seguida se le apareció un vestido color de cielo, y un caballo tal como ella lo había pedido.

Rosita montó a caballo y emprendió el viaje. En muy poco tiempo llegó al lugar de la fiesta que ya estaba muy bonita y cuando Rosita entró, se alegró más. Al entrar Rosita, Juana dijo a su mamá : — ¡ Mira mamá, ésa es Rosa ! Y su madre le contestó : — ¡ Qué va a ser, muchacha ! Si con el trabajo que yo le dejé es imposible que pueda venir, a menos que deje el trabajo y si cuando yo llegue ha sucedido esto, hoy le rompo los huesos, que si no la pegué cuando las tripas ahora me la paga.

Como las encantadas le echaron tantas maldiciones a Juana, esta cada vez que escupía dejaba un olor muy malo y ya las iban a echar de la fiesta. Como Rosita era tan bonita el príncipe se enamoró de ella y no la dejaba ni un momento sola, pero cuando ella vió que la fiesta se iba a terminar, le rogó al príncipe que le diera una copa de agua y él para complacerla fué a buscársela, y en esto ella se fué.

Por tres veces se hizo la fiesta y a todas fué Rosita, pero en la última vez que fué se le cayó un zapatito. Entonces el príncipe mandó a un número de gente a buscar a la que le viniera el zapatito, pero a nadie le servía.

Por fin fueron a casa de la vieja Pepa y ésta escondió a Rosita en la cocina y salió con su Juanita. Trataron de ponerle el zapato y no le sirvió y la vieja empezó a cortarle pedazos, pero nunca le sirvió. La Cenizosa estaba en la cocina y la gente la veía por las hendiduras y oía una voz que decía : — Quizás sí, quizás no, quizás si sería yo.

La vieja la mandó callar y la gente le preguntó a quién mandaba callar. Entonces ella contestó que a nadie, pero al fin hicieron salir a la Cenizosa, le midieron el zapato y le sirvió. Entonces la llevaron a donde estaba el príncipe y se casó con él y Juana se quedó con sus pies enfermos.

#### LA CENIZOSA

Había una madre que tenía dos hijas. La mayor se llamaba Rosita y la otra Cenizosa. La madre quería más a Rosita. Un día la madre mató un cerdo y le dió las tripitas a la Cenizosa para que fuera al río a lavarlas. Ella se fué y cuando las estaba lavando se le fué una por el río. Entonces la Cenizosa se fué gritando : — Río arriba, río abajo, dame mi tripita.

Siguió caminando hasta que llegó a una casita donde vivían tres brujas. Las brujas tenían un nene y un perro. Ella entró, cogió al nene y al perro y los bañó, limpió los muebles y lo arregló todo ; después se escondió detrás de una puerta. Cuando vinieron las brujas que encon-

traron la casita limpia preguntaron quién sería el que arregló la casita y bañó al nene y al perro. El perro empezó a ladrar diciendo : — ¡ Jan, jau, jau, detrás de la puerta está !

Las brujas buscaron hasta que encontraron a la Cenizosa. Ellas le preguntaron si ella había sido la que limpió la casa y les dijo que sí. Una bruja le dió la varita de virtud ; otra le dijo que cuando hablara cayeran al suelo diamantes y perlas y que cayera un aguacero tieso. La otra le dijo que cuando se peinara cayeran diamantes en el suelo, y le dieron la tripita.

La muchacha se fué para su casa y cuando la madre le preguntó por qué se había tardado tanto, ella le contó que se le había ido una tripita por el río abajo. Cuando hablaba cayeron perlas y diamantes en el suelo. Después ella se fué a peinar y la hermana Rosita se le fué detrás. Cuando se estaba peinando cayeron diamantes y Rosita fué corriendo a donde estaba la madre y le dijo : — ¡ Mamá, Cenizosa se está peinando y tiene la falda llena de diamantes ! La madre le contestó : — ¡ Diamantes ! ...Canánganas serán. Y la hija le dijo : — ¡ Ven mamá para que los veas ! Y ella se fué y vió que era cierto lo que le decía Rosita.

La Cenizosa le contó que se le había ido una tripita y se había ido ella por el río abajo, encontró una casita donde vivían tres brujas y que ella les había pegado a un nene y a un perro que tenían ; les había roto todos, los platos y todo lo que tenían en la casa y después se había escondido detrás de una puerta. Cuando vinieron las brujas, el perrito les dijo donde estaba ella y le dieron todos esos regalos. Entonces la madre mató otro puerco y le dió las tripitas a Rosita. Ella se fué y dejó ir una. Cuando se le fué por el río ella se fué siguiéndola hasta que encontró la casita e hizo lo que le dijo Cenizosa. Les pegó al nene y al perro y rompió todo lo que había en la casita y se escondió detrás de la puerta. Cuando vinieron las brujas preguntaron : — ¿ Quien sería el que me rompió esto ? El perro le dijo que estaba detrás de la puerta. Ellas buscaron hasta que la encontraron. Una le dijo que cuando hablara le salieran serpientes y sapos ; la otra le dijo que cuando anduviera se le pusiera el pie más largo y la otra que le saliera un chifle en la frente.

La muchacha se fué para su casa y la madre le preguntó qué le había pasado. Cuando ella le fué a contar lo que le había pasado empezaron a salir sapos y serpientes. La madre le dijo que no hablara más, porque le iba a llenar la casa de animales.

Ellas iban todos los días a misa. Un domingo se fueron a misa y llegó una princesa vestida de oro en un coche muy bonito y con un libro de misa. Todas las personas se le quedaron mirando. Antes de acabarse la misa Cenizosa se montó en el coche y se vino para su casa. Cuando su madre y su hermana llegaron le contaron que habían visto una princesa muy hermosa y ella les dijo : — ¡ Quizás sí, quizás no, quizás si sería yo ! La niña Rosita dijo : — Escucha mamá lo que dice ésa : Quizás sí, quizás no, quizás si sería yo.

El otro domingo fué igual y la Cenizosa fué más bonita, pero cuando ella vino a darse cuenta, ya era tarde, corrió y se montó en el coche, pero cuando se fué a montar se le cayó un zapato y el príncipe que estaba enamorado de ella, lo cogió y se fué por todas las casas hasta que encontró la casa de la Cenizosa.

Cuando llegó allá se lo midió a Rosita, pero no le sirvió porque tenía el pié grandísimo. El hombre le dijo: — Mídaselo a la otra. La madre le dijo que no, porque tenía los piés sucios. El le dijo: — ¡ Mídaselos ! Ella vino después de lavarse los piés y se puso el zapato. Cuando se lo puso le entró en seguida y el príncipe se casó con ella y vivieron felices.

## 2. BLANCA NIEVES

### BLANCA NIEVES

Había un matrimonio que nunca había tenido familia. Un día estando la esposa lavándose las manos se cortó una mano y cayendo algunas gotas de sangre sobre la nieve formó un color muy bonito y ella se dijo a sí misma que desearía tener una hijita de aquel color para ponerle Blanca Nieves. Al poco tiempo dió a luz una niña y la pusieron Blanca Nieves.

Había en otra provincia una señora muy bonita llamada Sol y Luna y le preguntó a un espejo que estaba colgado en la pared: — Espejito mío, habrá otra mujer más linda que yo ? Y el espejo le contestó: — ¡ Más bonita que tú no la había, pero ha nacido una llamada Blanca Nieves, que es más bonita !

Entonces alquiló a un peón para que le llevara el corazón y los ojos de Blanca Nieves en un cofre, y a la sazón cuando venía ese peón la encontró en el jardín entretenida cogiendo flores y se la llevó a la montaña y ella tenía una perrita que se fué con ella y al llegar a la montaña no pudo sacarle los ojos a la niña de lástima que le dió. Entonces mató a la perrita y le sacó los ojos y el corazón y se los llevó a Sol y Luna en el cofre.

Entonces Blanca Nieves se fué a la montaña, caminó hasta que llegó a una casa donde habitaban siete enanos, entró a ella y halló siete platicos de comida y siete pocillos de champán y de todos probó. Después se fué por la casa encontró siete cuartos y siete camas; en la última se acostó y se durmió y cuando los enanos vinieron dijeron: — Han probado mi comida. Y se fueron a buscar quien había sido y encontraron a la niña dormida. La despertaron y le preguntaron qué le pasaba. Ella les dijo que un hombre se la había traído a una montaña porque Sol y Luna la había mandado a buscar para matarla ordenando que le llevaran los ojos y el corazón y el peón teniendo lástima de ella le sacó los ojos a una perrita y el corazón llevándoselos a la mujer y dejando

libre a Blanca Nieves. Entonces los enanos le dijeron que ellos no tenían mujer, que se quedara y que la considerarían como hermana, pero que no le abriera la puerta a nadie hasta que ellos vinieran.

Por aquel tiempo la mujer Sol y Luna le preguntó al espejo: — *Espejito mío, habrá otra mujer más bonita que yo?* — y el espejo le contestaba: — ¡Tú eres bonita, pero Blanca Nieves es más bonita que tú y todavía existe esa niña, y vive en la montaña en la casa de los siete enanos!

Sol y Luna alquiló a una vieja bruja para que matara a Blanca Nieves y que le daría una moneda grande. La vieja dijo que sí y se puso a preparar unas sortijas. Se fué disfrazada en vieja quincallera y fué a la casa de los enanos, dijo que le abrieran la puerta y Blanca Nieves le dijo que los enanos le habían dicho que no le abriera las puertas a nadie, porque a ella la habían mandado matar, que no volviera a pasar y que eso mismo hiciera con todo el mundo.

Pero la vieja como bruja al fin, le dijo que ella no lo hacía, que eso era con la gente que no tenía conciencia, y tanto le instó que le abrió la puerta y en seguida la hizo ponerse un aro en el dedo chiquito y en seguida murió. La cogió y la acostó en la cama y se fué en seguida.

Cuando los enanos vinieron y la encontraron muerta le buscaron en las manos y le encontraron el aro; se lo quitaron y revivió. Le preguntaron qué le había pasado y ella les dijo que una vieja bruja le había puesto un aro y se había muerto. Entonces le dijeron los enanos que no le volviera a abrir la puerta a nadie, pero por ese tiempo volvió Sol y Luna al espejo diciéndole que si había otra mujer más bonita que ella, y el espejo le contestó: — ¡Sí la hay, Blanca Nieves! — ¿Y todavía ella existe? — ¡Sí! — ¡Yo la he mandado matar! Y dijo el espejo: — ¡Sí la mataron, pero los enanos la revivieron!

Sol y Luna volvió a alquilar a la vieja bruja para que matara a Blanca Nieves. Esta preparó unos corseletes, pero hizo uno especial para ella; vino a la puerta y le dijo: — Blanca Nieves, ábreme la puerta, que traigo corseletes de diferentes clases. Y tanto le instó que ella le abrió la puerta y la vieja se puso a medirle el corselete; cuando se lo puso cayó muerta y la llevó a la cama, la vistió y cuando vinieron los enanos no encontraron almuerzo y dijeron: — ¡Con seguridad que la han matado! Fueron a buscarla y la hallaron muerta y se pusieron a buscar para ver si le encontraban lo que era y ya por la tarde le encontraron el corselete, se lo quitaron y quedó viva, les contó lo que pasaba y ellos le dijeron que por que no hacía lo que le decían.

En ese tiempo Sol y Luna le dijo al espejo: — *Espejito mío, ¿habrá otra más bonita que yo?* Y él le contestó: — ¡Sí la hay, Blanca Nieves es más bonita! — ¡Pero si yo la he mandado matar muchas veces y aun no la han matado! Y le contestó el espejo: — ¡Los siete enanos la reviven! Entonces Sol y Luna le dijo a la vieja bruja que si la mataba le daba doble cantidad de la que le había dado primero.

En seguida se fué la vieja y preparó unas manzanas, hizo una con veneno y cuando llegó a la casa donde ella estaba le dijo : — Blanca Nieves, ábreme la puerta. Y ella le dijo : — No te la abro, porque ha venido una vieja que me ha matado y ya no me fío porque mis hermanos me han dicho que no le abra la puerta a nadie. Y ella dijo : — ¡ No ! Eso lo hace una que no te quiera, pero yo desde que te oí nombrar me has gustado. Y tanto le dijo que al fin le abrió la puerta.

La vieja le dió la manzana, ella la probó y cayó muerta. La vieja abrió las puertas y la acostó en la cama ; se fué en seguida y cuando los enanos vinieron y vieron la mesa sin almuerzo dijeron : — ¡ Es muerta Blanca Nieves ! Y fueron al cuarto de ella y la encontraron muerta ; le buscaron y no le encontraron nada y muy tristes mandaron a hacer una vidriera, la pusieron en ella y cuando se fueron a cazar dos la velaban y los otros se iban por la montaña.

Un día salió un príncipe de otra provincia donde estaba esa niña en la vidriera y les preguntó qué imagen era aquella que tenían allí. Ellos le contaron lo que les había pasado con ella desde el principio hasta el fin y después el príncipe les dijo : — ¡ Yo me llevo esa imagen a mi palacio ! Y ellos le dijeron que no podía ser, porque era su entretenimiento y no sabrían qué hacer si se la daban. Entonces él les dijo que se la llevaba y que se fueran ellos también, que serían bien recibidos.

Así lo hicieron, se la llevó y ellos se fueron también y cuando la llevaban, en el camino según iba moviéndose se le salió un pedacito de manzana que había comido y el príncipe la vió y le sacó el otro pedacito de manzana, en seguida se movió y abrió los ojos, pero como hacía tantos días que no comía le dió un accidente y a fuerza de darle vino y bebidas sustanciosas la revivieron. Llegaron al palacio y el príncipe mandó buscar al cura ; siguieron nueve días de fiestas reales, al cumplirse se casaron y los siete enanos se quedaron acompañando al príncipe y a Blanca Nieves, siendo considerados como si fueran hermanitos suyos y sin olvidarse nunca los unos a los otros.

#### BLANCA NIEVES

Era una niña que era princesa ; tenía padre y madre. Su madre murió y ella quedó huérfana. El padre de ésta se casó con otra señora. Esta niña era muy bonita y su madrastra era bruja. Además esta madrastra le tenía envidia a Blanca Nieve, porque era más bonita que ella.

Sucedió que como la madrastra era envidiosa mandó a buscar a un hombre para que se llevase a Blanca Nieve a un monte y le sacase los ojos. El hombre se la llevó al monte para sacarle los ojos y se llevó una perrita consigo. Blanca Nieve tenía los ojos azules y la perrita también. Entonces el hombre dijo que era muy linda para sacarle los ojos y

cogió a la perrita y le sacó los ojos ; se los llevó a la madrastra que al verlos se puso muy alegre.

Ella tenía un espejito mágico. Al cabo de los seis meses consultó con el espejito mágico y le dijo : — De Blanca Nieve y yo ¿ cuál es más bonita ? Y el espejo le dijo : — Tú eres bella y todo lo que se quiera, pero como Blanca Nieve no hay caspa que se sujete. Y entonces ella dijo que en dónde vivía Blanca Nieve, que si ella existía. El espejito dijo que existía y que vivía en el monte de vidrio con siete enanitos que vivían solos.

El día en que el criado la dejó en el monte ella se fué caminando hasta que encontró la casita de estos enanos y como ellos vivían solos y su oficio era el de labradores, pues la niña en seguida que entró se puso a hacer los oficios de la casa. Cuando los enanos vinieron a almorzar encontráronla allí y entonces ella les relató la historia y le dijeron ellos que se quedara allí para que les hiciese los oficios y que ellos la tendrían como a una hermana.

La madrastra en seguida que supo donde estaba ella, se disfrazó de quincallera y pasó por allí diciendo : — ¡ Llevo la buena sortija ! Y entonces como ella estaba sola, se asomó a la ventana y la madrastra le dijo que si le quería comprar una sortija y ella le dijo que no tenía dinero. Entonces la madrastra le dijo que se pusiera una sortija de aquellas y cuando se la puso cayó al suelo desmayada. Aquella sortija estaba envenenada. En seguida que la madrastra la vió caer al suelo dijo : — ¡ Eso era lo que yo quería : vengarme ! Y echó a correr.

Al poco rato vinieron los enanos y la encontraron tirada en el suelo y en seguida la registraron y le quitaron la sortija y en seguida volvió en sí. Ella les contó todo y ellos le dijeron que no abriese la puerta y ella obedeció ; pero al poco tiempo se le olvidó,

Un día la madrastra consultó con el espejito mágico y le hizo la misma pregunta. El le dijo que Blanca Nieves era la más bonita. Ella se vistió de vendedora de corsés y pasó por allí. Ella le dijo que si le quería comprar un corsé y ella le dijo que no tenía dinero, y le dijo que si quería que le pusiera uno. Entonces la madrastra se lo apretó bien y la iba a asfixiar. Al poco rato vinieron los enanos, le buscaron y le quitaron el corsé.

Otro día la madrastra supo por medio del espejito que ella existía y fué al laboratorio y envenenó una mitad de una manzana y se vistió de aldeana.

#### BLANCA NIEVES

Había una vez un matrimonio que tenía una hija, la cual era tan linda y tan blanca que le pusieron sus padres Blanca Nieves. A los pocos años quedó huérfana de madre. Por la vecindad había una joven que les tenía envidia a las joyas personales de Blanca Nieves y decidió casarse



con el padre de ella haciéndole brillantes proposiciones a la niña, quien halagada por ellas se lo hizo saber a su padre. Como éste pensaba casarse aceptó las proposiciones que le hacía su hija y a los pocos meses se casó con la joven vecina.

A los dos o tres meses de casados tuvo él que hacer un viaje y les preguntó qué deseaban les trajese. La esposa pidió un espejito mágico y la hija le pidió un corte de traje de los más lindos que él encontrara.

Mientras él estaba en su viaje la madrastra trataba muy mal a la niña y hasta la ponía a comer amarrada por una pierna junto con los gatos y perros. Un día le pegó tan fuerte que le hizo un gran cardenal en la cara. Cuando más desesperada estaba la niña llegó su padre del viaje y así fué como pudo descansar un poco del mal trato que su madrastra le daba. Rosa, que así se llamaba la esposa del padre de Blanca Nieves, sacó en seguida el espejo mágico y mirándose en él le preguntó : — ¿ Quién es más bonita, Blanca Nieves o yo ? Y el espejo le contestó : — Tú eres bonita, pero Blanca Nieves te gana. Con tal respuesta se indignó la mujer y cuando su esposo salió mandó a los criados que cogieran a la niña y se la llevaran al monte, la mataran y le llevaran los ojos. Obedecieron ellos el mandato, pero fué tanta la pena que les dió que no la mataron sino que la dejaron en casa de unos enanos encantados que vivían en el bosque. Luego cogieron un perrito, le sacaron los ojos y se los llevaron quedando la cruel Rosa muy satisfecha.

Al cabo de muchos días volvió a consultar el espejo, quedando más indignada, pues la respuesta fué, que en verdad ella era bonita, pero Blanca Nieves, la que estaba en casa de los enanos lo era más. Entonces se vistió como una mujer cualquiera y salió vendiendo unas manzanas habiendo partido una por la mitad para envenenarla. Se fué vendiendo sus manzanas, pero como a Blanca Nieves le habían dicho que no bajase a comprar nada, no quiso bajar al principio, pero inducida por la mujer y por el olor de las manzanas decidió bajar y ella le dió de la manzana que tenía veneno. No bien hubo probado el primer bocado, quedó envenenada. Cuando regresaron los enanos la encontraron muerta, la cogieron y se la llevaron a un médico, quien le extrajo un pedazo de manzana que tenía en la garganta y quedó viva otra vez.

Uno de ellos estaba loco enamorado de ella y a los pocos días se casó con ella haciéndola feliz por el resto de su vida y no dando la madrastra con ella ni encontrando medios de poderla matar.

#### BLANCA NIEVES

Había unos reyes que tenían una hija que era muy bonita, y era blanca como la nieve. Cuando la niña tenía un año de edad, murió la madre. El rey, como es natural, se casó otra vez con una reina que se creía ser la más elegante y seductora del mundo. A medida que la niña

iba creciendo se iba poniendo más bella y su madrastra le cogió mucha envidia.

La reina tenía un espejo mágico el cual le decía cuando le preguntaba si ella era la más bella. Un día cogió el espejo, se fué a un cuarto y le preguntó que si había en el mundo alguna mujer que fuera tan guapa como ella y el espejo le contestó lo siguiente : — Sí, tú eres bella ; pero Blanca — que así se llamaba su hijastra, — es dos mil veces más bella que tú. La reina se encolerizó tanto con esta respuesta que mandó llamar a uno de sus criados para que llevase a Blanca Nieves al monte y la matara.

Este hombre tenía que obedecer a su superiora y obedeciendo su mandato cogió a la pobre niña por el brazo y la llevó al monte para matarla. Cuando ya el criado iba a coger su puñal para atravesar el pobre corazón de la inocente, se arrepintió de tal manera que no pudo hacerle nada, y le dijo a la niña lo siguiente : — Mira, Blanca Nieves, yo no te voy a hacer lo que me han mandado, pero tienes que irte del hogar y no volver a él jamás y yo para poder complacer a la reina mataré un ciervo y le llevaré el corazón, para que así ella crea que es el tuyo y quede tranquila. Así lo hizo el criado y cuando llegó a la casa donde estaba la reina, ésta lo recibió con el mayor regocijo creyendo que Blanca Nieves estaría ya en el otro mundo. El criado le presentó el corazón que había sacado al ciervo. La reina que creía que sería el de la niña se lo comió frito con el mayor gusto.

La pobre niña quedó sola en el espeso bosque, por algunos días hasta que por fin llegó a una casita muy bien arregladita y limpia, pero no había ninguna persona en ella. Los dueños de esta casita eran siete enanos, los cuales estaban trabajando en unas minas. La niña que no tenía amparo ninguno, entró en la casita y empezó a recorrerla y llegando al comedor se encontró la mesa puesta. La niña que estaba hambrienta y rendida de cansancio, se sentó a la mesa y tomó de cada plato un bocadito hasta que se satisfizo. Luego pasó al dormitorio donde se encontró siete camitas ; las probó todas para ver cual sería la más cómoda y encontró que la séptima era la más cómoda, se acostó en ella y se quedó profundamente dormida.

Cuando llegaron los enanos notaron que alguien había entrado a su casa. Fueron a la habitación y viendo a la pobre niña dormida con un sueño tan inocente, le tuvieron lástima y la adoptaron como hija.

#### BLANCA FLOR

Había una vez un rey casado con una reina que tenía una hija que se llamaba Blanca Flor. La reina quería ser más bonita que Blanca Flor, pero no lo era aunque Blanca Flor, sucia y mal vestida, era más bonita que la reina.

Un día la reina se vistió con un traje muy bonito, compró un espejo mágico y le preguntó : — Espejito mío, ¿ quién es más bonita de Blanca Flor y yo ? Y el espejo le contestó : — ¡ Blanca Flor ! Entonces ella cogió el espejo y lo rompió. En seguida mandó a buscar un criado y le dijo : — Irá usted a lo más espeso del bosque y matará a esta niña trayéndome el corazón y los ojos de ella.

El criado se llevó a la niña al bosque, pero la niña tenía una perrita que se fué en su seguimiento y al llegar al bosque al criado le dió pena matar a la niña y le dijo que si quería que mataría a la perrita. Ella le dijo que sí. Entonces él mató a la perrita, le sacó el corazón y los ojos y se los llevó a la reina y Blanca Flor se fué por el bosque y llegó a la casa de unos enanos. Ella hizo comida, puso la mesa y les limpió la casa y después se metió debajo de la mesa. Cuando llegaron los enanos se preguntaron unos a otros diciendo : — ¿ Quién sería el que me hizo este favor ? Entonces salió ella de debajo de la mesa y les dijo que había sido ella. Entonces ellos le dijeron : — Tú te quedarás aquí como hermana de nosotros.

Al otro día se fueron los enanos a trabajar y le dijeron que no le abriera la puerta a nadie. La niña así lo prometió.

Mientras tanto la reina compró otro espejo y le preguntó que quién era la más bonita de ella y Blanca Flor, y el espejo le contestó : — ¡ Blanca Flor ! La reina dijo : — ¿ Blanca Flor existe ? Y el espejo le dijo : — ¡ Sí ! Entonces ella rompió el espejo, se disfrazó de mercadera y se fué a la casa de los enanos a vender prendedores. Cuando llegó estaba Blanca Flor en la puerta y le dijo : — ¿ Quién compra un bonito prendedor ? La niña le dijo que ella no, porque sus hermanos le habían dicho que no abriera la puerta a nadie. Entonces ella le dijo que era muy bonito, que lo viniera a ver. Blanca Flor bajó y la reina al ponérselo en el pecho se lo enterró y la niña cayó muerta.

Entonces la reina se fué y cuando vinieron los enanos la encontraron muerta y comenzaron a llorar ; la registraron y le encontraron el prendedor ; se lo sacaron y quedó viva otra vez la niña. Ellos le dijeron : — Hermanita, nosotros te hemos dicho que no le abras la puerta a nadie.

Cuando la reina llegó a su casa, se vistió otra vez, compró otro espejo y le preguntó : — Espejito mío, ¿ quién es más bonita de Blanca Flor y yo ? Y el espejo le contestó : — ¡ Blanca Flor ! Y la reina dijo : — ¿ Y Blanca Flor existe todavía ? y el espejo le dijo : — ¡ Sí, todavía !

A los pocos días se vistió otra vez de mercadera y se fué a vender peinetas ; cuando llegó a la casa le dijo a Blanca Flor que si quería comprar una peineta muy bonita para el pelo, y ella le dijo que sus hermanos le habían dicho que no le abriera la puerta a nadie. Entonces ella le dijo : — Es una peineta muy buena para el pelo, mídasela. Al ponérsela se la clavó en la cabeza y cayó muerta.

Cuando llegaron los enanos la encontraron muerta y empezaron a llorar, le buscaron y le encontraron la peineta ; se la sacaron y le dijeron :

— Nosotros ya te habíamos dicho que no le abrieras la puerta a nadie.

Cuando la reina llegó a su casa se vistió, compró otro espejo y le preguntó : — ¿ Cual es más bonita de Blanca Flor y yo ? Y el espejo le contestó : — ¡ Blanca Flor ! — ¿ Y todavía Blanca Flor existe ? — ¡ Todavía ! Entonces la reina rompió el espejo, se vistió otra vez de mercadera y se fué a vender manzanas y entre ellas iba una envenenada. Cuando llegó a la casa gritó : — ¿ Quién compra manzanas ? Están muy dulces. Blanca Flor se asomó a la ventana y le dijo : — No, porque mis hermanos me han dicho que no le abra la puerta a nadie. Y la reina le dijo : — ¡ Mire, son muy dulces ! Y probó una de las que no estaban envenenadas. Entonces Blanca Flor compró una y le vendió la que estaba envenenada y al probarla, el primer bocado se le quedó en la garganta, se ahogó y cayó muerta. Cuando llegaron los enanos la encontraron muerta y empezaron a llorar, la registraron y no le encontraron nada. Entonces la reina en su casa le preguntó a otro espejo que cual era más bonita de ella y Blanca Flor y el espejo no le contestó nada. Entonces la reina se quedó contenta creyéndose la más bonita de la tierra. Los enanos pusieron a Blanca Flor en una caja y al colocarla sobre la mesa tropezaron y ella devolvió el bocado de manzana y quedó viva.

Entonces el enano mayor le escribió al rey que si le daba a su hija para casarse con ella, porque su esposa había tratado muchas veces de matarla. El rey le concedió su permiso y además le regaló un palacio, el enano se casó y se fueron a vivir a él.

Entonces el rey les preguntó a los enanos qué harían con la reina que era tan mala. Los enanos le contestaron que la mandara matar. Así lo hizo el rey, quedando los enanos contentos y felices viviendo todos al lado de Blanca Flor.

#### LA MADRE ENVIDIOSA

Había una madre muy bella ; tenía una hija que era mucho más bella que ella. Estaban ellas en su casa un día cuando llegó una limosneta y dijo : — Dios sea aquí en esta casa. La madre le dió limosna y cuando se fué a ir le preguntó : — ¿ Ha visto Vd. una cara más bonita que la mía ? Y ella contestó : — Vd. es muy bella, pero hay otra más bella que Ud. — Entonces la madre le preguntó : — ¿ Quién es la persona que tiene la cara más bonita que la mía ? Y la pordiosera dijo : — Su hija.

La madre le dió las gracias. Desde ese momento estaba ella con mucha envidia y no queriendo que hubiera otra cara más bonita que la de ella. Al otro día resolvió mandar matar a su hija. Ella le dijo a un peón de los de más confianza : — Esta tarde vas a llevar a mi hija para que la mates y me traigas los ojos como prueba. El peón con mucha pena se fué y al pasar por un monte se encontró con un perro y se lo llevó ; le sacó los ojos y se los trajo a la madre. La madre se puso muy contenta. La niña encontrándose sola en el bosque hizo lo posible por encontrar una casa.

Al siguiente día se encontró con una casa en donde no había nadie ; hizo todo el bien que pudo preparando un buen almuerzo. La casa era de los bandidos. Cuando llegaron los bandidos ella se ocultó detras de una puerta. En la casa había un perro y cuando decían los bandidos : — ¿ Quien sería la que nos hizo todo este bien ? — el perro empezaba a ladrar al lado de la puerta como queriendo decir que allí estaba la niña. A uno de los bandidos le llamó la atención y fué a ver lo que era cuando se encontró con la niña. Ellos le preguntaron que si ella había sido la que les había hecho todo aquel bien. Ella les contestó que sí Ellos resolvieron dejarla en su casa como una hija.

Un día cuando todos los bandidos estaban fuera, llegó una limosnera y le pidió limosna. Al otro día la misma limosnera fué a casa de la madre. La madre le preguntó : — ¿ Ha visto Vd. una cara más bonita que la mía ? Y la limosnera le contestó : — Sí señora he visto otra. La madre dijo que le dijera cómo era la que había visto. La limosnera le dijo todo y ella conoció que era su hija.

A poco rato le dijo : — Yo le pago muy bien si Vd. pudiera matarla. La limosnera le dijo que sí. Al otro día fué a donde estaba la niña y le suplicó que la dejase subir y estar un rato con ella. A tantas súplicas la dejó subir.

Cuando estaba la niña entretenida le enterró un alfiler por la cabeza y quedó como muerta. La vieja se fué en seguida a decírselo a la madre. Cuando vinieron los bandidos les dió mucha pena de verla muerta y no encontraban qué hacer con ella.

Uno de ellos le pasó la mano por la cabeza y le encontró el alfiler ; se lo sacó de la cabeza y volvió a quedar como antes.

La niña le contó todo lo ocurrido y los bandidos para desquitarse mataron a la limosnera.

#### SOLIMA

Ésta era una vez que había un rey que tenía una hija llamada Solima. Cerca de ellos vivía una mujer vieja y esta aconsejaba a Solima que le dijera al rey que se casara con ella.

Solima venía con su papá y le decía : — Papá, cásese con esa vieja y así ella me dará sopita de miel. El rey le dijo : — Hoy son de miel pero mañana serán de hiel.

Tanto estuvo la hija aconsejando al padre hasta que por fin se casó con la vieja. Ellos se fueron a vivir al palacio, pero al cabo de tres meses la vieja le cogió odio a Solima. Un día la vieja le dijo al rey : — Tienes que sacar a tu hija del palacio o si no me voy yo. El rey le dijo : — ¿ Es decir que mi hija Solima te estorba ? Entonces llamó a dos criados y les mandó hacer un castillo fuera de su casa.

Esta vieja tenía un espejito y un día le preguntó : — Espejito mío,

¿ Quién hay más bonita que yo ? — Solima. — ¿ Qué remedio me das para matar a Solima ? — Pues bien, ve a donde están las hechiceras. La vieja fué y se valió de un hechizo para dárselo a la muchacha.

Un día convidó al rey para ir a ver a su hija y al llegar a palacio, ella se puso muy contenta viendo a su papá y a su madrastra. Cuando la vieja llegó donde estaba la niña le dió una botellita de licor y le dijo : — Tómate que esto es muy bueno. Ella le dijo que no tomaba ninguna clase de licor. Después por complacerla se lo tomó y al momento se retiraron su papá y la vieja. Al salir de la casa la vieja le dijo al rey : — ¿ No ha visto usted lo que he visto yo en su hija ? — ¿ Pues qué has visto ? — Nada. ¿ No ha reparado usted en que su hija está enferma ? — Aunque esté así, déjela.

La vieja se peinó y le preguntó al espejito : — ¿ Quién hay más bonita que yo ? — Pués Solima. — ¿ Y qué me das tú para poder matar a esta niña ? — Dile al rey que si no mata a su hija, te matas tú. Ella fué a ver al rey y le dijo : — Si no mata usted a su hija me mato yo. El rey llamó a dos criados y les dijo : — Vayan ustedes a coger a mi hija y la llevan a donde no canten ni palomas. Tomen este papelito y en él me traen los ojos y el corazón.

Los criados llevaban una perrita y cuando llegaron, Solima se puso muy contenta. Entonces ellos le dijeron : — ¡ Ay, mamita Solima, si usted supiera a lo que venimos nosotros, no estaría tan contenta ! — ¿ Qué mal puede desear mi padre para mí ? — Pués él nos manda a que la cojamos y la llevemos a donde no cantan ni palomas, y le llevemos el corazón y los ojos. — Si mí padre lo ha ordenado, así que se haga.

Entonces la cogieron y la llevaron a una parte muy triste que parecía un subterráneo. La perrita estaba con ella. Los criados dijeron : — Vamos matando a la perrita y dejemos a mamita Solima que busque el nombre de Dios por el monte y entonces le llevaremos los ojos y el corazón de la perrita al rey. Ella se quedó llorando y se fué para la montaña donde encontró una veredita y siguió por ella hasta que llegó donde estaba un viejecito quien le dijo : — Hija, ¿ Para dónde vas ? — Mí padre ordenó que me mataran y que le llevaran el corazón y los ojos míos. Los criados han matado una perrita y me han dejado. — Pués hija mía, sigue esa veredita que llevas y encontrarás tres pocitos de agua. En el primero te bajas, en el segundo te pondrás buena y en el tercero tomas un trago de agua. Luego sigues por la vereda y encontrarás la casa de tres encantados.

Se fué como el viejecito le había dicho y cuando llegó a la casa de los encantados, se puso a barrer, recogió todo lo que estaba mal puesto allí y se fué a uno de los cuartos. Llegaron los tres encantados y dijo el mayor : — ¡ Ay, hermanos, qué bonita está la casa ! ¿ Quién nos habrá hecho este favor ? Si es mujer, me caso con ella, y si es hombre es el mejor amigo que tengo.

El segundo hermano dijo : — Si es mujer me caso con ella y si es hombre, es el mejor amigo que tengo.

Pero el hermano pequeño dijo : — Si es mujer, todos la consideraremos y la querremos mucho y si es hombre, será el mejor amigo de los tres.

Solima pasó una vida muy feliz pisando sobre el oro y la plata en aquella casa.

La vieja creía que Solima no existía y volvió y cogió el espejito para peinarse y le dijo : — Espejito mío, ¿ Quién hay más bonita que yo ? — Solima, dijo el espejo. — Pero ¿ No han matado a Solima ? — Solima está hoy mejor que tú, viviendo felizmente y pisando sobre el oro y la plata. — ¿ Y qué remedio me das tú para matarla ? — Pues válete de una vieja bruja que te hechice un vestido y se lo llevas.

Al amanecer la vieja salió para la casa de Solima, pero cuando llegó, Solima no se había levantado aún. Enseguida la hizo ponerse el vestido que llevaba y cuando se lo puso cayó muerta. A las doce vinieron los encantados y el más pequeño dijo : — ¿ Dónde estará esa mujer ? Entonces se asomó al cuarto y dijo : — ¡ Ay, Dios bendito, si está muerta ! Los dos hermanos mayores dijeron : — Vamos a cogerla y la echamos en un vallado. El más pequeño dijo : — Es una lástima que una cara tan bonita como esa se la coma la tierra. Nosotros somos pudientes para hacer un castillo y echarla al mar.

Por ahí andaba un pescador que hacía días estaba pescando, vió venir el castillo por el mar, detuvo su bajel y cogiendo el castillo se lo llevó. Llegó a su casa y se encerró en un cuarto. El era un joven sin más familia que la madre. Ya eran las doce, hora de almorzar. La madre lo llamó, y como no contestó, se puso con coraje y le dijo : — Juan, si no me abres la puerta, te echaré una maldición que te hundas. Entonces él abrió y ella le dijo : — Vamos a ver en qué era que estabas entretenido. Vamos a ver lo que tiene ese castillo.

Enseguida lo abrieron y dentro estaba la niña que parecía una flor. La madre dijo : — Vamos a quitarle el vestido. Según la iban despojando de la ropa ella se iba sentando hasta que por fin quedó como antes. Entonces ella dijo : — ¿ Quien me ha traído aquí ? — Yo mismo, respondió el joven. — En recompensa de este favor que me has hecho te brindo mi corazón y mi mano. Ahora me va a hacer una carta al rey de San Tomás diciéndole que su hija Solima está viva y que el gusto que le había dado a su señora, quiero que me lo dé también, y lo único que quiero es que le corten la cabeza a la vieja, en recompensa de todos mis sufrimientos.

El rey recibió la carta, cogió un machete, le cortó la cabeza a la vieja y se la mandó a Solima.

#### FLOR BLANCA

Una vez había un padre que tenía una hija muy bonita que se llamaba Flor Blanca, pero como era tan bonita la tenían en una vidriera para que no se fuera a enamorar.

Una vez vino un joven transeunte y la vió, y entonces pidió hospitalidad al señor padre de la muchacha y como este joven se quedó a vivir allí, teniendo un día el padre de la muchacha necesidad de hacer un viaje muy largo, el joven se quedó en la casa y como la muchacha estaba en la vidriera empezó a enamorarla hasta que la muchacha lo quiso. Entonces él le dijo que cómo la podría sacar de aquella vidriera y ella le dijo : — Pues muy bien ; papá no viene sino hasta de aquí a quince días y yo puedo romper la vidriera y nos vamos.

Así fué ; él vino y ella rompió la vidriera y se fué con él y entonces se fueron anda y anda. Hacía ya muchos días que estaban andando cuando llegaron a orillas del mar ; allí empezó él a hablar con ella, pero ella estaba tan rendida de sueño que en seguida se durmió. En este tiempo llegó el vapor y él empezó a llamarla, pero ella estaba tan dormida que no despertaba. El se fué y la dejó a orillas del mar.

Hacía ya como dos días que él andaba en el vapor cuando ella despertó y notando que él no estaba allí empezó a llorar y decía : — Si papa viene ahora, qué hago yo ? Me matará. La muchacha pensaba mucho y lloraba mucho más, pero repentinamente se presentó un joven que le dijo : — ¿ Por qué lloras ? Y ella le contó entonces lo que le pasaba, y él le dijo : — ¡ Pues no se apure que yo la pasaré al otro lado ! Ella se puso muy contenta y se fueron y cuando estaban al otro lado la dejó en el pueblo sola, pero como era tan bonita todo el mundo se asomaba a las ventanas y todo el mundo tenía qué hacer con ella.

La muchacha al llegar a ese pueblo se puso lo más andrajosa que pudo y se fué a pedir posada, pero sucedió que fué a casa del joven que era su novio ; él estaba muy enfermo, pero ella no sabía que él vivía allí. Entonces pidió posada y la señora le dijo que se quedara pero que en la cocina, porque su hijo estaba grave y no quería ver a nadie en su casa.

El en su delirio empezó a llamar a la muchacha aunque él la creía muy lejos y le decía a su mamá : — ¡ Ay mamá, dame a Flor Blanca ! La madre iba y le llevaba todas las flores que encontraba y ya no hallaba qué más flores traerle pues ninguna quería, porque como su mamá no sabía que la flor que el pedía era una mujer, seguía buscando flores blancas, pero nunca adivinaba.

Un día la muchacha le dijo a la señora : — Mire señora, déjeme ir al cuarto a ver a su hijo. Pero la señora le dijo que no. Entonces la muchacha no dijo nada y a los muchos días volvió la muchacha a preguntarle si la dejaba entrar, pero la señora volvió a decirle que no, porque su hijo estaba tan grave que le causaría molestia verla. Entonces le dijo la mamá a su hijo : — Hijo, ahí está una mujer que quiere entrar a tu cuarto. Entonces él le dijo : — ¡ Que venga ! Pero con mal genio fué la mamá y le dijo a la muchacha que fuera, pero que se cambiara de traje y como la muchacha tenía tantos trajes bonitos se puso uno de los mejores y entonces ya ella había averiguado que allí vivía él y que aquél que estaba grave era su novio. Entró al cuarto del joven y cuando él la vió



se volvió loco de alegría y dijo : — ¡ Ay mamá ! Esta era la Flor Blanca que yo tanto te pedía. Entonces Flor Blanca le contó a él todo lo que le había pasado cuando él la dejó ; en seguida se casaron y se quedaron viviendo allí.

### 3. LA JOVEN Y LA SERPIENTE

#### LA JOVEN Y LA SERPIENTE

Una vez había un matrimonio que nunca había tenido hijos y por fin dió la casualidad que se hizo la mujer embarazada y al mismo tiempo, se hizo preñada una yegua que había en la casa. A los nueve meses dió a luz la mujer un niño varón y parió la yegua un potro macho. Se murió la madre del niño y también se murió el potro y no habiendo manera de criar al niño lo pusieron a mamar de la yegua. Cuando el niño llegó a la edad de veinte años le dijo al padre que se iba a correr fortuna, pero que se llevaba su madre.

Caminó hasta que llegó a una herrería y allí le dijo al herrero : — Hágame una barra. Al otro día vino por la barra y ésta pesaba siete quintales, pero él la cogió con una mano y se la puso debajo del brazo y siguió su camino con su madre la yegua de la mano. Llegó a casa de un hacendado, se alquiló por meses para criar animales. Al otro día le dijo el propietario : — áyase al cercado y cuideme bien el ganado. No deje ir a los animales al malojillo, porque hay un gigante que los mata. En seguida que llegó hizo que los animales se fueran al malojillo. Al momento vino el hijo más chiquito del gigante y le dijo : — Culebrita de tierra, ¿ qué haces ahí ? Y él le dijo : — Vente para acá, para que sepas quien soy.

Fué el gigante a donde él estaba y el muchacho le dió tan fuerte golpe con la barra, que lo mató. Lo cogió y lo tendió sobre la palizada. En seguida se volvió con el ganado. Vino y le dijo el hacendado : — ¿ Cómo es que V. trae los animales tan hartos ? ¡ Cuidado si usted los ha hecho ir al malojillo ! Y él dijo : — No, señor.

Al otro día por la mañana le dijo : — Vuélvase a cuidar los animales. En seguida los mandó al malojillo, vino el otro gigante y le dijo : — Tú has matado a mi hermano y yo te voy a matar a tí. Entonces el muchacho le dijo : — Vente para acá, — y en seguida le tiró con la barra y lo mató. Lo tendió sobre la empalizada y en seguida se volvió a la casa. Entonces le dijo el hacendado : — ¿ Cómo es que usted trae los animales tan hartos ? Tenga cuidado y no los deje ir al malojillo.

Al otro día volvió con el ganado y en seguida lo mandó al malojillo. Vino el tercer gigante y le dijo : — Gusanito de la tierra, tú has matado a mis dos hermanos y yo te voy a matar a tí. Le dijo el muchacho : — Vente aquí. En seguida que llegó le tiró con la barra y lo mató. Se volvió a la casa con el ganado.

Al otro día volvió con los animales y en seguida los echó al malojillo. Vino la madre de los tres gigantes y le dijo : — Hijo, ¿ qué has hecho con mis tres hijos ? El le dijo : — Vieja, cálese porque a usted le hago igual cosa. Ella le dijo : — Hijo, ya tú has matado a mis tres hijos y quiero que tú heredes todos mis bienes. Vente conmigo. El dijo : — Ahí los animales. Y se fué con la vieja. La vieja lo que quería era matarlo. Primero fué a donde estaba el perro del hijo mayor y le dijo : — Mira hijo, ése era el perro de mi hijo mayor. El le puso la mano en el lomo y lo dejó casi muerto. En seguida fué a donde estaba el perro del segundo hijo, también él le puso la mano en el lomo y lo dejó casi muerto. Fueron a donde estaba el perro del hijo tercero y le dijo : — Éste era el perro de mi hijo más pequeño. El en seguida le puso la mano encima y lo dejó mortecino.

Entonces le dijo : — Vamos para que veas los tres caballos de mis hijos. Fueron a donde estaban los caballos. El del hijo mayor le dijo : — Mira, éste era el caballo de mi hijo mayor. El le puso la mano en el lomo y lo aplastó. En seguida fueron a donde estaba el segundo y le hizo lo mismo. Fueron entonces a donde estaba el tercero, le puso la mano y lo aplastó.

Después le dijo : — Vamos a tomar un poco de vino — con la idea de matarlo. Se fueron y le enseñó todos los cuartos que tenían sus hijos y le dijo : — Tómate un poco de vino. El le dijo : — Tome usted primero. Ella tomó la copa para tomar y él la veló con la navaja y la desgargantó. En seguida la tiró a un hoyo que había en el palacio.

Luego que la mató, cerró bien la casa y se volvió con el ganado, llegó y le dijo al hacendado : — Yo no puedo seguir el trabajo, arrégleme la cuenta. El le dijo : — ¿ Cómo es posible que usted se vaya si yo no le hecho nada ? El le dijo : — Tengo que irme, porque yo no puedo seguir viviendo alquilado. Entonces el hacendado le arregló la cuenta, le dió los cuartos que tenía ganados. En seguida él se fué al palacio de los gigantes.

Pasó algún tiempo y había en la montaña un culebrón al que todos los días tenían que llevarle una niña doncella para que se la comiera. El lunes siguiente tenían que llevarle a la hija del propietario donde él estuvo alquilado. La llevaron y ella se quedó llorando. En seguida Don Juan lo supo y montó en el caballo del gigante más chiquito, se llevó al perro más chiquito y llegó al sitio donde estaba la niña ; la encontró llorando y le dijo : — No llores. Ella le dijo : — Cómo no voy a llorar si me han traído para que me coma la culebra. El le dijo : — No te apures, espúlgame. Ella no quería, pero él le instó tanto que se puso a espulgarlo.

Cuando vino la culebra le dijo al perro : — A tí te toca. En seguida el perro comenzó a pelear ; ya estaba cansado y se paró la culebra y le dijo : — ¡ Tregua ! Y el perro le dijo : — ¿ Hasta cuándo ? — Hasta mañana a estas mismas horas. Se fué en seguida la culebra.

Entonces le dijo él a la niña : — Cuando venga el criado a verte dile que vino la culebra, te encontró muy bonita y no te mató, pero tienen

que traerte mañana otra vez. La niña así lo hizo. A la mañana siguiente la volvieron a llevar al mismo sitio. En seguida Don Juan montó en el caballo del gigante de en medio y se llevó al segundo perro. Cuando la muchacha lo vió le dijo : — No te me acerques, que ahora viene la culebra y nos matará a los dos. — No le hace, espúlgame. Ella se puso a espulgarlo y se estaba quedando dormido cuando vino la culebra y él le dijo al perro : — Ya es hora. Saltó el perro con la culebra, riñe y riñe, hasta que se cansó la culebra ; saltó y le dijo : — Tregua. Le dijo el perro : — ¿ Hasta cuándo ? — Hasta mañana, a esta misma hora.

Se fué la culebra y entonces le dijo Don Juan a la niña : — Cuando venga el criado a verte dile que vino la culebra por segunda vez y te vió muy linda y no quiso matarte ; que te traigan mañana bien temprano.

El se marchó y ella así lo hizo. Al otro día bien temprano la trajeron otra vez y Don Juan montó en el caballo del gigante más grande y se llevó al perro más grande también.

Llegó y le dijo la niña : — Que no venga, porque hoy nos mata la serpiente. El le dijo : — No nos sucede nada ; espúlgame. Se puso ella a espulgarlo y él se quedó dormido. Cuando vino la serpiente él despertó de golpe y dijo : — Perro, ya es hora. El perro siguió su lucha y ya estaba vencéndolo la culebra y entonces se levantó Don Juan, cogió su brara y la tiró sobre la culebra y la mató en seguida. Le sacó las siete lenguas y se las echó al perro liadas en un pañuelo de seda. Entonces le dijo a la niña : — Vete a palacio.

El rey había dicho que el que matara la culebra se casaría con la princesa. Había un negro en la montaña, encontró muerta a la serpiente y le cortó las siete cabezas y se las llevó al rey y le dijo : — Mi señor rey, maté la serpiente yo, aquí están las siete cabezas. El rey le dijo : — Pues tú seras el novio de mi hija. Siguiéron las bodas y la princesa decía : — Papá, ese hombre no fué el que mató a la serpiente.

Ya se estaban preparando las mesas y le dijo Don Juan al perro : — Vete a casa del rey y tráeme las manos y el labio de arriba del negro. El perro así lo hizo ; fué y se metió debajo de la mesa y miraba al negro. El negro decía : — Mi señor rey, el perro me mira mucho, es que tiene hambre, denle comida. — No quiere comida.

Sirvieron las mesas y cuando el negro fué a tomar la cuchara dió un salto el perro y le llevó las manos al negro y el labio de arriba. En seguida se juntó gente y se fueron detrás del perro hasta que llegaron a la puerta de la casa de los gigantes, pero como sabían que los gigantes comían gente no quisieron entrar.

Don Juan en seguida se fué con su perro a la casa de las bodas y cuando llegó le dijo el rey : — Usted tiene que matar a ese perro porque vea como ha puesto al otro. El le dijo : — Señor rey, se lo merece porque el que ha matado la serpiente fui yo.

Entonces vino el negro y le dijo : — Yo he traído las siete cabezas. Don Juan le dijo : — Vea a ver si tienen lenguas. El negro las buscó y

dijo: — Señor rey, se las comieron las hormigas. Entonces dijo Don Juan: — Perro mío, dame las lenguas que te dí a guardar. El perro vomitó las lenguas y el rey se convenció de que el negro no había matado a la serpiente y en seguida se casó Don Juan con la princesa y cogieron al negro y lo mataron.

#### LA JOVEN Y LA SERPIENTE

En un estado hubo una vez una serpiente que no había dejado niña joven en la población que no se había comido. La única joven que quedaba era la hija del rey. Cuando aquella serpiente salía, si no hallaba joven que comerse quería tumbar el palacio. Al quedar aquélla solamente el rey dijo que ella era su hija pero que él no podía hacer nada; solamente dejar que la serpiente se la comiera. El rey en seguida mandó al criado que fuera a llevar a la niña por la parte que la serpiente salía, antes que la serpiente saliera y viniera al palacio y lo destrozara. La niña se bañaba con las lágrimas en pensar que sus padres la mandaban a entregársela a la serpiente. El criado llevó a la niña cerca de la parte por donde la serpiente salía y allí la dejó el criado llorando al despedirse. La niña no podía contenerse solamente de pensar que ella iba a perecer.

Al poco tiempo de haberse marchado el criado llegó un príncipe y le preguntó a la niña por qué estaba ella llorando a la orilla de aquel bosque, que qué le había pasado. La joven entonces le contó lo que pasaba y el príncipe le dijo que no se apurara, que él mataría la serpiente si ella se casaba con él. La joven por librar su vida le dijo que sí. Entonces el príncipe se acostó en la falda de la joven y le dijo que cuando la serpiente viniera que lo llamara. Al poco tiempo de haberse acostado el hombre la joven sintió la voz de la serpiente, a una distancia, que venía diciendo: — Corre filón, que te coge el tocón; corre filón, que te coge el tocón; corre filón, que te coge el tocón.

Empezó la joven a llamar al príncipe, pero éste se había quedado dormido y ella con sus lágrimas le bañaba la cara; ella lo movía de un lado para otro, lo llamaba y decía: — ¡Ay, bendito! ¡ay, bendito! ¡pobre de mí!

Cuando ya la serpiente estaba próxima a coger a la niña despertó el príncipe y tirándole con una espada la dejó tonta. Volvió y le dió el segundo espadazo y la hizo dar tres vueltas redondas y al tercer espadazo la mató. Después que la mató le cortó las siete lenguas y se las dió a guardar a un perro que él tenía, llamado Leal. Cuando la joven vió a la serpiente muerta, lloraba entonces de alegría viendo que aquel príncipe tan amable le había salvado la vida. Entonces el príncipe le dijo a la joven que ella podía volverse a su casa hasta el día de la boda.

La joven se fué para su casa lo más contenta. Cuando llegó a la casa los padres le dijeron que qué había ido a buscar, que si la serpiente

salía y no la encontraba si quería que viniera y se metiera en el palacio y lo destrozara ; que se fuera a donde la habían mandado. Entonces ella les contó el caso y de qué manera había sucedido.

A poco se apareció un viejito que iba de camino, se encontró la serpiente muerta y le cortó las cabezas, las echó en la banasta y vino corriendo a escape tendido a casa del rey a decirle que él había matado la serpiente. — Yo maté la serpiente, mi rey. Yo maté la serpiente, mi rey. El rey creyendo lo que aquel decía le contestó que él se casaría con su hija, si él había matado la serpiente. En seguida lo subieron para arriba y el rey le dió su corona para que el fuera el rey y ella la reina del palacio.

A los dos o tres días, el príncipe que había matado la serpiente empezó a fabricar un edificio muy hermoso frente al palacio del rey. El viejito que decía que él había matado la serpiente se llamaba Antonio Botijuela, le dijo al rey que no permitiera que aquel príncipe fabricara aquel edificio allí en frente al palacio, porque entonces le quitaría la vista o paisaje al de él. El rey a esto le contestó : — El en su casa y yo en la mía ; así es que yo no puedo mandarle que lo quite de ahí.

Aquel día, cuando pusieron la mesa le dijo el príncipe a Leal : — Vete a casa del rey y quítale el plato a Antonio Botijuela y tráemelo acá, que aquel plato me pertenece a mí, no a Antonio Botijuela. El perro fué y llegó a casa del rey y cuando Antonio Botijuela comenzó a comer, saltó el perro, cogió el plato de Antonio Botijuela. El rey al ver esto sintió muchísimo coraje y mandó al criado que siguiera al perro. El perro fué directamente al palacio del príncipe. Antonio Botijuela estaba que picaba del coraje que tenía. A las cinco de la tarde volvió el príncipe a mandar al perro a casa del rey y que cogiera el plato de Antonio Botijuela. Cuando pusieron la mesa el perro se quedó aguardando y cuando vió que Antonio Botijuela estaba comiendo saltó y le arrebató el plato de las manos y partió para el edificio del príncipe.

El rey había dicho que por su corona real había de matar aquel perro del príncipe y mandó en seguida al criado a casa del príncipe a decirle que fuera a su casa y que si no, por su corona real había de matarlos a él y al perro. El príncipe le contestó que él iría al otro día, porque él no lo podía matar a él.

Al otro día volvió el perro e hizo lo mismo del día anterior y volvió el rey a mandar al criado otra vez al palacio del príncipe a decirle que el rey decía que por su corona real que viniera a su presencia. El príncipe entonces se puso a almorzar para después de esto poner el coche para venir con el perro al palacio del rey. En fin, vino el príncipe al palacio y le preguntó el rey al príncipe que con que facultad venía su perro todos los días a coger de la mesa el plato de Don Antonio Botijuela.

Entonces el príncipe le contestó al rey que aquel perro era mandado por él, porque tenía él un derecho para hacerlo, porque él había sido quien había matado la serpiente y no aquel Botijuela, que decía que él había sido.

Entonces el rey llamó a Antonio Botijuela y empezó a preguntarle acerca de la serpiente. Antonio Botijuela le dijo que él la había matado. — Si, jiñó, si jiñó, mi rey yo fui quien mató la serpiente. Si jiñó, mi rey, fui yo mismo.

Entonces el príncipe le dijo que si él había sido quien mató a la serpiente dónde estaban las lenguas de ella. Botijuela le contestó que la serpiente no tenía lenguas. — No jiñó, no jiñó, la serpiente no tenía lenguas, mi rey.

Entonces el príncipe le dijo al rey que llamara a la joven para que dijera la verdad. Vino la joven y desde que vio al príncipe se sonrió y dijo que el príncipe había sido quien había matado la serpiente. Además el príncipe para probarle esto al rey, le pidió al perro que le diera las siete lenguas que le había dado a guardar. El perro se las arrojó en el suelo y las contó el rey y vio que había siete lenguas. Se casó el príncipe con la joven y todavía están viviendo y echaron a Antonio Botijuela a punta piés y patadas a la calle.

#### LA JOVEN Y LA SERPIENTE

Había una vez un matrimonio que tenía muchos hijos, pero no tenía con que mantenerlos y un día el marido le dijo a la mujer que lo que debía hacer era botar a dos de los hijos porque como eran tan pobres no los podían tener, porque lo único que tenían era una vaca. Los nombres de los dos muchachos eran Juan y Pedro.

Un día en que ellos estaban muy contentos jugando en su casa el papá les dijo : — Juan y Pedro, vénganse conmigo. Entonces el padre cogió a los dos hijos y a la vaca, se fueron a un monte y los dejó allí con la vaca y les dijo : — Quédense con la vaca ahí que yo vengo ahora mismo para acá. Así lo hicieron los dos muchachos confiando en que él volvía.

Después de haber pasado algún tiempo, ya casi de noche, se echaron a andar por la montaña ; ya tarde en la noche llegaron al centro de la montaña en donde encontraron un árbol muy copioso en el que hicieron posada por aquella noche y al día siguiente al ver que todavía no veían a nadie por la montaña, siguieron andando ellos dos con la vaca. Cuando tenían mucha hambre, ya casi muertos del hambre, se pararon bajo un árbol, ordeñaron la vaca y se tomaron la leche con hojas de árboles. Días tras días siguieron andando por la montaña sin ver gente y sin tener que comer estuvieron por mucho tiempo, ordeñando la vaca y bebiéndose la leche con hojas de árboles.

Un día por la tarde en que se encontraban los dos muchachos juntos en la montaña, sentados juntos descansando bajo un árbol corpulento se les apareció un señor diciéndoles que si querían vender la vaca. Entonces ellos le dijeron que sí, que se la vendían. Entonces el hombre

les ofreció dos talegos de dinero lo que aceptaron los buenos muchachos.

Al día siguiente en que se encontraban todavía ahí sentados, se les aparecieron dos perros ; uno de ellos llevaba una fuente de comida y otro una cántara de agua, y cuando ellos vieron a los dos perros con aquello se preguntaban uno al otro : — ¿ Esto será para nosotros ? Los perros como no saben hablar, se les pararon delante y pusieron el agua y la comida delante de los dos muchachos como diciéndoles : — Cojan eso, que es para ustedes. Entonces los dos muchachos se pusieron a comer de aquello.

Después de haber acabado de comer los perros recogieron los trastos y se fueron de allí. Todos los días los dos perros, por lejos que estuvieran, les iban a llevar la comida y almuerzo.

Un día salieron los dos muchachos a un claro en donde no había árboles ni nada, pero resultó que allí en el claro aquel había dos caminos y Juan le dijo a Pedro : — Aquí tú coges un camino y yo otro. Desde allí se fueron : Juan con el dinero y Pedro con los perros y resultó que por el camino que cogió Juan se iba a la capital y en esa capital salía una serpiente a la que tenían que ponerle una niña todos los días y si no se la ponían se metía a la capital y mataba muchísima gente en un momento.

Cuando Juan iba llegando a la capital, se encontró en el camino a la niña que le habían puesto a la serpiente y él le saludó muy contento preguntándole : — Niña, ¿ qué haces allí ? Entonces la niña le dijo que ella estaba allí para que la serpiente se la comiera y que ella era hija de un rey, que tenía cinco hijas y ella era la última porque la serpiente había acabado con todas las demás y su papá había dicho que el que matara la serpiente se casaba con ella. Entonces él le dijo : — Pues bien, no se apure.

Al muchacho le gustó la muchacha y se puso a enamorarla y tanto estuvo el muchacho conquistando a la muchacha hasta que ella consintió en que se acostara en su falda, pero nunca los perros se habían ido del lado del muchacho ; siempre estaban allí con él.

Ya el muchacho se había quedado dormido en la falda de la muchacha ; pero resulta que cuando la serpiente iba a salir de la cueva se estremecía toda la capital y la muchacha cuando sintió el ruido lo llamó tres veces : — Juan del Monte, Juan del Monte, Juan del Monte.

Al llegar la serpiente al lado de ellos, ella estaba despierta y les dijo a los perros que se llamaban Pesado y Liviano : — ¡ Cójanla !

Y empezaron los perros a luchar hasta que mataron a la serpiente. El muchacho después de haber los perros matado la serpiente le cortó las cabezas y las siete lenguas, lió en un pañuelo las siete lenguas y se las dió a Pesado que se las comiera para que cuando él se las pidiera que se las entregara. Después de haber sucedido esto le dijo a la niña que se fuera, pero que no dijera quien había matado la serpiente.

Al llegar ella a su casa el rey le preguntó y ella le dijo que la habían matado, pero que ella no sabía quién.

Por tanta mortandad la ciudad estaba enlutada y en seguida le quitaron el luto a la ciudad.

Todos los días pasaba por allí un carbonero y cuando llegó que encontró la serpiente muerta cogió las cabezas y las echó en las banastas y se fué al palacio. Cuando llegó, le dijo al rey que él había matado a la serpiente. En seguida el rey le dio la orden para que se casara con la niña y al día siguiente se casaron y todavía están juntos.

Ya en este tiempo el otro muchacho cuando salió en aquella otra capital, cuando se fué por el otro camino se casó allí y a los diez días de haberse casado murió de tifo.

#### LA JOVEN Y LA SERPIENTE

Había una vez, en época muy remota, un rey y una reina que tuvieron un hijo que se llamaba Juaniguillito, y la madre quiso buscarle el sino para ver que traía. El trajo el sino de ser devorado por tres fieras, y los padres desde que lo supieron empezaron a llorar a su hijo.

Se llegó el tiempo en que el muchacho ya estaba bastante grande y les dijo a sus padres que él se iba a correr fortuna. Los padres le dijeron que cómo iba a hacer eso ; que trayendo el sino de ser devorado de tres fieras se iba a separar de su lado. El entonces les dijo que para que vinieran las tres fieras y lo devoraran en la misma casa, mejor prefería ser devorado donde ellos no lo vieran, y entonces el padre le dijo : — Entonces que quieres hijo, ¿ dinero o bendición ? El muchacho le contestó : — Écheme la bendición, que yo con dinero no hago nada. El padre le echó la bendición y también le dio dinero y un caballo y el muchacho se fué.

Estuvo anda y anda hasta que se encontró a una perra muerta con tres perritos que le estaban mamando. El se apeó del caballo, hizo un hoyo en la tierra, enterró a la perra, se llevó a los tres perritos y los echó en la banasta del caballo, montó y se fué.

Aquella perra era la virgen, que se le había presentado en aquella forma para ver su conciencia, y los tres perritos eran tres angelitos.

Juaniguillito iba anda y anda y ya los perros eran bastante grandes y los sacó y los puso en la tierra y se fueron detrás de él, y si él entraba en alguna fonda para comer también compraba algo para los perros. Les puso nombres a los tres. A uno le puso Sigue a tu Amo, a otro le puso León y al otro le puso Jardinero.

Hasta que llegó a una ciudad y en aquella ciudad había una fiera que tenía toda la ciudad hueca por debajo, y si no le daban a esta fiera un cristiano todos los días para comérselo, echaría la ciudad abajo. El día que Juaniguillito llegó a esta ciudad ya no quedaba más que la hija del rey. Entonces el rey mandó vender a su hija y que la llevaran al árbol, para que cuando viniera la fiera a las doce, se la comiera.



Cuando Juaniguillito venía vió debajo del árbol a la niña, se apeó del caballo y se sentó al lado de la niña y ella le dijo que se retirara, porque iba a venir una fiera a comérsela a ella y que se lo comería a él también. Él entonces le dijo que eso no le hacía nada, que él traía el sino de ser devorado por tres fieras, y contándole esto se quedó él dormido y los tres perros se acostaron al lado de él y de la niña. Ella sintió el ruido que traía la fiera y se echó a llorar.

Los perros cuando vieron a la fiera se le tiraron encima hasta que la mataron y entonces ella llamó el muchacho y él despertó y vió a la fiera muerta y los tres perros acostados a su lado.

Entonces la niña se fué y el rey al ver a su hija le dijo : — ¡ Anda ingrata, cómo te has venido ! Y ella la dijo : — Padre, ya han matado la fiera. Juaniguillito antes de irse, le cortó a la fiera las siete lenguas y les dió dos de ellas a cada uno de los perros para que se las guardaran.

Se fué anda y anda y encontró una casa donde vivía una vieja y le preguntó que si podía dejarlo allí, y ella le dijo que no podía ser porque a ella la acompañaban tres fieras. El le dijo que eso no le hacía nada.

Ya era de noche y él se acostó, y había tres puertas y ya a media noche venían las tres fieras y los tres perros les cayeron encima y las mataron.

Al otro día se levantó la viejecita y vió al frente de la casa a las tres fieras muertas y empezó a gritar que aquellos perros le habían matado sus tres fieras y Juaniguillito le dió todo el dinero que pidiera para que pudiera vivir toda su vida.

Un negro que pasaba todas las noches con una carretilla de carbón, al pasar por el lado del árbol donde estaba muerta la fiera, tropezó con la cabeza y botó el carbón, cogió la cabeza y la echó en la carretilla y se fué a casa del rey. Llamó y dijo que él había matado la fiera y lo subieron a la casa para que se dieran las manos él y la hija del rey. La muchacha cuando lo vió dijo que ése no era el que había matado la fiera. Y el rey le dijo que si porque lo veía negro no se quería casar con él, que estaba equivocada.

Y cuando Juaniguillito supo que el negro se iba a casar con la hija del rey mandó a uno de los perros para que cuando el negro se fuera a echar las primeras cucharadas de sopa, brincara y le trajera el labio de arriba. Llegó el perro y lo hizo así y se fué y cuando el negro se fué a echar la primera cucharada de sopa brincó y le quitó el labio de arriba y se lo llevó a su amo. El negro salió gritando y al otro día Juaniguillito mandó al otro perro para que le trajera el otro labio de abajo y así lo hizo el perro. Se fué y cuando el negro se iba a echar la cucharada de sopa le quitó el otro labio y el negro se quedó sin labios.

Al otro día mandó Juaniguillito al otro perro para que le trajera una oreja. El perro se fué y así lo hizo, brincó y le quitó al negro la oreja y se la llevó a su amo. Entonces el rey mandó a perseguir a los perros para que le trajeran al amo. Lo encontraron en casa de la vieja y se lo llevaron.

Entonces, cuando la muchacha vió a Juaniguillo decía : — Ése fué el que mató a la fiera.

Entonces le preguntaron al negro que si él había sido el que había matado a la fiera y él contestó que sí. Entonces dijo Juaniguillito que buscaran las lenguas de la cabeza de la fiera. Las buscaron y no las tenía. Entonces dijo Juaniguillito : — Pues aquí están. Llamó a los tres perros y les pidió las siete lenguas que les dió a guardar y se las devolvió. Cogieron al negro y lo mandaron matar.

Juaniguillito se casó con la muchacha y por la noche se presentó una vieja a preguntarle que si querían que ella les hiciera la cama y le dijeron que sí.

En la almohada de Juaniguillito le puso los dientes de caimán y en seguida que él se acostó quedó muerto y los perros empezaron a ladrar y al otro día cuando la mujer fué al cuarto lo encontró muerto y empezó a gritar.

Lo llevaron a enterrar al otro lado del mar y los perros se fueron, pasaron el mar y llegaron al cementerio, escarbaron y lo encontraron ; le dieron con las patitas en los dos oídos y le sacaron los dientes y lo revivieron. Después que se vinieron llegaron a la orilla del mar, se pusieron los perros en fila, él se acostó encima de ellos y así lo pasaron el mar. Cuando lo vieron venir repicaron las campanas y él subió y contó lo que le había pasado, cogieron a la vieja que le había puesto los dos dientes de caimán y la mataron.

Ya era de noche y se acostó a dormir y ya a media noche lo llamaron los tres angelitos que estaban hechos perros y le dijeron : — Nosotros te hemos acompañado en todo, así es que ya se cumplió el término y nosotros nos vamos y por el favor que le hiciste a nuestra madre que es la Virgen y nosotros los angelitos. — Así es que nosotros nos vamos ; adiós. Y subieron hacia el cielo y él se quedó llorando por sus compañeros.

#### LA JOVEN Y LA SERPIENTE

Una vez había unos padres que tenían tres hijos, tres perros y tres caballos. Un día el padre no tenía dinero para comprar comida y como él era pescador se fué a pescar y solamente pudo pescar un solo pescadito y el pescadito le dijo que él no quisiera comer y que dijera que estaba enfermo ; que él tenía tres espinas y las sembrara en el patio.

Al cabo de un mes de esto, se murió el pescador. Entonces la mujer fué al patio en donde estaban sembradas las espinas, encontró tres espadas y le dió una a cada uno de sus hijos.

El hijo mayor le dijo a la madre que él se iba a correr fortuna, y la madre le dijo que entonces le daría un perro, un caballo, y que qué quería, si bendición o dinero. El le dijo que le diera dinero, que él con bendición no hacía nada. Se fué y llegó a un hotel y cuando se acostó

oyo un ruido y se levantó. Le preguntó a la dueña que qué era aquello y ella le dijo que era un culebrón que se comía todos los días una persona ; él cogió miedo y se fué.

Al otro día el hijo segundo le dijo a la madre que se iba a correr fortuna y la madre le dijo igual que al primero y se fué. Cuando llegó al mismo hotel, la dueña le informó lo del culebrón que se comía todas las noches a una persona y que si no se la daban, los mataba a todos y entonces éste también se fué, para su casa.

Al poco tiempo el hijo menor le dijo a la madre, que se quería ir a correr fortuna. La madre le preguntó que qué quería, si bendición o dinero, y él le dijo que le diera la bendición, que con dinero él no hacía nada. La madre le dió bendición y dinero y el hijo se fué.

Llegó al mismo hotel que sus otros dos hermanos y oyó el mismo ruido, preguntó y le dijeron que era un culebrón y que todos los días se comía a una persona y que aquella noche le tocaba a la hija del rey y que el rey se la daba en matrimonio al que la salvase de la fiera y le trajera las siete cabezas del culebrón.

El muchacho cogió su espada y se fué al lado de la cueva y allí encontró a la hija del rey. Cuando el culebrón estaba saliendo, el hombre cogió la espada y la picó y le ajotó el perro. La hija del rey le dió un pañuelo y una sortija y el hombre le sacó las siete lenguas y se las dió al perro para que se las guardara y también la sortija.

Entonces la hija del rey se fué a su casa y ya estaba cerrada y todo el pueblo con luto. Por fin le abrieron la puerta y fué y le hizo al padre la historia de lo que le había pasado.

Al poco tiempo vino un carbonero con las siete cabezas de la fiera y cuando se iban a casar, por la tarde, se fué a comer a casa del rey y el otro hombre mandó al perro para que cuando el carbonero se fuera a echar un bocado de comida, le echára mano al hocico con tenedor y todo.

Así lo hizo el perro y entonces el rey mandó a dos criados a buscar al dueño del perro y el dueño del perro le contestó que igual distancia había desde dónde él estaba, a casa del rey, que fuera allá.

El rey tomó un coche y se fué y le dijo : — Móntese en el coche. Y el hombre le dijo que si no lo dejaba montar al perro no iba. El rey le dijo que lo montára pues.

Cuando llegaron a la casa del rey, el hombre le dijo al rey que le mandara llamar a la hija y le buscara una sortija que tenía y un pañuelo. El hombre llamó y dijo que le buscaran a las siete cabezas las siete lenguas y no tenía ninguna lengua.

Entonces el hombre le dijo al perro que echara las siete lenguas y la sortija y el perro las echó. El otro se tiró por una ventana y la hija del rey y el hombre se casaron y fueron felices.

## 4. LAS TRES NARANJAS

## LAS TRES NARANJAS

Había una vez un joven príncipe llamado José. Un día le dijo a su padre que él se iba a correr fortuna ; él le dió el permiso y se fué.

En su camino se encontró un viejito que le preguntó para donde iba. El joven le contestó que él iba a correr fortuna. El viejito entonces le regaló tres naranjas y le dijo : — No las abras hasta que no estés cerca de un río de agua.

El joven le dió las gracias y siguió andando, pero en medio del camino le dieron ganas de partir aquellas naranjas, cogió una y la partió. Al abrirla salió de ella una mujer tan bonita y tan hermosa, que nadie había visto cosa más linda. La mujer le pidió agua, pero como no había se murió.

Entonces él se fué muy triste y dijo que no volvería a partir otra, pero en medio del camino le dieron ganas de partir otra ; la partió y volvió a salir de ella otra mujer que le dijo : — Dame agua, que me muero. Pero como no había quedó muerta. Entonces prometió no partir la única que le quedaba hasta que encontrara agua.

Andando y andando por fin llegó a un río y entonces cogió la naranja y la partió y salió una mujer más bonita que las otras pidiéndole agua. Como allí era un camino real y no había casas por allí para que le prestaran una vasija para darle, cogió su sombrero y le dió en él. Después que tomó agua él le preguntó cómo se llamaba y ella le dijo que su mamá y el viejito aquel la llamaban Blanca Nieves. José la encontró tan bonita que decidió casarse con ella. Pero como por allí no había coche para llevarla a la iglesia, la dejó allí en lo que iba a buscar el coche para irse. Se fué el joven príncipe y dejó a la señorita a la sombra de un árbol.

Llegó a pasar en este tiempo por allí una negra hechicera que al ver aquella joven se le acercó y le preguntó lo que le pasaba, pero como la joven no sabía nada le contó todo y hasta que el príncipe se iba a casar con ella y que estaba buscando un coche para llevársela. Entonces la negra empezó a pensar como podría ella casarse con el príncipe antes que Blanca Nieves. A los pocos momentos le dijo : — ¿ Quieres que te peine ese cabello rubio que tienes para que el joven príncipe te quiera más ? Pero como Blanca Nieves no sabía que ella era hechicera, se dejó peinar, pero al tiempo de peinarla le clavó un alfiler en la cabeza y se volvió un cisne muy blanco que se fué a andar al río. La negra entonces se peinó, se empolvó y se sentó a la sombra del árbol.

A los pocos momentos llegó el príncipe que le dijo : — Yo tan blanca que te dejé y tan fea y negra que te encuentro. ¿ Qué te ha pasado ? La negra le contestó que como la había dejado al sol, se había puesto negra. Pero el príncipe no tuvo otro remedio que casarse con ella. Después de casados se fueron a vivir al palacio que habían hecho.

Todas las noches después que todos comían y el rey se iba para su cuarto, venía un cisne muy blanco a calentarse al fuego y les decía a los esclavos Juan y Antonio : — Antonio, Antonio, ¿ qué hace mi príncipe con la negra mora ? Y ellos le contestaban : — A ratos canta y a ratos llora.

A los esclavos les llamó tanto la atención que le dijeron al rey lo que pasaba. Entonces el príncipe les contestó : — ¡ Por mi corona real, que si me traen ese cisne aquí les doy mucho dinero y la carta de la libertad !

Entonces aquella noche se escondieron detrás de una puerta y cuando entró el cisne le echaron mano por una pata y se lo llevaron a la cama en donde estaba el príncipe acostado.

Entonces el rey lo cogió y empezó a pasarle la mano por la cabeza hasta que tropezó con un alfiler que le encontró ; se lo sacó y se volvió la misma Blanca Nieves, que él había dejado. Entonces Blanca Nieves le contó todo lo que le había pasado y el príncipe mandó matar a la negra y ellos vivieron felices.

#### LAS TRES NARANJAS

Una vez había un hombre que se quería casar y le dijo a su madre : — Yo me quiero casar, y me voy a andar a ver si encuentro una señora de mi gusto. La madre le dijo : — ¡ Vete ! El se fué e iba tan cansado y con tanta sed que ya no podía andar.

De pronto vio a lo lejos una casita y era la de la Virgen ; él le pidió un poco de agua y ella le dijo : — No tengo agua, pero toma estas tres naranjas ; cuando encuentres un río tú partes allí una.

El se fué y no pudo aguantar la sed y partió una naranja ; en seguida salió de ella una princesa y le empezó a pedir agua, como no había río allí la princesa se murió de sed. El lloró mucho y después partió otra naranja. Le pasó igual porque no había cerca de allí ningún río.

Entonces encontró un río muy grande ; él tomó mucha agua y después partió la naranja que le quedaba y salió de ella otra princesa todavía más bonita y tomó agua. El le dijo : — Súbete a ese árbol y te quedas allí hasta que yo vuelva.

Ella se subió al árbol y él se fué para la ciudad. A las pocas horas vino una muchacha a coger agua y como era negra y la muchacha estaba en el árbol, miró la sombra en el pozo y dijo : — ¡ Yo tan linda y tan bella y rubia y cargando agua ; rómpete cántaro ! Cuando fué la negra le dieron una pela y la mandaron otra vez a buscar agua y dijo : — ¡ Yo tan linda, tan bella y rubia y cargando agua ; rómpete cántaro !

La princesa que estaba en el árbol se echó una carcajada. Entonces dijo la negra : — ¿ Quieres que te espulgue ? Y ella le dijo : — No tengo piojos. Pero si quieres que te espulgue dímelo. Y ella le dijo que sí.

La negra fué a espulgarla y le enterró un clavo por la cabeza y quedó

convertida en una paloma y en seguida se puso la negra donde estaba la princesa y cuando vino el hombre se encontró con que la que él había dejado no la había encontrado, pero la mujer le dijo : — Yo estoy negra por el sol que me dá aquí en este árbol. Entonces se casaron y tenía muchos criados.

Un día fué un criado a buscar agua y dijo a su amo : — Allí hay una paloma que canta : ¿ Qué tal mi esposo con la negra mora ? Pues yo a veces canto y a veces lloro. Todos los días que voy, eso es lo que canta. Entonces el amo le dijo al criado : — Ve coge cola y unta el árbol donde ella se para a cantar, para que cuando ella venga se quede pegada y me la traes. Así lo hizo él y todo lo consiguió, pues en seguida se la trajo.

El amo la puso en una jaula y la negra en seguida conoció a la palomita y decía a su esposo : — Márame la paloma. El no dejó que la matara. Un día él se puso a andarle en la cabeza y le encontró el clavo, se lo sacó y quedó hecha una princesa y después mataron a la negra y ellos vivieron muy felices.

#### LAS TRES TORONJAS

Éste era un hombre que se fué para una isla en donde no había agua que beber ; se puso a andar y se encontró un palo de toronjas en un cercado y dijo : — Aunque me maten o me lleven a la cárcel yo he de coger estas tres toronjas. Y las cogió y partió una y salió una princesa y le dijo : — Dame agua, pan y vino, si no me muero. Y como no había ni agua, ni pan, ni vino se murió.

El dijo : — Aunque me muera de la sed no parto más ninguna. Y echó a andar. Así que había andado mucho partió otra y salió otra princesa y le dijo : — Dame agua, pan o vino, si no me muero. Y como no había se murió. Y él dijo : — Aunque me muera de la sed no parto ésta. Se trepó a un árbol muy alto, vió salir un humito, se apeó y fué a ver de donde salía. El humito era una tienda que había, subió y pidió agua ; compró vino y compró pan y entonces partió la toronja.

Salió la última princesa y le pidió agua, pan y vino ; se lo dió y no se murió. Entonces se fué para su país y más acá de una población encontró al pie de un árbol un manantial y allí la dejó para ir a buscar un coche y la compañía.

Una negra que venía a buscar agua vió la sombra de la princesa en el manantial y creía que era ella y dijo : — Yo tan linda y tan bella y buscando agua en cántaro ; rompo el cántaro y me voy para mi casa. Lo rompió y se fué para la casa y le dijeron : — Mira negra, ¿ y el agua ? Y ella les dijo : — Yo tan linda y tan bella y buscando agua en cántaro. Y cuando dijo así la princesa se rió y miró la negra para arriba y vió a la princesa y le dijo : — ¡ Oh allí estás tú ! Dame tu cabeza para espulgarte. Y le metió un alfiler por la cabeza y se volvió una palomita ; se ué volando y cuando vino el hombre con el coche para llevarla al son

de la música con la compañía y vieron a aquella negra y le dijeron : — Para eso nos trajo usted. El le dijo a ella. — Tan linda y tan bella que te dejé y tan negra que te encuentro. — Porque los soles de este campo me tienen así. La montaron y se la llevaron para la casa del rey, y el hermano de ella que se llamaba Antón venía a buscar agua.

Vino aquella palomita y le preguntó : — Antón, Antón, ¿ qué tal está el rey con la negra mora ? — Pués a ratos canta y a ratos llora. Y Antón fué a donde estaba el rey y le dijo : — Mi rey, cuando yo vengo a buscar agua hay una palomita que me dice : — Antón, Antón, ¿ qué tal está el rey con la negra mora ? Y yo le contesto que a ratos canta y a ratos llora. — Pués mira Antón, si me coges la palomita te doy la carta de libertad y otro poco de dinero.

El negro se fué y pegó el palo de brea y vino la palomita y dijo : — Antón, Antón, ¿ qué tal está el rey con la negra mora ? — Pués a ratos canta y a ratos llora.

Quiso volar para irse, se quedó pegada en el palo y Antón la cogió ; se la llevó al rey y el rey le dió la carta de libertad y echó a la palomita en una jaulita.

En seguida la negra quería que le mataran a la palomita y el rey le dijo : — Aunque te mueras no te la doy.

Un día que el rey estaba espulgando a la palomita le encontró el alfiler y se lo sacó y se volvió una princesa y el rey le dijo : — ¿ Quién te volvió así ? Y ella le dijo : — Esa negra. — ¿ Qué quieres que yo haga con esa negra ? Y el rey como iba para el pueblo le preguntó a la negra : — ¿ Qué quieres tú ? Y ella le dijo : — Yo no quiero nada. Y entonces le preguntó a la princesa : — ¿ Qué quieres tú ? — Un cuchillito de matanza y una piedrita de venganza.

Se los trajo y se encerró en un cuarto : — ¿ Verdad cuchillito de matanza que yo he pasado muchos trabajos ? — ¡ Sí ! — ¿ Verdad piedrita de venganza que yo he pasado muchos trabajos ? — ¡ Sí ! — ¿ Verdad cuchillito de matanza, verdad piedrita de venganza que yo he pasado muchos trabajos, cuando estaba en la toronja ? — ¡ Sí es verdad !

Y ella lo haló para matarse, el rey brincó y se lo quitó y le dijo : — ¿ Qué quieres tú que yo haga con esa negra ? — ¡ Que la maten dos mulas cerreras y le echen gas y la echen a correr.

### LAS TRES HIGUERITAS

Había una vez una viejita que tenía en su casa un árbol de higueras ; en él había tres hermosas higueras. Un señor vecino de esta señora tenía tres hijos y un día estos jóvenes se decidieron ir a correr fortuna. Al pasar por casa de la viejita ella les preguntó que para dónde iban.

Los muchachos le contestaron que iban a correr fortuna. La viejita los llamó y les dió les tres higueras y les dijo que no partieran aquellas

higueras hasta que no encontraran agua ; los muchachos le dieron las gracias y le prometieron no partirlas hasta que no encontraran agua. Los tres jóvenes se fueron andando camino arriba y cada uno con su higuera en las manos. Ellos anda que anda camino arriba, pero el mayor de ellos ya estaba cansado de tanto andar con la higuera, la tiró y la rompió y de ella salió una hermosa joven pidiéndole agua. — Dame agua, dame agua. Y él le respondió : — No hay agua. Y como no había agua se murió.

El segundo de ellos dijo que no partiría la suya, pero así él anduvo algo del camino ; se cansó de tener la higuera, la tiró y la rompió también y de ella salió otra dama más bonita que la primera pidiéndole agua ; no había agua y ella seguía pidiendo agua y como no había murió como la primera.

El más pequeño de los jóvenes dijo que él no partiría su higuera hasta que encontrara mucha agua y andando los tres jóvenes camino arriba buscando fortuna ; cuando ellos habían andado mucho camino el pequeño de ellos encontró un hermoso río que tenía una agua clara y fresca. Entonces él cogió su higuera y la partió y de ella salió una hermosa joven vestida toda de blanco y pedía agua y el joven le daba agua hasta que la joven satisfizo su sed. Al ver esto los dos hermanos siguieron por fortuna y el pequeño se quedó con su dama. Entonces él quería conducirla al pueblo cercano y la dejó trepada en un copioso árbol a la orilla del río y se fué a buscar un coche al pueblo.

La joven se quedó allí y a los pocos momentos vino una negra bruja a coger agua al río, y como la joven por su belleza deslumbraba, la negra se veía tan brillante que se figuró que ella era la reluciente y decía : — ¡ Yo tan blanca y tan rubia cogiendo agua ; rómpete maldita cántara !

Al oír esto la joven se echó a reír ; entonces la negra miró para el árbol, vió a la joven y le dijo : — ¿ Quiere que le mate mentira ? Y ella dijo que sí ; se subió ella arriba del árbol a matarle mentira y le enterró un alfiler por la cabeza y entonces la joven se encantó en una paloma blanca y voló al campo y la negra se quedó allí.

Cuando el joven vino en busca de la joven se encontró con que era una negra arrugada y vieja.

El pobre joven se puso a llorar y le preguntó que si ella era la mujer que había dejado allí y le contestó que sí, que el sol la había puesto el pelo tostado y el cutis arrugado y el esperararlo que la había puesto vieja. El la montó y la llevó a su casa, pero con la desconfianza de que ella no era.

Luego se enfermó la negra bruja y mandó a un criado de ella llamado Juan al campo a buscar unas hojas y cuando Juan estaba cogiendo las hojas se le presentó una paloma preguntándole qué hacía su amo con aquella perversa moza y él le dijo que a veces cantaba y a veces lloraba y cuando él decía esto ella echaba a volar lejos.

Un día Juan dijo a su amo que en el campo había una paloma que



hablaba con él todos los días referente a él ; entonces el amo le dijo que se la cogiera. El hombre se puso y embreó el árbol con brea y cogió a la palomita y se la trajo a su amo y cuando éste tenía la paloma en sus manos se puso a espulgarla, le encontró el alfiler y se lo sacó y al momento quedó la paloma convertida en la hermosa dama.

Luego el joven fué a donde estaba la negra bruja y la mató severamente y él y la hermosa mujer se quedaron viviendo en un hermoso castillo muy felices.

### LINDA NIÑA

Pués señor, esta era una vez que había una joven muy linda y ésta por ser tan linda la llamaban Linda Niña.

Sucedió que dicha niña fué enamorada por un rey de lejanas tierras y al casarse con Linda Niña, a los pocos días de casado, fué desafiado a una guerra por otro rey y el pobre rey no halló qué hacer en tan cruel desafío al tener que dejar a su pobre mujercita sola y no tuvo otro remedio que ir al llamado del otro rey. Este concluyó por hacerle un castillo muy grande y fuerte a su mujercita y dicho castillo contenía una muy grande fuente donde solía verse la mujercita desde lo alto de su castillo.

Un día llegó a la fuente una mujeraza fea y prieta y al ver la imagen de Linda Niña en la fuente creyó que sería la suya y dijo : — ¡ Caramba, yo tan linda y tan bella, acarrear agua en este cántaro ! — ¡ pum ! — y estrelló el cántaro contra el suelo. Linda Niña que estaba observando tal éxito se murió de risa al ver la tontería de mujeraza tan negra y tan fea.

Al segundo día continuó la negra mora a buscar agua, pero al volverse a ver en la fuente creyéndose que la imagen de Linda Niña era la suya volvió a hacer la misma acción que la anterior. Linda Niña esta otra vez no pudo contener la risa y echóse una carcajada que sorprendió a la negra mora. La vió en lo alto de su castillo y le dijo : ¡ Oh mujercita linda, tan bonita y tan solita ! ¿ quiere que suba a contarle varias historias de las cuales tengo muy bonitas que la harán reir ? Linda Niña le dijo : — ¡ Hoy no, porque mi marido no esta y no da por bien que suba nadie aquí ! Y la negra le dijo : — ¡ Pues él no ha de saberlo, porque nadie se lo dirá ! Tanto estuvo la negra fea hasta que sedujo a Linda Niña, la cual la mandó subir. Cuando la negra vióse arriba en el castillo díjole a Linda Niña que si quería ver a su marido en la guerra batallando y venciendo a su enemigo. Esta que tantos deseos tenía de ver a su marido le dijo que sí. La negra dióle a tomar una especie de líquido con el cual volvióse Linda Niña una muy blanca palomita que salió en seguida volando por una ventana afuera. Entonces la negra mora púsose los vestidos que Linda Niña tenía y se sentó a esperar al rey su marido.

A los muy pocos días llegó el rey y al llegar a la fuente de su castillo y al ver aquella mujeraza fea y negra en vez de encontrar a Linda Niña blanca y bonita, quedóse asombrado y perplejo y la dijo : — ¡ Oh qué

es esto ! ¡ Dejó a una mujercita blanca y bonita y encuentro una mujeraza fea y prieta ! La negra le dijo : — ¡ Ay maridito mío, al estar sentada aquí a los fuertes rayos llorando tu ausencia, me he puesto así. El rey lo dudó, pero tuvo que consolarse a las pocas horas, pero siempre con su pequeña desconfianza.

#### LA PRINCESA Y LA NEGRA

Una vez había un hijo de un rey que se fué a correr fortuna y cuando iba por un bosque se encontró dos toronjas. Anduvo con ellas sin parirlas mucho rato y cuando partió una se encontró a una niña muy bonita que le dijo : — Dame agua, porque me ahogo. Y como no encontró agua se ahogó.

Después dejó la otra hasta encontrar agua y siguió su camino. Cuando llegó a un algibe y partió la otra, salió una niña mucho más bonita que la otra y le dijo : — Dame agua, porque me ahogo. Entonces él le dió agua y ella no se ahogó, pero la dejó en un árbol hasta que fuera a dar aviso de su hallazgo a palacio.

Estando ella en el árbol llegó una negra a buscar agua y al ver la sombra de la niña dijo : — ¡ Yo tan linda y tan blanca, buscando agua ; rompo el cántaro y vámonos a casa ! Cuando miró arriba y vió a la niña subió al palo como un gato, se puso a contemplarla y le dijo : — ¿ Quieres que te espulgue ? Ella consintió y cuando la estaba espulgando le clavó un alfiler en la cabeza y la convirtió en una palomita blanca que se echó a volar.

Cuando vino el rey con todo su acompañamiento se encontró con que se le había convertido en una negra y él muy avergonzado porque le decían sus amigos que sí para tal pieza los había invitado. Pero a él no le quedó otro remedio que llevársela a palacio.

A los pocos días venía un pastorcillo al algibe a darle agua a su ganado y se encontró una palomita que le preguntó : — ¿ Cómo está el rey con la reina mora ? Y el pastorcillo le contestó : — ¡ A veces canta y a veces llora ! — ¡ Y yo por estos campos sola... ! El pastorcillo se fué a la casa del rey a dar la noticia y el rey le dijo : — Ve mañana otra vez a ver si vuelves a verla. Y al otro día llegó el pastorcillo y le presentó de nuevo la palomita y le hizo las mismas preguntas acerca del rey y voló.

El pastorcillo fué otra vez y se lo dijo al rey y éste le dijo al pastorcillo : — Mañana te vas, le pones brea al palo para ver si la podemos coger. Pero cuando vino la palomita se paró en un ganchito que no estaba embreado y cuando le hizo las mismas preguntas, que la fué a coger, voló. Cuando le dijo al rey que se le había quedado en un ganchito sin brea y que por eso no la había podido coger le dijo : — Mañana vuelves a embrearlo de nuevo. Y cuando la reina mora supo la historia de la palomita, se le antojó de comer de ella.

Al otro día fué y embreó el ganchito que faltaba y cuando la palomita fué a volar se quedó pegada ; entonces subió. y la cogió.

El rey se volvió loco con ella y la reina quería comérsela y el rey dijo que antes que dejarle comérsela la dejaba morir de hambre y se puso a acariciarla. Le encontró un alfiler en la cabeza, se lo sacó y se convirtió en la misma niña que él había dejado en el árbol, y entonces le contó la historia de lo que hizo la negra y él de coraje cogió un palo, le pegó fuerte y se casó con la muchacha.

#### LOS TRES HIGOS

Una vez había un hombre que tenía tres hijos y un día se le ocurrió, al mayor de ellos irse a correr fortuna. El padre le preguntó entonces qué quería si bendición o dinero y él le dijo que quería bendición. El padre le echó la bendición y el hijo se fué.

Cuando iba por el camino encontró un palo de higueras, que solamente tenía tres higos y un hombre cuidaba de ellos. El muchacho le pidió un higo y el hombre le dijo que no podía dárselo, pero tanto le rogó hasta que le dió uno diciéndole : — Ten mucho cuidado de que cuando lo partas sea un lugar donde haya agua.

El muchacho se fué, pero deseoso de saber el secreto del higo que por fin lo partió y se le apareció una dama muy bella que le pidió agua. Entonces él le dijo que no tenía. Ella le contestó que se moría de sed y se murió.

Luego el hermano segundo le dijo al padre que también quería irse a viajar, que le echara la bendición. El padre se la echó y el muchacho se fué por el mismo camino que su hermano mayor, llegó al mismo palo de higuera y pidió otro higo al amo del árbol. El se lo dió diciéndole lo mismo que su hermano. El muchacho se fué, pero no pudo aguantar la curiosidad hasta que partió el higo y entonces salió otra dama más bella que la primera ; le pidió agua y como él le dijo que no tenía, se le murió de sed.

El otro hermano sintió también deseos de viajar, le pidió la bendición al padre y se fué. Cuando llegó al árbol de higuera pidió el único higo que quedaba, pero como era el último le costó mucho trabajo conseguirlo, pero al fin lo consiguió. El amo le dijo que lo partiera en donde hubiera agua y el muchacho se fué. Cuando llegó a orillas del río partió el higo y salió una dama muy hermosa que le pidió agua. El se la dió y luego quiso llevarla a su casa para presentársela a su papá, pero después pensó ir por un coche para llevarla. Entonces le dijo que se subiera a un árbol que estaba en la orilla del río y que allí le aguardara y entonces se fué por el coche.

A aquel río todos los días iba una negra a buscar agua y un día ella se puso a mirar su imagen en el río y vió la de la dama, pero creyendo que era la de ella, se puso muy contenta y dijo : — ¿ Yo tan linda y cargando

cántaros de agua ? Rómpete cántaro, que yo me voy para casa. La dama al oír esto se le escapó una carcajada y la negra cuando la oyó miró para arriba y vió que era otra la que ella vió en el río. Entonces le preguntó a la dama si quería que la espulgara y ella le dijo que no, pero tanto le rogó hasta que la dama accedió y haciendo que la espulgaba cogió un alfiler y se lo enterró por la cabeza. En seguida la dama se convirtió en una paloma blanca y echó a volar y la negra se quedó en lugar de la dama.

Cuando el joven vino a la que encontró fué a la negra, pero creyendo que era la dama a quien le preguntó qué le había pasado que estaba tan negra, y ella le contestó que allí hacía mucho sol. El joven cogió a la muchacha y se la llevó para su casa, se la presentó a su padre y se puso a vivir con ella.

Un día se le acercó al joven una palomita y cuando la negra la vió le suplicó que no cogiera aquel animal, pero él la vió tan bonita que la cogió y entonces la palomita estuvo bregando hasta que el joven notó que tenía un alfiler en la cabecita. Entonces él se lo sacó, y cual no sería su sorpresa al ver que se transformó en la dama que él creía tener por esposa. Le preguntó qué le había pasado y entonces ella se lo contó todo.

El joven al ver que aquella negra que él tenía por esposa no era la que él creía tener, se puso furioso y mandó a dos criados para que la mataran, pero cuando fueron a buscarla no la encontraron porque ella se había huido para el monte. Entonces él se casó con la verdadera dama y vivieron felices.

## 5. LA FLOR DEL OLIVAR

### LA FLOR DEL OLIVAR.

Había una vez unos esposos que tenían tres hijos. El mayor se llamaba Juan, el de enmedio Felipe y el más pequeño Carlos. Al cabo de varios años el padre perdió la vista quedando esta pobre familia sin amparo, porque él era el que trabajaba para mantener a su familia. Hacía ya algún tiempo que este buen hombre no veía, cuando se le presentó un anciano y le dijo que si se lavaba los ojos con agua hervida con la flor del Olivar, volvería a ver ; pero esto era muy difícil de conseguir.

Tan pronto como oyó esto el hijo mayor se fué y estuvo andando y andando para ver si conseguía lo que deseaba. Dejó un arbolito sembrado y les dijo a sus otros dos hermanitos que cuando vieran al arbolito marchito era que él se encontraba en trabajos. Juan se fué andando, andando andando y al pasar un río vió a una viejita lavando y a un niño llorando muchísimo. Juan dijo : — Viejita, mire a ese niño que está llorando. Y ella le contestó. : — Está llorando de hambre. ¿ No tiene V. un pedazo de pan ? Juan aunque llevaba consigo un bollo le dijo que no tenía y la viejita le deseó que pasara malos caminos y muchos trabajos.

Pasaron tres semanas, y Felipe, el hermano de enmedio viendo que su hermano no regresaba vió el arbolito y se puso muy triste al verlo muerto y entonces resolvió salir a buscarlo. Cuando hubo caminado muchas horas, se encontró con la misma viejita y el chiquito que se estaba ahogando ; al verlo dijo : — Mire viejita, que se ahoga ese chiquito. Esta le contestó : — ¡ Ay ! Sáquelo que está muy hondo y yo no puedo. Felipe en vez de sacarlo lo metió más para adentro para que se acabara de ahogar. La viejita le repitió las mismas palabras que antes le había dicho a Juan. Felipe estuvo como un mes andando, y no encontró a su hermano ni a la flor.

En vista de que ninguno de los dos regresaba, determinó el más pequeño de los hermanos irse tras ellos. Aunque tanto la madre como el padre le rogaron que no fuera, porque a éste era al que más querían y era el que mejor sentimientos tenía, siempre se fué.

Al pasar por el río vió a la viejita y al niño llorando y dijo : — Viejita, mire a ese niño llorando, cójalo para ver si se calla. Y ella le dijo que tenía hambre y no tenía que darle. Carlos sacó del bolsillo un bollo de pan y le dió la mitad al niño. La viejita dijo : — Por ser tan bondadoso y por tener un alma noble voy a decirte dónde están tus hermanos y en donde se encuentra la flor del Olivar para que le devuelva la vista a tu padre, pero ten cuidado, porque tus hermanos te matarán cuando sepan que tú has encontrado esa flor. Cuando la tengas pónela en la planta del pie izquierdo.

Así le sucedió ; no bien llegó junto a Juan y Felipe creyeron que él tenía la flor apetecida y después de registrarlo le quitaron los zapatos y se la encontraron. En seguida lo mataron y lo enterraron. Después se fueron a su casa, le devolvieron la vista al ciego y sólo le dijeron que a su hermanito ni lo habían visto.

Cierto día el padre mandó a Juan a talar un terreno para sembrar caña y al empezar oyó una voz que le decía :

Hermanito, no me toques,  
ni me dejes de tocar,  
que tú mismo me mataste  
por la flor del Olivar.

Se fué corriendo a su casa y dijo que mandaran al otro, que él no podía. Se fué Felipe y oyó en seguida una voz que le decía :

Hermanito, no me toques,  
ni me dejes de tocar,  
tú no me mataste  
pero ayudaste a enterrar.

Fué éste y se lo dijo a sus papás los cuales fueron al sitio indicado y oyeron una voz que les decía :

Mis padrecitos queridos,  
no me dejen de tocar.  
Mis hermanos me han matado  
por la flor del Olivar.

Entonces los padres empezaron a escarbar y encontraron a Carlos intacto y según era. Lo abrazaron, lo besaron y le preguntaron qué castigo quería que recibieran sus hermanos. Este les contestó que les perdonaba ; así fué, y vivieron felices.

#### LA FLOR DEL OLIVAR

Había un rey que tenía tres hijos y el mayor le pidió permiso para irse a correr fortuna y el padre se lo concedió y le preguntó : — ¿ Qué quieres, bendición o dinero ? Y él hijo le dijo : — Yo quiero dinero. Entonces el padre le contestó : — Hijo, te echo la bendición y te doy dinero. Se lo dió y se fué el muchacho a correr fortuna.

Cuando iba por un camino se encontró a una viejecita que le pidió una limosna por el amor de Dios y el joven le contestó : — ¡ Vaya con Dios, señora !, — y no le dió la limosna. Entonces la viejecita le dijo : — Dios quiera que te vuelvas una peña. Y el muchacho se convirtió en una peña.

El segundo hijo también le pidió permiso al rey para irse a correr fortuna, entonces el padre le preguntó como al primero : — ¿ Qué quieres, bendición o dinero ? Y entonces el muchacho dijo : — Yo, quiero dinero. Y se lo dió el rey. Se fué el muchacho y cuando iba por el mismo camino que su hermano mayor se encontró a la misma anciana y le pidió una limosna por el amor de Dios y entonces el muchacho le contestó : — ¡ Vaya Ud. con Dios !, — entonces la viejecita le dijo : — Dios quiera que te vuelvas peña y que tú y tú hermano choquen. Y así sucedió.

Viendo el hermano más chico que sus otros dos hermanos no volvían, pidió permiso para irse a buscarlos. Entonces el padre le dijo que cómo lo iba a dejar solo, que él ya estaba viejo. Entonces el muchacho le contestó que el quería saber de sus hermanos. Entonces el padre le dijo que fuera y que qué quería, si su bendición o dinero, y el hijo le dijo : — Papá, échame la bendición, que yo con dinero no hago nada. El padre le echó la bendición y le dió cuatro sacos de dinero.

Cuando este muchacho iba por el mismo camino que sus dos hermanos, se encontró con la misma anciana que le pidió limosna por el amor de Dios. Entonces el muchacho soltó uno de los sacos y le dió un puñado de monedas a la anciana y ella le contestó : — ¡ Hijo, Dios te lleve con bien y te ayude !

Entonces el muchacho le preguntó si había visto a sus dos hermanos y la vieja le dijo que no los procurara porque le harían mucho daño si los encontraba. Entonces el muchacho le dijo que quería encontrar a sus hermanos y ella le dijo: — Te doy esta ramita para que cuando pases por el bosque donde hay un gallo de oro con el pico levantado para arriba, tú le das un varazo, si está dormido, pero si no está, no se lo des, pues estás perdido si se lo das. Entonces el joven cuando llegó a donde estaba el gallo lo vio dormido y le dió el varazo y el gallo abrió el pico y bajó los ojos. Entonces pudo el joven pasar a donde estaban sus dos hermanos y cuando llegó al pie de las dos peñas dió otros dos varazos y salieron sus dos hermanos del encantamiento.

Se fueron los tres hermanos y cuando iban como a la mitad del camino cogieron al hermanito más pequeño y lo mataron y lo enterraron en el jardín de una reina que tenía tres hijos.

Del pelo del muchacho nació una mata cuya flor era de Olivar. Los hijos de la reina bajaron a los pocos días y tocaron la mata y ella les dijo:

Jovencito, no me toques,  
ni me dejes de tocar,  
que mis hermanos me han matado  
por la flor del Olivar.

Subieron los niños a llamar a sus padres para que oyeran lo que decía aquella mata. Los padres de los niños dieron cuenta a la Justicia que en su jardín había una mata que hablaba, y la Justicia fué a ver aquel caso; mandó que escarbaran la tierra y encontraron al joven que estaba vivo y le preguntaron quien lo había enterrado allí y él contestó que habían sido sus dos hermanos mayores. Entonces cogieron a los dos hermanos y los prendieron y él se fué con su padre que ya estaba anciano y el padre se puso muy alegre con su hijo pequeño y quedaron viviendo en paz y gloria.

#### LA FLOR DEL OLIVAR

Había una vez un rey que tenía tres hijos. Al rey le habían dicho que en el mundo había una flor que era muy maravillosa y que se llamaba La Flor del Olivar. El rey dijo a sus hijos: — Hijos míos, yo deseo que VV. me busquen esa flor; al que me la encuentre le regalaré mi corona. Entonces los tres jóvenes cogieron el suficiente dinero para el viaje. A la hora de la partida ninguno de los dos mayores les hicieron honores a sus padres y solamente el menor se acercó a sus padres y les pidió la bendición.

Los tres hermanos se marcharon y después de varios días llegaron a tres caminos. Cada uno de los hermanos cogió su camino. El menor como buen hijo, cogió el camino del bien y los otros dos cogieron el camino del

mal. Después que se les terminó el dinero a los dos hermanos mayores se iban a los caminos y cada vez que pasaba un viajero le quitaban el dinero y se iban a jugarlo y a botarlo.

El más pequeño, cuando sus hermanos mayores hacían lo expresado, con muchos trabajos había encontrado la flor y buscaba a sus hermanos para volver con ellos a su casa, lo que al fin consiguió, pero sus hermanos no lo dejaron realizar su propósito. — ¿Has encontrado la flor? — Sí, la he encontrado. Entonces se la quitaron, la guardaron los jóvenes malditos, cogieron a su hermano, lo mataron y lo enterraron en las represas de un río donde cuidaba un ganado un pastor. Después del crimen, los dos hermanos con el dinero del más pequeño se hicieron de la riqueza que les hacía falta y compraron ropa. Estos siguieron para su casa; al llegar su padre les dijo: — ¿Me han encontrado la flor que deseaba? Y ellos contestaron: — ¡Sí! — Bueno, pero hasta que su hermano menor no venga no se le dará mi corona a ninguno de ustedes.

Varios días pasaron y el joven no parecía. A los pocos días el pastor del ganado fué invitado a una casa del lado del castillo del rey para que tocara un baile, porque el pastor era músico de flauta. Un día el pastor paseándose con su ganado vió una hermosa planta con flores. En donde estaba esta planta había sido enterrado el hijo del rey. El pastor dijo: — ¡Qué bonita planta! Voy a cortar una flauta para el baile que voy a tocar. Y se puso a buscar los tonos mejores para el baile, pero dió la casualidad que la planta no tocaba sino una misma cosa y parecía la voz de una persona. Al tocar la flauta decía: — No me toques, ni me dejes de tocar, que mis hermanos me mataron por la flor del Olivar.

El pastor se asombró, pero no se preocupó de ello. Llegó el día del baile y el pastor se llevó la flauta de que hablamos. Cuando el pastor se puso a tocar nadie bailó a causa del asombro que el canto les causó. Al otro día el rey mandó llamar al pastor. Los policías lo hicieron que llevara la flauta y la tocó y decía lo mismo; la tocó la reina e igual cosa pasó. Llamaron a sus hijos y decía:

No me toques, no me toques, ni me dejes de tocar, que mis hermanos me mataron por la flor del Olivar.

El rey le preguntó al pastor en dónde había cortado la flauta y el pastor lo llevó. Pronto vieron la sepultura y también vieron que salían dos manos y después el joven les contó lo que le había pasado y el padre le puso a él la corona.

Después de todo esto el padre le dijo: — Pide el castigo que quieras que se les dé a tus hermanos. Y él dijo: — Yo no quiero hacerles mal, lo que quiero es que se embarquen para otro país.

#### LA HOJA DEL OLIVAR.

Había una vez un padre que tenía varios hijos; era ciego y tenía una cántara que la llamaba la hoja de Olivar. Un día le dice el mayor de los



**hijos** : — ¡ Ay, padre mío, como tú estás ciego voy a salir a buscar con qué curarte !

Entonces el padre le dijo que qué quería, si bendición o dinero. El hijo le dijo que qué iba él a hacer con bendición, que le diera dinero. El padre le cargó una mula de dinero y entonces el muchacho cogió su equipaje y se fué. Hizo algunas leguas de camino y se encontró con una vieja ; le compró de pan la mitad del dinero que llevaba.

Después se encontró con otra y ésta le dijo : — Dame un pedazo de ese pan. Él le dijo que no y la vieja empezó a rogarle que le diera un pedazo de pan por Dios. El muchacho le dijo que no, porque aquel pan el lo había comprado para comérselo y no para darlo.

Pasado mucho tiempo y viendo los demás hermanos que el primero no había vuelto, le dijo el segundo a su padre que él se iba en busca de su hermano. El padre también le preguntó que si quería bendición o dinero y el muchacho le contestó que qué iba él a hacer con bendición, que le diera dinero. El padre le preparó un caballo y el muchacho se fué y le pasó exactamente igual que al primero.

Entonces el muchacho de en medio le dijo a su padre que él quería irse a traerle la medicina para sus ojos y a la vez ver si encontraba a sus otros dos hermanos. El padre le preguntó que si quería bendición o dinero y el muchacho le dijo que le diera nada más que su bendición. Entonces el padre le preparó un caballo y el muchacho se fué. Cuando él ya había salido el padre lo llamó y le dió dos pesos para el viaje. El muchacho compró un pan y después de haber andado mucho se encontró con la misma vieja que había encontrado el hermano mayor y le dijo al muchacho : — Dame por Dios un pedazo de pan. El muchacho se lo dió todo. Entonces la vieja le preguntó qué andaba haciendo y él le contestó que andaba buscando la hoja del Olivar para curar a su padre que era ciego y que sus otros dos hermanos habían salido de la casa a buscarla y no habían regresado. La vieja entonces le dijo que fuera todo el camino directo hasta que llegara a un río llamado El Jordán.

El muchacho siguió su camino directo y llegó al río ; allí consiguió el remedio y regresó para la casa de su padre y en el camino se encontró al hermano mayor que había salido primero. Este hermano lo conoció en seguida y le preguntó qué andaba haciendo. El muchacho le contestó que había ido a buscar el remedio para el padre y tomar noticias de él. A este hermano le dió vergüenza que su hermano menor que había venido último que él había conseguido el remedio primero que él. Entonces este hermano para evitar que su hermano llevara el remedio mejor que él, lo mató, hizo una sepultura y lo enterró y le puso un poco de algodón en la boca. A los pocos años de esto nació una mata en la sepultura.

Un día, mucho tiempo después que al padre le había vuelto la vista salieron en coche él y su hija menor a dar un paseo. Pasaron al pie de la mata aquella que tenía unas flores muy hermosas y la niña se enamoró de las flores de aquella mata. El padre la bajó del coche y la mandó a que cogiera flores y la mata empezó a cantar :

Hermanita de mi vida  
no me arranques mis cabellos,  
que mi hermano me mató  
por la flor del Olivar.

La niña vino corriendo al coche y le dijo al padre que la mata cantaba.  
Entonces el padre fué, cogió otra flor y la mata cantó :

Ay, papito de mi vida  
no me arranques mis cabellos  
que mi hermano me mató  
por la flor del Olivar

El padre comprendió que aquel era su hijo.

#### LA FLOR DEL OLIVAR

Una vez había un padre que tenía tres hijos, él era ciego y muy rico. Un día llegó a su casa una vieja y le dijo : — Si V. quiere tener vista, no tiene más que mandar a buscar la flor del Olivar.

El hombre en seguida mandó llamar a sus tres hijos y les dijo : — Al que me consiga la flor del Olivar que dice la anciana, le daré un precioso premio. Ellos convinieron y se fueron juntos, pero al llegar a donde había tres caminos, cada uno cogió por el suyo, ofreciéndose esperarse allí todos, según fueran llegando para llegar juntos a la casa. A los tres meses llegó el primero y al cabo de unos pocos días llegaron los otros dos. Uno al otro se preguntaban : — ¿ Tú la has encontrado ? — No, — respondía el otro.

Y así anduvieron una parte del camino hasta llegar a cierto lugar y el mayor dijo : — Vamos a quitarnos toda la ropa para ver quién la tiene. El más pequeño dijo que él no la tenía y que no se quitaba la ropa, entonces el mayor dijo : — Pues tú la tienes. Y quitándole los zapatos le dijo : — ¡ Mírala aquí ! ¿ Cómo lo negabas ? Ahora dile a papá que yo la encontré. Y el muchacho le respondió : — ¿ No ves que yo tuve el trabajo de encontrarla y quieres que diga que tú la hallaste ? El mayor le dijo al de enmedio : — Vamos a matarlo. Y éste respondió que él se atrevía a hacerlo. Entonces el mayor lo mató y el de enmedio le ayudó a enterrarlo y siguieron su camino dejando al niño enterrado.

Llegaron a su casa y el padre preguntó por su hijo menor y le dijeron que se había muerto. El padre se puso muy triste aunque había conseguido tener vista.

Un día que pasaba un hombre por el sitio donde habían matado al niño, vió unas matas de unos carrizos muy bonitos y se le ocurrió cortar uno ; entonces oyó una voz que decía :

Señor, por ser mi amigo,  
toque bien o toque mal  
mi hermano me mató  
por la flor del Olivar

Entonces el hombre fué a casa del padre del niño y le dijo que tocara el carrizo y repuso lo mismo diciendo :

Padre mío, por ser mi padre,  
toque bien o toque mal,  
mi hermano me mató  
por la flor del Olivar.

Así tocó su mamá diciendo lo mismo y tocaron sus hermanos. Entonces fué el hombre a enseñarle al papá del niño donde se había encontrado el carrizo, escarbaron la tierra logrando sacarlo de allí vivo y lo llevaron a su casa.

Después el padre le impuso un castigo al hijo mayor y el hijo menor dijo que pedía que no se le castigase.

#### LA FLOR DEL OLIVAR.

Había un padre ciego que tenía tres hijos y los tenía vendiendo manzanas. Un día yendo el mayor de ellos con las manzanas se encontró a una mujer con un niño. Esta era la Virgen María con el niño, y ella le preguntó al muchacho : — ¿ Hijo, qué llevas ahí ? — Madre vieja, llevo piedras, — dijo el muchacho. Ella le dijo : — Piedras se te volverán. Y se le volvieron piedras las manzanas.

Al otro día salió el otro muchacho vendiendo y encontró a la mujer y le sucedió lo mismo que al primero.

Al siguiente día salió el muchacho más chiquito del padre con manzanas, encontró a la mujer con el chiquito y la mujer le preguntó al muchacho : — Hijo, ¿ qué llevas ahí ? El muchacho le dijo : — Señora, llevo manzanas, — y cogió una y se la dió al chiquito. Ella le preguntó qué tenía su padre y él le dijo que estaba ciego. Entonces ella le dijo que había una flor que se llamaba Olivar, y que con ella se curaría su padre de la vista.

El muchacho se fué muy contento para su casa, porque iba a darle la vista a su padre, pero se encontró a sus dos hermanos que se les habían vuelto piedras las manzanas, le quitaron la flor y después lo mataron, pero al enterrarlo le dejaron un pié fuera.

Cuando los muchachos llegaron a la casa le pusieron la flor al padre y recobró la vista. El padre les preguntó por el hijo menor y le dijeron que no lo habían visto.

Un pastorcito que pasó por el lugar donde habían matado al muchacho

los dos hermanos, tropezó con el pié que le habían dejado fuera. El muchacho muerto dijo cantando :

Pastorcito, no me toques,  
ni me dejes de tocar,  
que mis hermanos me matoron  
por la flor del Olivar.

El pastorcito dió cuenta al pueblo que era cerca. Mientras tanto, como los muchachos ya no se acordaban del hermano, uno de ellos pasó por el sitio donde lo habían matado y tocó el pié del hermano, entonces el muerto dijo :

Mano perro, no me toques,  
ni me dejes de tocar  
que tu mismo me mastate  
por la flor del Olivar.

Entonces vino el padre y lo tocó y empezó a cavar la tierra y salió el muchacho vivo otra vez.

#### EL REY CIEGO.

Había una vez un rey que tenía tres hijos. El rey era ciego. Un día el hijo mayor le dijo al padre que si lo dejaba ir a correr fortuna y a buscarle la hoja del olivar para su vista y el padre le preguntó que qué quería mejor, si bendición o dinero. El hijo le dijo que qué iba él a hacer con bendición, que mejor quería dinero, porque con bendición no hacía nada. Entonces el padre le dió una bolsa llena de dinero y el muchacho se fué.

Cuando ya iba llegando al pueblo se encontró una viejita que le dijo que le diera una limosna. El le dijo que lo que él llevaba allí eran piedras. Entonces ella le dijo que piedras se le volverían. Cuando llegó al pueblo fué a una fonda y pidió dos huevos a caballo, una carne mechada y arroz con habichuelas y después que acabó de comer pidió un poco de café con pan, galletas y mantequilla. Cuando le pasaron la cuenta fué a pagar y lo que encontró en el bolsillo fueron piedras. El dueño de la fonda lo mandó a enterraar un hoyo bien hondo.

A los dos meses el hijo menor viendo que su hermano no había venido le dijo : — Padre, usted ve que mi hermano tarda, tendré que ir a buscarlo. El padre le preguntó que qué quería, si bendición o dinero y él le dijo que qué iba a hacer con bendición, que le diera mejor dinero. El padre le dió una bolsa de dinero y se fué muy campante. En el camino se encontró a los mismos viejitos y les dijo que lo que llevaba eran piedras. La viejita le dijo que piedras se le volverían. Cuando llegó a la fonda pidió casi lo mismo que el hermano y cuando fué a buscar el dinero se encontró

con piedras. El amo de la fonda lo mandó matar y a meterlo con el otro que habían matado.

A los otros dos meses le dijo el hijo más chiquito a su padre : — Quizás a mis hermanos los mataron, los voy a buscar. El padre le preguntó qué quería, si bendición o dinero y él le dijo que para qué quería dinero, que le echara la bendición. El papa se la echó y le dió también una bolsa de dinero. Cuando iba llegando se encontró a la misma viejita, que era la Virgen, y le pidió una limosna. El le dijo que sí, que como no, y la montó en las ancas del caballo, la llevó a la fonda y comieron allí muchísimas cosas.

Después la viejita le preguntó qué buscaba y él le dijo que a sus dos hermanos y a la hojita del olivar. Entonces ella le dió una bojita de oro y la hojita del Olivar y le dijo que cuando llegara a su casa se la pasara tres veces a su papá por la cara y que en seguida vería. Que sus dos hermanos estaban enterrados, que él los podía revivir, que la bolita de virtud todo lo que él le pidiera se lo daba. El dijo entonces: — Bolita de virtud, por la virtud que tú tienes y la que Dios te ha dado, quiero que mis dos hermanos salgan.

Cuando los revivió, los hermanos lo querían matar, pero él los agarró por la bolita de virtud y les puso mano en seguida. Cuando llegó a su casa le dijo a su padre que sus hermanos lo querían matar después que les dió la vida. Entonces sacó la hojita del olivar y se la pasó a su padre por los ojos y el padre en seguida vió la luz del sol. El se quería comer a besos a su hijo y tan contento estaba que le dijo que no quería ni que les diera castigo a sus hermanos y él dijo que los perdonaba.

Se acabó mi cuento.

## 6. LA MATA DE AJI

### LA MATA DE AJÍ.

Una vez había un matrimonio que tenía cuatro hijos ; una Josefa, otro Juan, otro Fernando y el otro Francisco.

Un día salió el padre a trabajar y la madre a lavar y cuando la madre salió para el río le dijo a su hija : — Mira, en la mesa quedan tres higos, si me falta alguno cuando regrese te mataré. La muchacha se quedó muy triste.

Al poco rato de haberse ido la madre llegó una viejita y le dijo : — Niña, déme una poquita de sal. Y ella le contestó : — Cójala. La vieja le volvió a decir : — Haga el favor de dármele usted. Tanto estuvo la vieja insistiendo hasta que la muchacha tuvo que ir a buscarle la sal. Cuando regresó la muchacha de buscar la sal, ya se había ido la vieja y se había llevado un higo.

La muchacha se puso muy triste y vino otra vieja a pedirle también sal y ella le dijo que la fuera a buscar a la cocina y la vieja le dijo que se

la fuera a buscar ella. La muchacha, como su mamá la había enseñado a que obedeciera a todas las personas más viejas, le fué a buscar la sal, y cuando vino ya se había ido la vieja y se había llevado otro higo. La muchacha se encontraba completamente triste cuando volvió otra vieja y le hizo lo mismo.

Entonces fué cuando se apuró y lloró amargamente. Unos minutos después llegó la madre y le dijo : — ¿ Dónde estan los tres higos ? La muchacha llorando le contó lo sucedido. Se fué la madre al patio e hizo un hoyo, tiró una sortija y le dijo : — Métete ahí y sácame esa sortija. La muchacha se metió y cuando estaba dentro del hoyo la madre tapó el hoyo con tierra y a ella la enterró.

Pocos minutos habían transcurrido cuando apareció donde habían enterrado a la muchacha, una mata de ajíes.

Vino la tarde y llegó el padre de los muchachos a comer y preguntó por su hija que no la había visto. La madre le dijo que andaba paseando. El señor comenzó a comer, miró para el patio y grande fué su asombro al ver una frondosa mata de ajíes, que cuando él salió no estaba allí. Mandó a uno de sus hijos que le fuera a buscar un ají de aquella mata.

Grande fué el asombro del muchacho al escuchar una voz que le decía :

— Hermano, si eres mi hermano, no me hales mis caballos, que mi madre me ha enterrado por tres higos que han faltado.

Fué el muchacho corriendo a donde estaba su padre y le dijo : — ¡ Ay papá, si allí canta una cosa ! El padre le contestó que esas eran cosas de él. Mandó a otro de los hijos y le pasó igual.

Mandó al último y también le pasó lo mismo. El padre para desengañarse fué él mismo y le dijo igual cosa. Llamó a su esposa y le dijo : — Coje un ají de aquella mata. Cuando la señora lo haló la voz le dijo : — Madre, por ser mi madre, no me arranques mis cabellos, que tú misma me has enterrado por tres higos que han faltado.

El padre empezó a cavar y resultó que la muchacha por casualidad no había muerto.

Entonces el padre la sacó y ella le contó todo lo que le había pasado y el montó a la señora en cuatro mulas, les pegó para que se fueran y todavía no se sabe su paradero.

#### LA MATA DE AJÍ.

Esta era una vez que en un pueblo de Puerto Rico había una señora que tenía una hija que se llamaba María y tres hijos más.

Un día la madre salió para misa y le dijo a la hija que había dejado tres higos en la mesa y que no le regalara ninguno a nadie, que cuando ella viniera de misa los había de encontrar como los había dejado.

Al momento de haberse ido la madre vino un limosnero y le pidió a la niña un higo de los tres que había y la niña le dijo que no, porque su madre le había dicho que no le diera ninguno a nadie. Entonces el limosnero le dijo que le diera una poca de agua y mientras la niña fué a buscar el agua el limosnero le cogió un higo. Entonces la niña volvió y no se fijó en los higos. Vino otro limosnero y le pidió otro higo y la niña le dijo que no, porque no eran de ella. Entonces le pidió un poco de agua y mientras ella fué a traerla, le cogió los otros dos higos que le quedaban.

Cuando la niña fué a ver los higos no encontró ninguno y dijo : — ¿ Ahora qué hago yo cuando venga mamá ? Y se puso a llorar.

Cuando vino la madre le preguntó por los higos y ella le dijo que un limosnero se los había robado. Entonces a la madre le dió muchísimo coraje e hizo un hoyo, dejó caer en él una sortija y le dijo a la niña que se metiera a cogerla y cuando la niña bajó la madre le echó tierra encima y la tapó y allí donde la enterró nació una mata de ají.

Un día, el padre estaba almorzando y uno de los hijos le dijo : — Hombre, papá, ¿ quieres que te vaya a buscar un ají ? Y el padre le dijo que sí y cuando fué el muchacho a cogerlo cantó la matita :

— Hermano, por ser mi hermano no me arranques mis cabellos,  
que mi madre me ha enterrado por tres higos que han faltado.

Entonces fué el muchacho y se lo contó al padre y el padre mandó a otro muchacho y le cantó la matita lo mismo que al primero. El padre dijo que cómo iba a ser eso, y fué él y le cantó la matita estas palabras :

— Padre mío, por ser mi padre, no me arranques mis cabellos,  
que mi madre me ha enterrado por tres higos que han faltado.

Entonces el marido mató a la mujer, la hizo pedazos y la echó en un barril en agua de sal.

Al otro día vino la comadre y le preguntó donde estaba la mujer y él le dijo que estaba en el campo, y él le dió un pedazo de carne frita y un guineo asado. Al día siguiente vino la comadre otra vez y le preguntó por la mujer y él le volvió a decir que estaba en el campo, que no había vuelto ; le dió otro pedazo de carne frita y otro guineo.

Al otro día vino la comadre y le preguntó otra vez que tanto tiempo hacía que la mujer estaba en el campo y por que no venía, que quizá le habría pasado algo. El compadre le dijo que ella se la había comido frita, con guineo y la comadre empezó a decir : — Sal comadre, sal comadre. Y la comadre no salió nunca más y se quedó esperando la comadre que la otra volviera.

## LA MATA DE AJÍ.

Había una vez una madre que tenía tres hijas. La mayor de ellas era quien cuidaba la casa y hacía todos los oficios de la casa.

Un día la madre fué a lavar al río, dejó tres higos sobre la mesa y le dijo : — Hija, si me falta un higo de esos te mato. Después de haberse ido la madre vino un anciano a pedir una limosna y la niña le dijo : — Perdone, que mi madre no está aquí. Entonces le dijo : — Pues dame un poco de agua. Y mientras ella fué a buscarle el agua el anciano se llevó un higo.

Cuando vino la madre no encontró más que dos higos, le preguntó a la muchacha y ella le contó lo que había pasado. Al mismo tiempo pasaba por allí un carbonero y la madre lo alquiló para que le hiciera un hoyo muy hondo. En seguida que el carbonero le hizo el hoyo mandó a la muchacha a que se parara a la orilla del Hoyo y cuando la muchacha se paró la madre la empujó y la muchacha cayó muerta dentro del hoyo.

Cuando vino el padre preguntó por la muchacha y la madre le decía que estaba en casa de la madrina y el padre no lo creía.

Como a las dos semanas nació una mata de ají en donde estaba enterrada la muchacha y el padre mandó a una de las hijas que quedaban a buscarle un ají a la mata. Al tiempo de coger ella el ají, cantó la mata estas palabras :

— Hermana, por ser mi hermana no me arranques mis cabellos,  
que mi madre me ha enterrado por un higo que ha faltado.

La muchacha fué asustada a donde estaba el padre y le dijo : — Papá, la mata canta. Y el padre le dijo : — Eso es mentira tuya.

Mandó a la otra hija y la mata volvió a cantar lo mismo. Entonces fué el padre y la mata cantó lo mismo y él mandó que fuera la madre y entonces la mata cantó :

— Madre, por ser mi madre, no me arranques mis cabellos,  
que tú misma me has enterrado por un higo que ha faltado.

Entonces el padre escarbó allí, encontró a la muchacha y ella le contó lo que la había pasado y él le dijo que si quería que matasen a su madre.

Ella le contestó que no deseaba ningún mal para su madre, pero el padre siempre la mató.

## LA MATA DE AJÍ.

Había una vez una madre que tenía tres hijos, dos niños y una niña. Un día la mamá tuvo que salir con los dos niños y el papá y dejó a la



niña cuidando la casa. La niña se puso a trabajar cuando oyó que tocaban la puerta. — ¿ Quién es ? preguntó la niña. — Una limosna. Respondió alguien. La niña como no tenía que dar al limosnero le dijo que volviera otro día. — Pues deme usted un poco de agua, por Dios, que estoy muerto de sed.

Ella se fué muy atenta a buscar el agua, pero cuando volvió, el anciano ya no estaba allí. Miró al armario donde su madre había dejado tres higos y vió que faltaba uno. Se echó a llorar en el acto y en ese momento oyó que tocaban nuevamente. — ¿ Quién es ? volvió a preguntar la niña y obteniendo la misma respuesta volvió a decir que volvieran otro día.

Le volvieron a pedir otro vaso de agua y al volver de buscarla no encontró a nadie y notó que faltaba otro higo.

— ¡ Dios mío ! — exclamó la niña sorprendida, — ¿ Qué es esto ? Y rompió a llorar nuevamente. Luego llegó su madre y le preguntó : — ¿ Quién ha cogido los higos del armario ? — Unos ancianos vinieron a pedir limosna y como no tenía que darles les dije que perdonasen y viniesen otro día. Después me pidieron un poquito de agua y en lo que fui a buscarla se llevaron los higos y dejaron uno.

La madre, que era muy mala, no dijo nada, pero sin que la niña lo supiese mandó hacer un hoyo en el corral. Al poco rato dijo a la niña : — Cógeme una sortija que se me ha caído ahí.

Como ella tenía tan buen corazón, se metó en seguida, pero cuando la estaba cogiendo sintió que le echaron un montón de tierra y se quedó casi muerta.

Un día el padre echó de menos a la hijita y le dijo a la mamá : — ¿ Dónde está Rosita ? La madre no sabía qué contestar y le dijo que estaba pasando unos días en casa de una comadre.

Esa misma tarde los niños fueron a jugar al patio y vieron una gran mata de ajíes. Inmediatamente fueron a decirlo a su mamá y su papá. El padre fué en seguida y arrancó un ají, pero notó que la mata cantaba. Después vino la madre y le dió un halón a la mata y salió la niña.

El padre le preguntó a la niña quien la había echado y qué quería que hiciese con el que la había echado allí. — Mamá fué, — respondió la niña, que le faltaron unos higos y me echó allí, pero no quiero que le hagas nada. El hombre cogió a la madre y la hizo pedazos. Entonces el padre vivió alegre con sus hijos.

#### LA MATA DE AJÍ.

Había en una ciudad una señora que tenía tres hijos. Uno de ellos era una niñita. Sucedió que un día la madre salió para misa y dejó a la niña cuidando unos higuitos. La niña quedó muy conforme con el encargo que le habían destinado.

Cuando ella estaba cumpliendo con su deber se le acercó un anciano

diciéndole : — Niñita, dame un trago de agua. Ella le contestó que no podía, porque su mamá la había dejado cuidando aquellos higos y no podía abandonarlos. El anciano le dijo : — Puedes ir y dejarlos, que yo los cuido. Ella fué a traerle el agua al anciano y cuando volvió echó de menos un higo, pero ya el anciano iba lejos.

Al poco tiempo llegó un carbonero a pedirle un fosforito para encender su cachumbo. Ella le dijo que no podía ir a buscarle el fósforo. El le dijo que fuera, que él le cuidaba los higuitos.

Ella se fué a buscar el fósforo y cuando volvió echó de menos otro higo y no le dijo nada al carbonero. Ya le quedaba un solo higo. Por último vino un niño a pedirle un higo. Ella se lo negó y él se lo robó.

Cuando vino la madre y vio que no había ningún higo, no le dijo nada y se fué a cocinar. La niña le pidió permiso para ir a casa de su amiga y la madre consintió.

Ella se fué y la madre aprovechando el tiempo hizo un hoyo tirando adentro unas tijeras y un dedal. Entonces, cuando la niña volvió díjole la madre : — María, vé y cógeme esas cosas que están en el hoyo. Cuando la niña se metió la madre le tapó con tierra quedando la niña enterrada.

Uno de los hijos de la señora no comía sin ají y encima de la sepultura de la niña nació una mata de ají.

El niño fué a coger un ají cuando oyó que la mata cantaba :

— Hermanito de mi vida no me arranques mis cabellos,  
que mi madre me ha matado por tres higos que han faltado.

— ¡ Ay mamá , si la mata canta ! dijo el muchacho. La madre dijo :  
— Niño, no seas tan mentiroso, ¿ cómo va a cantar una mata de ají ?  
Mandó a otro de los hijos a ver si la mata cantaba y le pasó igual cosa.  
Entonces uno de los hermanos fué y la sacó y vivieron en paz y gloria.

#### LA MATA DE AJÍ.

Había una vez una señora que tenía algunas niñas. Un día esta señora salió y dejó a una de sus hijas cuidando la casa y estando ella ausente llegó un viejo y le pidió a la niña que cuidaba unos higos que la madre le había dejado para que le cuidara, una copa de agua.

Mientras la niña fué a buscarle el agua, el viejo se llevó un higo y se fué. Cuando la niña volvió a la puerta no encontró al viejo, miró la mesa donde tenía los higos y se puso a contarlos viendo que le faltaba uno. Entonces se asomó a la puerta y vio al viejo que iba corriendo.

Entonces la niña se puso a llorar y cuando llegó su madre contó los higos y vio que le faltaba uno. Le preguntó a la niña y ella le contó lo que le había pasado con el viejo, pero la madre no se lo creyó, le pegó a la niña y se fué al corral e hizo un hoyo, tiró adentro algunas prendas y

le dijo a la niña que se metiera en aquel hoyo y le sacara las prendas que se le cayeron.

La niña se metió a buscárselas, pero cuando ya iba a salir la madre la enterró y como a las dos semanas nació una matita de ají en el mismo lugar que la niña había sido enterrada.

Cuando su padre, que estaba paseando, volvió a la casa le preguntó por la niña y ella le dijo que estaba paseándose unos días en casa de su tía en el pueblo.

El padre lo creyó pero viendo que pasaban dos semanas y que su hija no volvía la mandó a buscar con una de sus otras hermanas y estando en la mesa oyó que una hija dijo que en el corral había una mata de ají que cantaba y no creyéndolo él mandó a otra hija para ver si era verdad.

Entonces la hija le dijo que era verdad, que la mata había cantado esta canción :

— ¡ Ay hermanita de mi vida, no me arranques mis cabellos,  
que mi madre me ha enterrado, por un higo que ha faltado !

Entonces el padre viendo que su hija decía que era verdad fué él a ver también si cantaba la mata y le arrancó un ají y entonces empezó la mata a cantar :

— ¡ Ay papaíto de mi vida, no me arranques mis cabellos,  
que mi madre me ha enterrado, por un higo que ha faltado !

Entonces el padre arrancó la mata y sacó a su hija preguntándole qué quería que hiciera con su madre.

Ella le dijo que nada, pero el padre amarró a la madre y empezó a pegarle y entonces curó a su hija, que estaba toda herida.

#### LA MATA DE AJÍ.

Había una madre que tenía una hija y tres hijos. Un día la madre se fué a lavar y los tres hijos se fueron al trabajo con su papá. La madre le dijo a la hija que le cuidara tres higos que tenía y ella se fué.

Llegó un hombre y le dijo a la niña : — Mire nena, hágame favor de darme una poquita de agua. La niña le dijo que la cogiera del aljibe y él le dijo que no, que se la diera fresca. La niña le dijo que no podía, y él le dijo : — Soy bendito. Entonces la niña fué a buscar el agua y el hombre le cogió un higo y se fué corriendo.

La madre vino de lavar y le preguntó por el higo y ella le dijo lo que había pasado. Entonces la madre hizo un hoyo hondo, después tiró unas cuantas cosas y le dijo : — Mira hija, métete en ese hoyo y dame esas cosas que se me han caído. La niña fué y se metió al hoyo y entonces la madre le echó tierra hasta que llenó el hoyo.

Un día llegó el padre a comer y uno de los chiquitos le dijo que en el corral había una mata de ajíes y el padre le dijo : — Vete y tráeme uno. El niño fué a cortarlo y oyó que la mata cantaba :

— ¡ Hermanito de mi vida no me arranques mis cabellos,  
que mi madre me ha enterrado por un higo que ha faltado !

El niño se fué y le dijo al papá : — ¡ Papá, la mata canta ! Entonces el padre mandó a otro de los hijos que le llevara un ají, y la matita le cantó :

— ¡ Hermanito de mi vida no me arranques mis cabellos,  
que mi madre me ha enterrado por un higo que ha faltado !

El niño dijo : — ¡ Ay papá, la mata cantó ! Entonces el padre dijo : — Ve tú, Juan. Fué el niño y la mata cantó :

— ¡ Hermanito de mi vida no me arranques mis cabellos,  
que mi madre me ha enterrado por un higo que ha faltado !

— ¡ Ay papá, la mata canta !  
Entonces el padre fué y la mata le cantó :

— ¡ Ay papaíto de mi vida no me arranques mis cabellos,  
que mi madre me ha enterrado por un higo que ha faltado !

El padre vió que era verdad, destapó el hoyo y encontró a la niña. El padre montó a la esposa en cuatro mulas hasta que se murió.

#### LA MATA DE AJÍES.

Había una vez una mujer que tenía una hijita. Un día puso tres higos en una mesa y le dijo a la hija que se los cuidara. Luego vino un limosnero y le pidió una limosna. La niña le dijo que no tenía qué darle, pero el limosnero le pidió por limosna un vaso de agua, y en lo que fué a buscarlo, le cogió un higo.

Al momento vino otro limosnero y ella le dijo que no tenía qué darle y le pidió un tomate y en lo que lo buscó, el limosnero le llevó otro higo.

Luego vino otro limosnero e igualmente le dijo la niña que no tenía qué darle, pero él le pidió una poquita de sal, y mientras la niña la buscaba el limosnero se llevó el otro higo.

Cuando la madre vino a buscar los higos, la niña no supo qué contestar y dijo que se los habían robado. La madre creyó que la niña se los había comido y la enterró en un hoyo que hizo en la tierra.

Después nació en el hoyo una mata de ají. Cuando estuvo grande, el padre mandó a buscar un ají y cuando el niño arrancó el ají, oyó que éste cantaba :

— ¡ Mi hermanito, no me arranques los cabellos,  
que mi madre me ha enterrado por un higo que ha faltado !

El niño le contó al padre lo que le había sucedido y fué la madre, arrancó un ají y oyó que cantaban :

— ¡ Mi madre, por ser mi madre, no me arranque los cabellos,  
que usted misma me ha matado por un higo que ha faltado !

Entonces fué el padre, arrancó otro ají y oyó que cantaban :

— ¡ Mi padre, por ser mi padre, no me arranque los cabellos,  
que mi madre me ha enterrado por un higo que ha faltado !

Entonces el padre averiguó lo que había pasado, mató a la madre y se quedó siempre triste.

## 7. LOS SIETE CUERVOS

### LOS SIETE CUERVOS.

Había una vez un matrimonio que tenía siete hijos. El marido y su esposa anhelaban tener una hija y al fin fueron satisfechos sus deseos y la mujer fué madre de una niña tan delgada y diminuta que sus padres temían que se les muriera de un momento a otro.

El cura del pueblo estaba de viaje y no podía darle el agua del bautismo ; decidieron darle el agua del socorro. El padre envió a sus hijos en busca de un cántaro de agua a la fuente ; los siete hermanos se fueron corriendo a la fuente y llenaron el cántaro.

Entonces se pusieron a disputar cual de los siete llegaba primero ; pero al empezar a correr se les cayó el cántaro y se les hizo mil pedazos. Los siete hermanos se quedaron muy asustados por el suceso ; se miraban unos a los otros sin atreverse a volver a su casa. El padre desesperado por la tardanza de sus hijos se asomaba de un lado a otro y no aparecían esos granujas de chiquillos y estaba tan desesperado que lanzó una terrible maldición : — ¡ Permita Dios que esos granujas de chiquillos se conviertan en cuervos !

El padre y la madre lloraron amargamente, pero no hay poder humano que evite los efectos de una maldición una vez lanzada. Por fortuna la recién nacida no murió, siendo cada día más notable su gracia y su belleza ; era el único gozo y el mayor consuelo de sus padres que la querían mucho, quienes trataban de ocultarle el suceso ; pero una vecina suya

muy chismosa y habladora llamó un día a la niña para acariciarla y regalarle varios dulces y al mismo tiempo como quien no quiere decir nada de particular le preguntó a la niña por sus hermanos.

La niña le contestó : — Yo no tengo hermanos, ya lo sabe usted.

La señora le contestó : — Vaya que si los tienes y por cierto tú tienes la culpa de su desgracia.

La niña se fué para su casa muy triste y se puso a llorar ; les pidió explicación a sus padres y ellos que siempre trataron de ocultárselo no tuvieron otro remedio que confesar la verdad.

Un día desapareció de casa la niña sin llevarse nada más que un calabazo de agua, un cuchillo y una sortija de plata. Sus padres lloraron amargamente llenos de desesperación y por poco se mueren de disgusto. La niña se encontró en el camino a un ángel que le preguntó que para dónde iba y le dijo que en busca de sus hermanos. — Tus hermanos viven en la montaña de cristal de roca ; toma esta llave y con ella puedes abrir las puertas.

La niña loca de contento porque iba a cumplir con su obligación, metió la mano en el bolsillo y no encontró la llave ; perdió la esperanza y lloró sin consuelo, pero de pronto se le ocurrió una idea. Quien sabe si el dedo pequeño de mi mano derecha pueda servir de ayuda, y llave a la cerradura ; y sin pensar en el dolor que podría sufrir cogió el cuchillo y se cortó el dedo.

No bien había metido el hueso en la cerradura la puerta se abrió de par en par ; entró y salió a su encuentro un anciano y le dijo que iba en busca de siete hermanos que eran siete cuervos negros. El le respondió : Aquí viven y han salido ; no tardarán en venir.

Entonces la niña se fué a la mesa, de cada plato cogió un poquito y de cada copa un sorbito y en la última copa echó la sortija y se escondió. No tardaron mucho en llegar a su mesa y dijo el más pequeño : — Han tocado mi plato y mi copa. Y todos dijeron a una misma voz lo mismo.

Cuando el mayor se tomó la copa de vino encontró la sortija, la cogió en el pico y exclamó : — ¡ Oh ! ¿ Cómo habrá venido esta sortija aquí ? Es de nuestra madre ; si hubiese sido nuestra hermana y nos estrechara a uno por uno contra su corazón, recobraríamos la forma humana.

Al decir esto salió la niña de donde estaba y besó a sus hermanos uno por uno en el pico y quedaron hechos siete hermanos jóvenes y no tardaron nada más que en recoger sus tesoros que habían reunido en la montaña y se pusieron en camino. Cuando llegaron a su casa sus padres que estaban próximos a morir de tristeza y pesar, recibieron la alegría más grande del mundo y fueron felices con sus queridos hijos y con su bella y cariñosa hija.

El padre jamás volvió a intentar lanzar una blasfema porque había sido tan desgraciado, por su propia causa.

Las buenas palabras son como las joyas, pero las malas nos hieren y nos causan pesar.

## LOS SIETE CUERVOS NEGROS.

Había un matrimonio que tenía siete hijos varones y nunca habían tenido una hija. Transcurrieron algunos meses y después tuvieron una hija y cuando nació mandaron al hijo mayor a buscar agua para bañar a la niña y él se quedó por allá y no vino con el agua.

Después el padre mandó a otro a ver qué hacía el primero y también fué y se quedó y así sucesivamente se fueron todos siete. Su padre lleno de pasión les echó una maldición de que se volvieran siete cuervos negros. Al decir esto el padre sintieron un ruido por encima de la casa y eran los siete hijos que cogieron para la montaña de cristal.

Creció la niña y salió para casa de una vecina a buscar candela. La dueña de la casa le preguntó : — ¿ De quién eres tú, niña ? Entonces ella le contó que era de una vecina de por allí al lado. Entonces la vecina le dijo : — ¿ Y tú sola eres en tu casa ? Y la niña le contestó : — Sí señora, yo soy única hija ; me ha dicho mi madre. Y volvió la vecina por segunda vez y le dijo : — Hija, a tí te han engañado, pues tú tienes siete hermanos ; pues al nacer tú les echó tu padre una maldición de que se volvieran siete cuervos negros ; porque los mandó a buscar agua para bañarte cuando tú naciste y no volvieron a la casa y ellos están en la montaña.

La niña fué a su casa llorando y la madre le preguntó : — ¿ Por qué tú lloras, hija ? Y ella le contestó : — Porque la vecina me ha dicho que yo tengo siete hermanos y ustedes me lo habían ocultado, pues con esto yo les digo que me voy en busca de ellos.

La madre se puso muy triste al decir la niña que se iba, y la niña se fué prontamente en busca de sus hermanos ; pero antes de retirarse ella la madre le dió una sortija que era del hijo mayor.

Entonces ella se fué por una montaña andando y pasando muchos trabajos. Al mucho tiempo de estar ella en la montaña vió un humito que salía de un ranchito muy distante.

Le tomó la dirección hasta que salió al ranchito ; allí había una viejita y allí pasó la noche. Entonces la viejita le preguntó : — ¿ Hija, y en qué tú andas ? Y ella le contestó : — Hace mucho tiempo salí de mi casa en seguimiento de mis siete hermanos que me han dicho que tengo en la montaña y no sé por dónde andan ; ando perdida y no sé qué rumbo coger y hasta que no encuentre a mis hermanos no vuelvo a mi casa.

Entonces la viejita le contestó : — Cuando salgas de aquí yo te diré lo que tienes que hacer.

Al otro día por la mañana le dijo : — Toma este huesito y vete ; vas procurando la montaña de cristal, no encontrarás quien te diga ; pasarás muchos trabajos para encontrarlos.

La pobre muchacha se fué caminando mucho hasta que se encontró

con un portón que no podía pasar y el huesito que le dió la viejita le sirvió de llave. Entonces abrió y cogió derecho adentro. Allí se encontró con muchos animales varios que se la iban a comer. Prontamente vino una señora y le dijo : — ¿ A dónde tú te has metido, hija ? Te van a comer los animales bravos.

Entonces la señora la cogió y la metió en un ropero y la atrancó con llave para que no se la comieran los animales ; pero en un descuido que tuvo la señora ella se asomó por un rotito y vió siete copas con vino en la mesa. Ya ella se figuraba que venían sus hermanos a almorzar allí.

Entonces salió de allí de donde estaba y tomó un poquito de vino de cada copa y en la última echó la sortija que le había dado su madre antes de salir de su casa.

Se acercaba la hora de llegar sus hermanos y cuando llegaron fueron a tomar el vino que tenían para el almuerzo y todos a una voz dijeron : — Aquí ha llegado un ser humano. Y los demás habían probado el vino y cuando el hermano mayor metió su pico a la copa sacó la sortija de su madre y todos a la vez gritaron y volaban de pared en pared todos al ver la sortija de su madre. La señora que les servía la mesa sacó a la niña en lo que paraba la alegría de ellos. La niña lanzó un grito y dijo : — Estos son mis hermanos. Y les dijo : — ¡ Vengan aquí todos a mis brazos que yo los vengo a buscar y a sacarlos de este precipicio en donde ustedes están. Ellos se le tiraron encima y se conocieron prontamente y la hermana marchó para su cassa con todos ellos. Algunos de ellos salieron del encantamiento trigueños, porque no se les había cumplido el tiempo.

Cuando llegó la niña a su casa con todos sus hermanos, los padres se volvieron locos de la alegría al ver a sus siete hijos y a la niña.

#### LOS SIETE CUERVOS.

Había una vez una familia que tenía siete hijos ; nunca habían tenido una niña y tenían muchas ganas de tenerla.

Un día nació una niña, pero era tan delicada y delgadita que creían que se moría. Un día la niña se vió a las puertas de la muerte ; el padre se vió muy apurado, pues la niña no estaba bautizada y mandó a sus siete hijos con un cántaro a buscar agua al río.

Los niños se fueron muy contentos, pues querían mucho a su hermanita y al llenar el cántaro todos peleaban por llevarlo. Tanto estuvieron en esa tarea, que el cántaro se les cayó y se rompió. Se quedaron atónitos y no hallaban como llegar a su casa.

El padre ya estaba impaciente, pues se asomaba y no veía ni señas de ellos. Tanto estuvo hasta que por fin dijo : — ¡ Permita Dios que se conviertan en siete cuervos !

Así fué, pues cuando el padre echó la maldición oyó un gran ruido de



alas cerca de su casa. Tuvieron que ir a buscar agua a otra parte y la niña quedó curada.

No querían decirle nada a la niña, pues esto sería muy triste. Tenían una vecina que le cogió mucho cariño a la niña y un día mientras la niña estaba allí le dijo : — Mira, tú tienes siete hermanos, convertidos en siete cuervos. Y cosa por cosa le fué contando toda la historia a la niña. La niña se quedó muy triste, y fué a donde estaba su padre y le contó todo. Por más que el padre le dijo que no era verdad, la niña no estaba contenta. Por la mañana cogió y se fué ; allí encontró un hada que le dijo : — Toma este huesito, este frasquito, este cántaro y este pedazo de pan ; el huesito es para que abras la puerta que es de cristal ; el frasquito contiene un agua dorada, que tú los tocas y en seguida se convertirán en lo que eran.

Iba anda y anda hasta que llegó al palacio, pero cuando buscó el huesito se le había perdido. Empezó a llorar sin consuelo y dijo : — Si este huesito servía para abrir aquí, ¿ no servirá uno mío ? Y cogió un vidrio y se cortó el dedito más pequeño. No resistía el dolor pero cogió el pañuelo que llevaba y se lió bien la mano.

Cogió el huesito, lo puso en la cerradura y en seguida se abrió el palacio de par en par. Cuando entró allí se le apareció un enano que le dijo : — Bueno, escóndete allí hasta que ellos vengan, yo te avisaré cuando puedas salir.

La niña que tenía mucha hambre siguió para el comedor y allí encontró siete platos, siete panes y siete vasitos de vino. La niña probó un poquito de cada plato, un pedacito de cada pan y un sorbito de vino de cada vaso.

La niña llevaba una sortija que su mamá le había regalado y la echó en el último vaso ; se escondió y oyó cuando entraron los siete cuervos. Todos empezaron a decir : — ¿ Quién ha probado mi comida ? — ¿ Quién ha probado mi vino ? Y nadie dijo ni palabra y cuando el mayor de todos acabó encontró la sortija y dijo : — ¡ Ay ! Esta sortija es de nuestra madre, si ella estuviera por allí o si estuviera mi hermana ; qué bueno sería. Y al decir esto la niña salió y los abrazó a todos contándoles lo sucedido.

Después cogió el agua del frasquito y les echó a todos hasta que quedaron convertidos en siete gallardos jóvenes.

Caminaron muy contentos para su casa y vivieron felices y contentos.

#### LOS SIETE CUERVOS.

Eran siete hermanos los cuales tanto ellos como sus padres deseaban una hermana mujercita. Nació esta no al mucho tiempo, pero muy delgada. Sus padres temían que la niña muriese sin bautizar y mandaron a uno de los hermanos a buscar agua a una fuente ; todos fueron y en la fuente

se pusieron a disputar el cántaro el cual cayó al suelo haciéndose mil pedazos. Todos llenos de susto no sabían como regresar a su casa ; su madre cansada de esperar les echó la maldición de que se volvieran cuervos. Cuando acababa de decir esto pasaban ellos convertidos en siete cuervos, volando por su lado.

Creció la niña y un día estaba en casa de una vecina que le dijo : — Tú tan contenta y pobres de tus encerrados hermanos. Ella se sorprendió mucho y le preguntó qué hermanos eran esos. Esta como indiscreta todo se lo contó y la niña presa de horror llegó a su casa cogiendo una calabaza y un cuchillo se lanzó en busca de sus hermanos.

Un terrible invierno la cogió en el camino, pero siguió. Se encontró con una Virgen, la que le dió un hueso para abrir el palacio de cristal donde estaban sus hermanos encerrados. Llamó a la puerta y salió un terrible enano el cual le dijo que sus hermanos estaban de paseo. Se servía la comida y ella se escondió detrás de una puerta y cuando estuvo servido el vino tomó un sorbo de cada copa y una cucharada de cada plato de sopas ; en la última copa dejó caer una sortija de la madre.

Llegan ellos y todos notaron lo que les faltaba en sus sitios y dijeron : — Si fuera nuestra hermanita para que nos diera un beso en la frente y desencantarnos.

Cuando el último hubo tomado el vino vió la sortija exclamando : — ¡ Es de nuestra madre ! Y prosiguió : — ¿ Quién la ha podido traer aquí ? Salió la niña y haciendo lo que ellos deseaban todos quedaron en su primitiva forma. Aunque era tarde todos querían ese mismo día salir para su casa y no pudiendo esperaron con impaciencia.

Al otro día llegaron a salir. Cuando llegaron a su casa la niña iba con un dedo menos, pues el que le dió la Virgen lo perdió y de los de ella se cortó uno y como eran tan delgados puso abrir.

#### LOS SIETE CUERVOS.

Hubo una madre que tenía siete hijos ; de estos eran seis hombres y una mujer.

La madre mandaba los niños a la escuela y a la niña no, porque la dejaba en la casa para que le ayudase a los trabajos domésticos.

Un día vinieron los niños de la escuela y la madre no tenía almuerzo para darles, ellos como tenían hambre lloraban muy desesperados. La madre los regañó y ellos seguían llorando. Cuando vió esto empezó a echarles maldiciones siendo una la siguiente : — ¡ Permita Dios que se conviertan en siete cuervos ! En el momento los siete niños aparecieron. convertidos en siete cuervos y se fueron volando por el bosque.

La niña iba todos los días a llevarles a sus hermanitos migas de pan. Ellos venían a comérselas, pero no se acercaban mucho a la niña. Ella al ver esto lloraba amargamente ; fué al otro día, pero no vinieron.

Un día la vió un príncipe, se enamoró de ella y quería casarse con ella, pero el rey no quería que se casara con ella porque era pobre. El rey procuraba matarla, pero no encontraba como. Un día mandó a que le quemaran la casita ; cuando la casa se estaba quemando ella corrió y se salió de la casa y la madre murió quemada. La niña al saber que la madre se había quemado no encontraba que hacer, hasta que un día se vistió de hombre y se fué al palacio para que lo cogiesen como sirviente.

El príncipe supo que la casita se había quemado y creyó que la niña se había quemado también y al poco tiempo se enamoró de otra y la noche que él se iba a casar la niña sufrió mucho. Todos los sirvientes del rey tenían que ir a la boda. Cuando iban la niña se iba quedando atrás e iba cantando una canción muy triste. La gente admiraba aquello y decía que un hombre no podía cantar tan bien. Pero la niña había cantado aquello delante de él y él se figuró que podía ser la niña y se quedó atrás con ella y al llegar al sitio donde iba a celebrarse la boda él no atendía a la novia ; nada más a la niña y se casó con ella.

La otra se fué a donde vivía, en compañía de sus queridos padres.

#### LOS SIETE CUERVOS.

Había un matrimonio que tenía siete hijos varones ; querían tener una mujer y rogaban a Dios que les diera una. Nació un poco enferma y el padre mandó al hijo más pequeño con un jarro al pozo ; los hermanos se le fueron detrás. Cuando llegaron al pozo empezaron a pelear y rompieron el jarro. Cuando llegaron el padre les echó la maldición de que se volvieran siete cuervos negros. Al momento llegaron los siete cuervos negros y se fueron para el monte. Cuando la hermanita estuvo buena fué a la casa de la vecina y le dijo que tenía siete hermanos cuervos. Cuando la niña llegó a su casa le dijo al padre que ella tenía siete hermanos cuervos y se echó a llorar. A la mañana siguiente la niña se levantó y se fué a caminar para ver si encontraba a sus hermanos. En el camino encontró un viejo que era el diablo. Le preguntó que si había visto siete cuervos negros. El viejo le dijo que estaban en el palacio de cristal y le dió un hueso.

La niña siguió caminando y llegó al palacio ; cuando fué a buscar el hueso no lo encontró y entonces dijo : — ¡ Me corto el dedo chiquito ! Y se lo cortó ; lo metió por el ojo de la cerradura y abrió la puerta y entró en el palacio. Al encuentro le salió un enano y le preguntó qué buscaba. La niña le preguntó que si allí vivían siete cuervos negros y que era hora de que ellos llegaran, que se escondiera. Cuando llegaron los siete cuervos el enano les subió siete platos de comida y siete copas de vino.

La niña fué comiendo y bebiendo de cada plato y de cada copa. En el último se le cayó una sortija de su mamá. Entonces el enano les dijo a los cuervos que qué harían si vieran a su hermanita. Los siete le dijeron

que un fuerte abrazo y un beso le darian. Entonces el enano les enseñó a la hermanita y los siete cuervos abrazaron a la hermana y tomaron su forma natural. Cuando llegaron a su casa la madre y el padre los besaron con efusión.

## 8. LOS TRES TRAJES

### LOS TRES TRAJES.

Había una vez un señor que tenía su señora y tuvieron una hija llamada Rosa, y la madre de Rosa tenía una sortija y le dijo un día al marido : — Toma esta sortija, así que yo me muera, a la que le sirva esta sortija tú te casarás con ella.

Pues pasó que ella murió y a los pocos días pasaron voces y fama que a la que le sirviera la sortija se casaba con él. Venían señoritas de todos puntos a medirse la sortija y a unas les quedaba grande y a otras les quedaba chica y ya de eso transcurrieron muchos días. Ya estaba la hija señorita, se le perdió la sortija y estuvo perdida como un año y barriendo un día Rosita, la encontró y se la midió y le quedó muy bien.

El padre vino de su embarcación y le encantó ver que la sortija le quedaba y le dijo : — Te tienes que casar conmigo, porque mi mujer me lo dijo. Entonces ella le dijo : — ¡ Ay papá, como puede ser casarme yo con mi padre ! Y él le contestó : — De cualquier manera te tienes que casar conmigo. — Sí papá, yo me caso con usted, pero me tiene que traer un vestido color de las estrellas. Y él le dijo : — ¡ Cómo no ! — Y se fué a buscarle el vestido.

A los dos o tres días vino él con el traje y ella se puso lo más triste. — Bueno, papá, yo necesito otro vestido color de los peces del mar. Y él se fué en seguida y a los tres días vino con el traje y ella al verlo se echó a llorar y le dijo : — Papá, yo con los dos trajes no me encuentro conforme, pues necesito tres para casarme y necesito otro color de las flores del mundo. Y él como la quería tanto se fué a buscarlo y al otro día vino con él y él se fué en seguida para el pueblo a buscar los gastos para el casamiento.

En seguida que salió él, ella lió su ropa y una varita de virtud que tenía ; se la llevó y se fué montaña adentro.

Hacía dos o tres días que estaba en la montaña y se encontró una leoncita, la mató y le sacó el cuero y se metió dentro de él y se mantenía pidiéndole a la varita ; y en un reinado había un príncipe que se vino a cazar a la montaña y encontró una paloma y le tiró y la paloma volaba de gancho en gancho y él detrás de ella y tanto corrió que llegó a donde estaba la leoncita y dijo él : — Me la voy a llevar para que mamá se entretenga. La cogió y se la llevó para su casa. — Mamá, mire lo que le traigo aquí ; una leoncita para que usted se entretenga.

Ella la cogió y la amarró debajo del fogón y allí le ponían la comida. El sábado siguiente tenía un baile Juanito y se arregló y se fué.

En seguida que obscureció le dijo la leoncita a la señora : — Déjeme ir a ver el baile. Y ella le dijo : — Mira que si Juanito te ve allá te mata. Y ella le dijo : — Déjeme ir, que él no me hace nada. — Pués vete.

En seguida le pidió a la varita de virtud un caballo aparejado con oro reluciente, y ella se puso el traje color de las estrellas. Montó en el caballo y se fué.

Cuando llegó al baile, toda la gente salió a recibirla a la puerta para ver aquella princesa reluciendo en oro y Juanito que tenía allí su novia no hizo ni cuenta de ella ; se entusiasmó de la princesa y comenzaron a bailar y él empezó a enamorarla hasta que ella le dió el compromiso y dijo la princesa, ya amaneciendo, que se venía y él le regaló un aro cifrado con el nombre de él. Ella le regaló otro aro y en seguida montó en su caballo, se vino y se entró en el cuerito. Al poco rato vino el príncipe Juanito contándole a la madre de la princesa que había visto y la leoncita le contestaba : — Quizás sí, quizás no, quizás sí sería yo. Y le dieron un macetazo y él le dijo : — Mamá, yo voy a hacer otro baile el sábado. Y a la semana lo hizo y volvió y se fué el para el baile y si bueno estuvo aquel, este estaba mejor y la leoncita le pidió permiso a la madre para que la dejara ir y le dijo : — ¡ Dios te libre que te vayas ! Ella le dijo : — Yo voy. Y en seguida le dijo a la varita de virtud : — Varita de virtud, por la virtud que tú tienes y la que Dios te ha dado, que si bonita me pusiste la otra vez, que me pongas más bonita y el caballo más precioso que haya en el mundo. Ella se puso el vestido de los peces del mar y montó en su caballo y se fué. Cuando llegó al baile la gente loca con ella y comenzó a bailar con el príncipe Juanito y él loco con ella ; ya amaneciendo dijo ella : — Me voy porque se me está haciendo tarde.

Y él le regaló una leontina y ella le regaló otra prenda, montó en su caballo y desapareció.

Cuando la vinieron a ver ya venía muy lejos y Juanito se quedó llorando con mal de amores. Acabaron el baile y ella vino y se metió en el cuerito y al poco rato llegó Juanito y dijo : — ¡ Ay mamá, qué me muero ! ¡ qué si bonita estuvo la princesa la otra vez ahora estaba más preciosa ! Y la leoncita le contestó : — Quizás sí, quizás no, quizás si sería yo. Le dieron con la paleta y dijo : — Más no es tanto, el sábado voy a hacer otro baile.

A los ocho días hizo el baile y si buenos estuvieron los dos primeros más bueno va a estar este.

Juanito ese día no quiso comer y se fué bien temprano a esperar a la princesa y ella a las seis de la tarde le pidió permiso a la señora para que la dejara ir. Y ella por majadera le dijo que cogiera el camino y se fuera, que ojalá que la mataran. Ella en seguida se fué a vestir y si bonita estaba las otras dos veces hoy estaba más bonita. Se puso el traje color de las flores del mundo, montó en el caballo reluciendo en oro y plata y se fué para el baile.

Juanito se tiró y la cogió de brazo, la subió al salón y se pusieron a bailar. En seguida puso guardias dobles para que ella no se fuera, pero a ella nada de eso la molestaba para irse. Al poquito rato él le dió una prenda y ella le dió otra y se desapareció ella.

Cuando la vinieron a ver ya iba muy retirado y a él le dió un insulto y ella vino a su casa y se metió en el cuerito y cuando llegó Juanito en seguida cogió la cama con mal de amores que ni pasaba el agua y la mamá estaba con muchísimo sentimiento, porque era su único hijo. Como a los quince días le dijo la leoncita a la dueña de la casa que si él se quería comer unos pastelitos y fueron y le preguntaron a él que si los quería. Y él dijo que no quería comer nada. La leoncita le pidió como favor que ella 'e quería hacer los pastelitos a ver si los comía y la viejita le dijo que no, porque si él sabía que ella los había hecho no los querría. Y ella le dijo que él no lo supiera.

Se puso la leoncita a hacer'os ; hizo tres pastelitos y en uno le echó la leontina, en otro le puso un aro y en el otro le puso una sortija. Aunque no los coma pero que los parta.

Se los llevó a él, llegó y él partió el primero y le encontró la leontina y en el segundo halló el aro y en el otro la sortija y recibió aquel aliento y dijo : — Mamá, ¿ quién hizo esos pasteles ? Ella le dijo : — ¡ Yo los hice ! — No, usted no fué. Tráigame a la que hizo los pasteles.

Y ya la leoncita estaba vestida con el vestido color de las estrellas y había salido del cuarto y estaba preciosísima y cuando vino a donde estaba él dijo : — Esta era la princesa que yo le decía.

En seguida él se alentó y siguieron fiestas reales y bailes y mandaron a buscar al cura y se casaron y él fué rey y ella reina y se quedaron vi viendo con la mamá.

#### LOS TRES TRAJES.

Este era un padre que tenía una hija y se había muerto su mujer y antes de morir le dijo : — Allí te dejo una sortija, a la mujer que le sirva; te casas con ella.

Entonces salió el hombre con la sortija y a ninguna mujer le sirvió.

Entonces le dijo a su hija : — Hija mía, ponte esa sortija a ver si te sirve. Ella se la puso y le quedó bien. Entonces dijo el padre : — Pues te tienes que casar conmigo. Dijo la hija : — No, no puede ser que un padre se case con una hija. Entonces dijo el padre : — Sí, porque es palabra de tu madre, que ella lo dijo antes de morir. Entonces la hija se fué para el jardín a llorar y se le apareció una mujer y le dijo : — ¿ Por qué lloras ? — Porque mi padre quiere que yo me case con él.

Dijo la anciana : — Pues nada, dile que te traiga un vestido del color de las estrellas.

El padre se fué y le trajo el vestido, y entonces le dijo : — Aquí está el vestido, ahora nos casamos. Dijo ella : — ¡ No ! Y se volvió llorando

al jardín y se le apareció la anciana otra vez y le dijo : — ¿ Por qué lloras ? — Porque papá me trajo el vestido y me dijo que me tenía que casar con él. Dijo la anciana : — Pues nada, dile que te traiga otro del color de todas las flores del mundo. Dijo la hija a su padre : — Papá, tráigame pues este otro vestido del color de todas las flores del mundo,

Se fué el padre y le trajo el vestido y le dijo : — Pues ahora nos casamos. La hija se llenó de tristeza y se volvió a llorar al jardín ; volvió y se le apareció la anciana y le dijo : — ¿ Por qué lloras ? — Porque papá me trajo el vestido y me dijo que ya nos podíamos casar. — Pues nada, dile que te traiga una varita de virtud. Se lo dijo a su padre la hija y él se fué a buscarla y se la trajo y le dijo : — Aquí está la vara de virtud pues, ahora nos casamos.

La hija se llenó de tristeza y cogió toda la ropa y la varita de virtud, se fué a huir para la montaña y estando ella sentada encima de una piedra, se le apareció un joven que andaba cazando y le dijo el joven : — Díme si eres de esta vida o de la otra. Contestó ella : — Soy de esta vida, pero ando huyendo. Entonces dijo el joven : — Vámonos conmigo para mi casa. Y ella se fué.

Dijo el joven : — Mamá, yo me encontré esta niña en la montaña y aqui se la traigo para su compañía.

Entonces el sábado próximo tenía el joven un baile y dijo la muchacha a la madre del joven. — Déjeme ir al baile. Contestó la señora : — No.

Entonces la muchacha, con la noche, después que estaban todos dormidos, le pidió a la varita de virtud : — Varita de virtud, por la virtud que tú tienes y la que mi Dios te ha dado, dame un caballo que vuele como el viento, y me pones más bonita de lo que soy. Entonces se fué para el baile y al llegar la joven al baile, en seguida el joven se enamoró de ella y empezó a enamorarla y le preguntaba : — Señorita, ¿ dónde vive usted ? — Donde se pisa con la punta del pié. — Señorita, ¿ dónde vive usted ? Contestaba ella : — Donde se pisa con la punta del pié.

Y antes de amanecer volvió y se montó en su caballo y se fué para su casa para que no la conocieran que estaba en el baile. Entonces vino el joven por la mañana contándole a su madre que había ido una princesa al baile, que él había quedado bien enamorado de ella. — Mamá, y el sábado tengo otro baile, a ver si ella vuelve.

Entonces el joven hizo el baile el sábado siguiente y ella volvió al baile con el vestido del color de todas las flores del mundo. En seguida el joven empezó a enamorarla y le preguntaba : — Señorita ¿ dónde vive usted ? Contestaba la joven : — Donde se pisa con la punta del pié. En seguida la muchacha se fué para su casa y por la mañana llegó el joven y cayó enfermo con mal de amores, le pregunta su madre : — Hijo mío, ¿ qué tienes ? — Mamá, qué voy a tener, los amores de la princesa que fué al baile, que me tiene loco. — Hijo mío, y tú no quieres comer nada. — Mamá, yo lo que quiero comer son dos pasteles hechos de sus manos.

Entonces dijo la muchacha a la madre : — Yo le hago los pasteles.

Dijo la señora : — No, porque si él lo sabe, no los quiere. Dice la muchacha : — No, usted no se lo dice y así el no lo sabe. Dijo la señora : — Pues hazlos tú.

Y entonces se puso a hacerlos y en medio de los pasteles le puso dos sortijas que el joven le había dado en el baile y después que había cocinado los pasteles la madre se los llevó y el joven al partir el primer pastel encontró la sortija y al partir el segundo encontró la otra ; las dos sortijas tenían el nombre de él.

Entonces recibió el joven una gran alegría y llamó a su madre y le dijo : — Mamá, ¿ quien hizo esos pasteles ? Dice la madre : — Yo. El dice : — Mamá, usted no ha sido. Dice la madre : — ¿ Quien va a ser sino yo ? Vuelve y dice él : — ¡ Por Dios ! que no me niegue, ¿ dígame quién fué ? Dice su madre : — Pues te voy a decir, fué esta joven que está aquí. Entonces más lleno de alegría dice : — Pues que se presente la joven.

Y en este tiempo que estaba hablando el hijo con la madre, la joven estaba vistiéndose con un traje que tenía toda clase de música que había en el mundo. Entonces se presentó la joven y en seguida mandaron a buscar al cura y se casaron en seguida.

#### LOS TRES TRAJES.

Había una vez una señora que tenía tres hijas y esta señora tenía una sortija. Un día encontrándose muy mala le dijo a su marido que cogiera aquella sortija y cuando ella se muriere, se casara él con una de sus hijas, con la que le sirviera la sortija. La madre se murió, entonces el padre les midió la sortija a sus hijas y le sirvió a la mayor.

El le dijo a su hija que quería casarse con ella. María, cuyo nombre tenía esta niña, se puso a llorar y se fué al cementerio y se sentó sobre la tumba de su madre y le preguntó qué haría para no casarse con su padre. La madre le dijo que le pidiera a su padre tres trajes : uno color de cielo, otro color del mar y otro color de plata. Entonces la niña se fué a su casa y al otro día le dijo a su padre que para conseguir que él se casara con ella tenía que traerle tres trajes y le dijo como los quería.

Entonces el padre se fué a donde estaba el Diablo y le dijo que le daría un brazo con tal de que le consiguiera tres trajes para que su hija se casara con él. Entonces el Diablo se los dió y él se los llevó a su hija. Al día siguiente la niña se fué otra vez a la tumba de su madre y le dijo que su padre le había conseguido los trajes.

Entonces la madre de María le dijo que el día del casamiento se encerrara en una habitación ella sola y cuando la llamara dijera que todavía no había acabado de vestirse, que ya le faltaba poco y que cuando estuviera vestida se fuera.

Entonces María hizo lo que su padre le había dicho y se fué por un



camino para que su padre no la encontrara. En el camino se encontró una señora que le dijo : — ¡ Ay niña ! ¿ Cómo andas por este camino sola ? Quédate conmigo en esta casa, yo soy la Virgen. Ella se quedó y al otro día cuando se iba la niña le dió un carbón y le dijo que se pintara la cara para que no la conociera su padre que la andaba buscando.

Entonces siguió su camino y se encontró con el palacio del rey, entró en él y preguntó que si querían un criado, y el rey le dijo que no lo necesitaban pero que se quedara y le preguntó cómo se llamaba. Entonces se cambió el nombre y se puso Negré y se lo dijo al rey.

Al otro día de estar Negré en casa del rey había un baile y el rey dijo que le dijeran a Negré que subiera a limpiarle las botas. Entonces Negré subió y cuando el rey se iba a ir le dijo Negré que si la llevaba en el coche y el rey le dió con los zapatos y se fué él solo al baile.

Entonces Negré se fué para su habitación y con la varita de virtud que la Virgen le había dado la cogió y le pidió un traje para ir al baile, diciéndole que fuera de lo más bonito.

La varita se lo concedió y entonces fué al baile y al hijo del rey le gustó la muchacha, le regaló una sortija y le preguntó donde vivía. Ella le dijo que en la casa del Zapataso y cuando iba a terminarse el baile desapareció la princesa.

Al otro día había otro baile y entonces el rey mandó que le dijeran a Negré que subiera a limpiarle el bombo, y cuando Negré acabó le dijo al rey que la llevara en el coche, pero el rey le dió un bombazo y se fué. Entonces ella le pidió a la varita un traje más bonito que el de la noche anterior y la varita se lo concedió y fué al baile.

Cuando ella llegó quedó el casino como de día y el príncipe le volvió a preguntar donde vivía y ella le dijo que en la calle del Bombazo. El le dijo que cómo era eso, que todas las noches le decía que en partes diferentes y ella le dijo que era que su mamá se mudaba todos los días. Se acabaron los bailes y entonces el príncipe estaba muy malo y pidió que le dijeran a Negré que le hiciera una tortilla, pero que no la hiciera nadie más que ella. Entonces Negré se la hizo y le puso la sortija en la tortilla. Cuando el príncipe se fué a comer la tortilla se encontró su sortija ; entonces le dijo a su mamá que mandara a buscar a Negré, que era aquella princesa que se había visto en el baile y él quería casarse con ella.

Entonces Negré se le apareció al príncipe muy linda y el príncipe se casó con ella y Negré le contó toda su historia y el príncipe y ella vivieron felices.

#### LOS TRES TRAJES.

Una vez había un matrimonio que tenía una hija hermosísima, pero cuando ella estaba muy pequeña murió su madre, dejándole a su esposo una sortija para que cuando encontrase una señorita que le sirviera se casara con ella. Al cabo de tres o cuatro años la muchacha iba a ir a un

baile y todas las que iban tenían dos sortijas y ella solo tenía una. Al irse a vestir se puso a rebuscar en el baúl de su mamá y encontró la sortija.

Con gran sorpresa llamó a su papá y se la enseñó, pero él que todo lo sabía empezó a llorar porque a su hija le servía la sortija y tenía que casarse con ella. Por esta razón la muchacha no pudo ir al baile.

Al otro día, Rosa, que así se llamaba fué a ver al Cura y le contó lo que le pasaba. El la consoló diciéndole que le dijera a su padre : — Papá, yo no me caso contigo si no me traes un vestido del color de los peces del mar. Así lo hizo y el padre valido de brujerías le trajo el traje. Volvió la muchacha a donde estaba el Cura y este le dijo : — Dile que si no te trae otro vestido color de cielo no te casarás con él. Se lo dijo y el padre en seguida se lo trajo. Fué Rosa a donde estaba el Cura y le dijo que le había traído todo lo que le había pedido. Entonces el Parroco le dijo que le pidiese un vestido color de las estrellas. Se lo pidió y lo tuvo. Ella recibió una tarjetita del Cura y una varita mágica, que todo lo que ella quisiera se lo concedía. Rosa se fué y cuando el padre se hubo ido, ella se puso como un carbón de prieta, por medio de la varita. Pasó por el lado de su padre y le pidió la bendición, pero como quiera que no la conoció, no se dió por entendido.

La muchacha siguió su marcha y llegó a palacio. Se alquiló allí para limpiar el palomar y fué ascendiendo por su buena conducta hasta que llegó a hacer el servicio de la mesa.

Por la noche había un gran baile en casa del rey y ella se vistió con su traje color de los peces del mar, y se puso blanca. Le pidió a la varita que le trajera un coche a la puerta de su casa, del mismo color de su traje ; tan pronto como apareció el coche se montó y se fué al baile del rey, llegó y fué la admiración de todos los concurrentes por su belleza.

Durante el baile, el hijo del rey se enamoró de ella y le regaló una sortija con su nombre y ella a él un pañuelo. Así sucedió la siguiente noche y se hicieron el mismo regalo. A la siguiente noche ella vistió el traje color de las estrellas y se fué al baile con el nombre de Juanita. Ahora la muchacha se había puesto otra vez negra para ir a servir la mesa.

Por la mañana, cuando ella subió se encontró con el hijo del rey enfermo. Pidió un plátano y le hizo tres pastelillos y en cada uno le puso una sortija de las que él le había regalado. Cuando se los llevó el joven cortó uno de los tres y vió la sortija ; partió los otros y encontró las otras dos. Mandó a llamarla y ella se vistió con el traje de la última noche. El les dijo a sus padres que bueno o malo, él se casaba con aquella muchacha. Sus padres los casaron y todavía viven en paz de Dios.

Colorín Colorado, ya mi cuento se ha acabado.

## CUERO DE BURRA

Esta era una vez que había un rey viudo. El tenía una hija la cosa más preciosa que se había visto en la ciudad. Cuando la esposa del rey murió tenía una sortija y una burra, la cual encargó muchísimo antes de morir. Ella dijo que le dejaba esa sortija a él y que a la que le sirviera la sortija se tenía que casar con él.

Un día la hija de él estaba buscando en el ropero de su padre y encontró la sortija y se la puso y le quedó lo mismo que si fuera de ella. En tonces el padre le dijo que tenía que casarse con él. La niña llorando le dijo que cómo era posible que ella siendo su hija pudiera él casarse con ella.

Pero el padre le dijo que tenía que casarse con él de todos modos, porque su madre le encargó que a la que le sirviera la sortija tenía que casarse con el. Entonces el padre de la niña la encerró en un cuarto a desmotar algodón. Al otro día fué el padre y le preguntó cuando le iba a dar el sí, y la niña le dijo : — Hoy no, papá, mañana. Entonces se le presentó una vieja bruja a la niña y le preguntó por qué lloraba y la niña le contó. La vieja bruja le dijo que le dijera a su padre que para que ella se casara con él, tenía que comprarle un vestido color de la luna. Pero el padre le dijo que cómo era posible que él consiguiera un vestido color de la luna y que brillara como la luna. Y la niña le dijo que cómo era posible casarse ella con él. — Pero eso no es nada, — dijo el padre y se embarcó.

Al fin de los tres meses se presentó el padre de la niña con el vestido color de la luna y el brillo de la luna. En seguida se lo dió a la niña y le preguntó cuando le iba a dar el sí, pero la niña le dijo : — Hoy no, papá, mañana. Al poco rato se presentó la vieja bruja y le preguntó que si ya su padre le había traído el traje color de la luna, y ella le dijo que sí. Entonces la vieja le dijo que le pidiera un traje color de las estrellas y que brillara como las estrellas. Pero el padre le dijo que cómo era posible que el consiguiera ese traje. Y la niña le dijo que cómo era posible que ella se casara con él. Entonces el padre de la niña dijo que él se embarcaría y que le traería el traje.

Al poco tiempo vino el padre con el traje y se lo dió y le preguntó que cuándo le iba a dar el sí. Entonces la niña le dijo : — Hoy no, papá, mañana. Al día siguiente se le apareció la vieja bruja a la joven y le preguntó que si su padre le había traído el traje y la joven le dijo que sí. Entonces la vieja bruja le dijo que le pidiera a su padre un traje color del sol y que brillara lo mismo que el sol. La joven se lo dió a su padre y éste le dijo que cómo era posible que él le consiguiera ese traje. Entonces la niña le dijo que cómo era posible que ella se casara con él. Entonces su padre le dijo : — Eso para mí es poco, — y se embarcó. Al cabo de los tres meses vino y le trajo el traje a su hija y le preguntó que

cuando le iba a dar el sí ; pero la niña muy acongojada le dijo : — Hoy no, papá, mañana. Como a la hora llegó la vieja bruja y le preguntó que si su padre le había traído el traje y la joven le dijo que sí. Entonces la vieja le dijo que su padre tenía una burra, a la cual él quería muchísimo, que le dijera que la matara y le diera a comer de las entrañas y que le sacaran el cuero entero con orejas, hocico, patas y todo, tal como era la burra. Así lo hizo el padre y llevó el cuero y las entrañas fritas. La viejecita le había dado una varita de virtud y le dijo que cuando su padre le diera el cuero de la burra dijera estas palabras : — Varita de virtud, por la virtud que tú tienes y la que Dios te ha dado, quiero que me saques de aquí sin que mi padre me vea. En seguida la niña salió de ese cuarto donde la tenían encerrada y se metió en el cuero de la burra y echó todos los trajes de ella y se fué en busca de su fortuna.

Estuvo andando hasta que llegó a otra ciudad y llegó a la casa de un príncipe. Ella le pidió un trabajito y le dijeron que no había. Entonces ella le dijo que aunque fuera le dieran algunas ovejas que cuidar para que le dieran aunque fuera la comida. Entonces le dieron las ovejas y le dijeron cuál era el lugar donde pastaban y que si le faltaba una le quitaban el trabajo. Ella se llevó sus ovejas para cuidarlas. Por allí cerca había un caudaloso río y cerca del río había un frondoso árbol. La joven, o bien sea cuero de burra, como le decían entonces, se quitó el cuero y la ropa y se tiró en el río a bañarse. En la misma casa había otro pastor y un día ella se estaba bañando cuando él la vió y se sorprendió de ver que lo que había en aquel cuero era una princesa. El pastor corrió en seguida a la casa y se le contó al príncipe y el príncipe le dijo que eso era mentira.

Pocos días después volvió el pastor a ver a cuero de burra que se quitó el cuero y la ropa y se tiró al río. Esta vez volvió el pastor más loco a la casa y se lo dijo al príncipe y el príncipe lo creyó y no lo creyó.

El príncipe tenía costumbre de hacer bailes todos los sábados y cuando se iba a ir para el baile mandó a cuero de burra a ensillar la caleza. Cuando el joven se fué a montar se le cayó el paraguas y cuero de burra se lo dió y le dió en el muslo con el paraguas.

En seguida cuero de burra se fué a su cuarto, se quitó el cuero y en seguida se vistió con el traje color de la luna. El príncipe llegando a la puerta del baile y ella también. En seguida el joven se volvió loco al ver a una joven tan bella, la cual no había visto en toda la ciudad. El joven empezó a enamorarla y le preguntó de qué pueblo era ella y le dijo que era del pueblo que se le daban a los jóvenes con paraguas. El joven no creyó eso, porque en todo lo que él había leído, no había visto ni oído el nombre de ese pueblo. Se terminó el baile y en seguida cuero de burra se marchó y cuando llegó el príncipe la llamó para que desensillara el coche y ella se levantó.

El ya se figuraba que era la princesa que le había dicho el pastor, pero cuando la llamó lo dudó otra vez. Al otro sábado el príncipe se iba para el baile y mandó a cuero de burra a preparar el coche y cuando el joven se

fué a montar se le cayó el sombrero y cuero de burra le dió con el sombrero en el muslo. En seguida cuero de burra se vistió con el traje de color de las estrellas y cuando el joven iba a entrar al baile ella también ya estaba allí. El joven le suplicó que le dijera de qué pueblo era ella. Entonces ella le dijo que iba a decirle la verdad ; que ella era del pueblo que se les daba a los jóvenes con el sombrero.

Entonces el joven habiendo ya cogido malicia le dijo que ella lo estaba engañando. Así lo estuvo haciendo hasta que el príncipe se convenció de que era ella. Ellos se enamoraron y se casaron y desde entonces él y ella fueron felices.

#### CUERO DE BURRA.

Una vez había un rey que tenía una hija que se parecía mucho a su difunta madre. El rey quería casarse con ella, pero ella no quería, porque él era su padre. Un día, cuando ella se encontraba en el jardín acordándose de lo que le había dicho su padre, se echó a llorar y ella tenía una madrina hada la cual se le presentó en el acto y le preguntó : — ¿ Por qué lloras ? Entonces ella le contó lo que le había pasado con su padre y entonces el hada le dijo : — Dile a tu padre que si te compra un vestido de todas las plumas de las aves para la boda, tú te casas con él. La niña se fué lo más contenta para su casa creyendo que su padre no le conseguiría el vestido y se lo dijo, pero el padre se lo consiguió.

Entonces ella se volvió otra vez para el jardín llorando y estuvo así casi todo el día hasta que se le presentó la madrina y le preguntó : — ¿ Por qué lloras ? Entonces ella le dijo que su padre le había conseguido el vestido, y la madrina condolida le dijo : — Pues ahora tú le dices que te mate la burra que tiene en el pesebre, lo cual él hará en el acto, y después que te la mate tú le pides el cuero y te lo pones de vestido, te cogerá odio y te botará del palacio, pero no te apures. La niña se fué muy contenta para el palacio y le dijo a su padre que si le mataba la burra que tenía en el pesebre y si le daba el cuero ella se casaba con él.

El rey aprobó lo dicho por su hija y mandó matar la burra y le dió el cuero, pero cuando vió que ella se puso el cuero de vestido la arrojó del palacio y ella se fué lo más triste donde estaba la madrina la cual le regaló una varita de virtud y le dijo que cogiera por una vereda donde había muchísimos animales carnívoros, pero que no le pasaría nada, que por allí estaba su felicidad.

La niña se despidió de ella llorando y estuvo andando por aquella montaña donde no se veía más que animales y agua y sin comer dos días hasta que por fin llegó a un palacio, pero cuando la vieron llegar creyeron que era algún animal, pero ella con palabras amables y cariñosas le contó a la señora de la casa lo que le había pasado con su padre y la reina se compadeció de ella y la admitió en la casa.

Entonces ella se quitó el cuero y con la varita mágica tocó sus vestidos y quedó transformado en un vestido nuevo de perlas y diamantes.

Cuando el príncipe, hijo de la reina vió a la muchacha, quedó completamente prendado de ella y le preguntó a su madre de donde había venido aquella imagen, que si había bajado del cielo y que si se podría casar con ella.

La madre le contestó que no sabía de donde había venido, y que si la niña lo aceptaba por esposo que se casara con ella. El joven habló a la muchacha acerca de esto y la niña lo aceptó y fijaron las bodas para el día siguiente.

Al día siguiente se efectuaron las bodas del príncipe y la princesa y vivieron felices.

## 9. EL CABALLO DE SIETE COLORES

### EL CABALLO DE SIETE COLORES.

Esta era una vez que había un rey que tenía tres hijos. El tenía una tala de trigo muy hermosa, pero todas las noches venía un animal y le demolía la tala.

Un día el hijo mayor le dijo al rey que él se iba a ir toda la noche a la tala para ver si él podía coger al animal que iba a hacer daño. Por la noche se llevó una hamaca y una guitarra para no quedarse dormido, pero ya tarde en la noche lo venció el sueño y se quedó dormido. En eso llegó el animal y el daño que hizo aquella noche fué más grande que las anteriores.

Entonces, por la mañana se fué el muchacho y le contó al padre lo que le había pasado y el rey lo cogió, lo ató a un árbol y le dió una fuetiza hasta que lo dejó medio muerto. Entonces el otro hijo le ofreció al rey ir aquella noche y coger al animal, pero al llegar hizo lo mismo que su hermano mayor hasta que lo venció el sueño y vino el animal haciendo el mismo daño.

Cuando el rey fué a la tala y vió el daño que había hecho el animal aquella noche, le dió otra fuetiza más grande que la que le había dado al hijo mayor el día anterior.

Entonces el hijo más chiquito, que era Juan Bobo, le dijo : — Papá, yo voy esta noche y verá como yo cojo al animal. El rey le dijo : — Qué vas tú a coger, si los otros que son listos no lo han cogido y vas tú a cogerlo, siendo como eres un bobo ! Y Juan Bobo, dijo : — Ya verás papá, como voy y lo traigo y si no, me matas.

El rey no le hizo caso, pero Juan Bobo por la tarde se llevó una hamaca y un paquete de alfileres. Cuando llegó, guindó la hamaca y le puso cadillos y alfileres por todas partes, dejando solamente la parte donde se iba a sentar.

Después se sentó y se puso a cantar y cuando lo vencía el sueño se caía y los alfileres se le hincaban y se le espantaba el sueño. Entonces

llegó el animal y el muchacho se levantó en seguida a cogerlo. El animal era un caballo precioso de siete colores ; era un príncipe encantado en un caballo. Cuando Juan Bobo lo cogió el caballo le dijo que si lo soltaba le prometía no volver más a la tala y que le daría de muestra un pelo de cada color para que se los llevara al rey y que en los trabajos que se viera clamara por él.

Entonces Juan Bobo se fué y cuando llegó los dos hermanos se reían de él diciéndole Bobo, y cuanto se les antojaba. Pero Juan Bobo se fué a donde estaba el rey y le entregó los siete pelos de colores para que viera lo que había cogido.

Desde entonces no hubo más daños en la tala de trigo. A los pocos días, otro rey compañero del padre de Juan Bobo, determinó casar a su hija, pero quería que fuera de su gusto.

Así fué que decidió hacer una reunión y dijo : — El que me traiga la flor del olivar se casa con mi hija.

Entonces todos los príncipes salieron a diferentes partes en busca de la flor. Juan Bobo también quiso ir, pero en vez de coger por caminos buenos, cogió por una vereda y al llegar a una montaña se sentó a llorar. Entonces se le presentó el caballo de los siete colores y le preguntó por qué lloraba. El le contó y el caballo le proporcionó un caballo y un traje muy bonito y le dijo que se fuera y cuando llegara a un palacio muy bonito que era encantado, que se detuviera, que allí se encontraba la flor esa. Que por muchas cosas que viera no se acobardara. Que al llegar se presentarían dos grandes leones, pero que no les cogiera miedo.

El se fué e hizo todo lo que el caballo de siete colores le explicó. Cuando llegó, le pasó todo cuanto el caballo le había dicho. Entonces el muchacho entró y a la hora de comer le sirvieron una mesa muy bien servida y lo único que veía era una mano blanca y oía una voz muy dulce.

Cuando concluyó de comer le dijo aquella voz : — Ahora vente, vamos al jardín. Esta es la flor del olivar. Métela dentro de esta botella y cuando se llegue el momento de presentarla dices tres veces : — Manita blanca, sal. Entonces abre y todo el mundo quedará asombrado.

El muchacho se fué otra vez para su casa y ya todos los otros habían llegado. Todos llevaban flores de todas clases, muy bonitas y al ver que Juan Bobo llegó sin ninguna se burlaron de él.

Al otro día fué la presentación de las flores y a cada toque de un timbre salía un príncipe a presentar sus flores, pero a pesar de ser todas muy bonitas, ninguna era la flor del olivar. El último en salir fué Juan Bobo, y cuando salió, en el momento se abrió la botella y salió la flor abierta que todo el mundo se quedó admirado.

Entonces la princesa dijo que aquella era la flor y que aquél tenía que ser su esposo. Entonces se casaron y fueron felices.

## EL CABALLO DE SIETE COLORES.

Había en cierta ciudad un rey que tenía tres hijos. Uno de ellos era bobo y los otros dos eran listos. El rey tenía un sembrado de trigo. Se dice que a aquel trigo todas las noches venía un caballo a destrozarlo.

Un día el rey les dijo a sus hijos que tenía que ir una noche uno de ellos a ver si cogía al caballo. La primera noche fué uno de los listos y no lo pudo coger. La noche siguiente fué el otro hijo listo pero tampoco lo pudo coger.

Entonces el bobo le dijo al padre : — Padre, esta noche voy yo a coger el caballo. El padre le dijo : — ¡ No lo cogieron los listos y vas tú a cogerlo ! El muchacho le dijo que iba y el padre lo dejó que fuera. Entonces él le dijo : — Padre, deme una hamaca, un cuatro y una libra de bombones. El padre le dió todo lo que pidió.

El se fué y colgó la hamaca de dos árboles. Entonces el bobo comenzó a comer bombones y a jugar al cuatro. Cuando vino el caballo el bobo fué y lo cogió. Entonces los otros dos hermanos le dijeron al padre que ellos se iban porque no podían estar allí. Se fueron.

Caminaban los jóvenes cuando vieron que el bobo caminaba tras ellos. Lo cogieron y lo amarraron a él y a su caballo de un árbol. El caballo de siete colores cuando el bobo lo cogió le dijo que clamara por él si se veía en algún peligro. El bobo clamó por el caballo de siete colores y el caballo salió.

El bobo volvió a caminar y los hermanos le dijeron que fuera pues con ellos. Al llegar los tres a una casa que había en la orilla de la carretera entraron y le dijeron a la señora de la casa que si quería que le dejaran aquel bobo allí, que él le serviría para que le lavara los piés. La señora les dijo a los dos jovenes que en la ciudad había una fiesta ; que el que le diera en el lado izquierdo a la reina se casaba con ella. Entonces los dos hermanos dijeron : — Pues vamos allá.

Al día siguiente se marcharon los dos jovenes para la fiesta. El bobo clamó por su caballo de siete colores que se le apareció. Entonces el niño apareció vestido de príncipe, montó en su caballo de siete colores y se fué él también para la fiesta.

Cuando el bobo, según se dice llegó al pueblo, todos decían que aquel príncipe con seguridad que le daba en el lado izquierdo a la princesa con la manzana de oro.

Cuando estaban todos listos para darle a la reina con la manzana de oro, salió el príncipe en su caballo y tiró con la manzana dándole a la reina. Entonces todos se vinieron para sus casas.

El bobo, como lo había prometido el rey, se casó con la princesa y entonces a los dos hermanos los desterraron por haberse portado mal con su hermano bobo.



EL CABALLITO DE SIETE COLORES.

Hubo una vez un padre que tenía tres hijos y su única propiedad era una finca de trigo. Un día se sorprendió mucho viendo que su finca estaba destrozada por un animal. Mandó a su hijo mayor a cuidarla y éste le pidió una hamaca y un tiple. Se fué a su trabajo, cantó, cantó y le vino el sueño y se durmió. Llegó el animal y se comió el trigo. Por la mañana vino el padre a la finca y no encontró ningún adelanto.

Al otro día fué el otro hijo pero le sucedió lo mismo que al primero. Ahora va el más pequeño. Éste, le pidió a su padre una hamaca con alfileres, y un tiple. Se fué a la finca. El sueño quería vencerlo, pero los alfileres no lo dejaron dormirse. A media noche llegó el animal el cual era un encantado y se llamaba el caballo de siete colores. Desesperado de hambre que tenía se puso a comer. El muchacho lo agarró y el caballo le dijo que lo soltara y que al otro día la finca estaría más hermosa que al principio y que en todos los trabajos que se encontrara él lo ayudaría. Lo soltó y el caballo se fué.

Al otro día vino el padre y con asombro vió que la finca estaba más hermosa. Besó a su hijo y desde aquel día fué el más querido.

Poco tiempo después los dos hijos mayores dijeron que querían irse a buscar fortuna por el mundo y su padre les dijo : — ¿ Quieren dinero o bendición ? Ellos le dijeron : — Queremos dinero. Bueno, los hijos se fueron.

Transcurrió algún tiempo y el hijo menor quiso seguir a sus hermanos y tenía la misma idea que ellos. El padre le hizo la misma pregunta que a los otros, pero tomó la bendición y se fué.

Anduvo, anduvo mucho tiempo hasta que pudo ver a los hermanos y los llamó. Ellos lo vieron y dijeron : — Vamos a esperarle aquí y le echaremos en este pozo. Así lo hicieron ; el buen amigo vino y le salvó. Vuelve otra vez detrás y los hermanos se maravillaron en gran manera. Ahora le esperan y le echan en un horno ardiendo.

Pero el mismo antiguo amiguito le salvó también. Vuelve corriendo detrás de ellos y les llama. Los hermanos al ver esto se espantaron más y más. Le dejan, pero al llegar a la casa de posada dijeron al hombre de la casa que lo amarrara debajo de la casa y que le diese huesos a comer.

Así lo hicieron, pero el siempre buen amigo le traía buenos manjares para que él comiese. Muchos días pasó en esta forma.

Un día el caballito vino y le dijo : — Juan, — que así se llamaba el muchacho — la hija del rey está grave. Ningún médico ha podido curarla y que él que la curara será su esposo.

El caballito lo vistió como un médico y le dió una manzana y le dijo : — Montate en mí y vamos a palacio. Así lo hizo y fué a donde estaba el rey y le dijo que él era el médico. Entró y le dió a oler la manzana a la doncella y se curó.

Entonces los casaron y él mandó a buscar a sus padres y a sus hermanos y vivieron felices.

#### EL CABALLO DE LOS SIETE COLORES.

Había una vez un padre que tenía tres hijos.

Un día el mayor de ellos le dijo : — Papá, yo me quiero ir a correr fortuna. El padre le dijo : — Bueno hijo, ¿ qué quieres tú, bendición o dinero ? Y el muchacho le dijo : — Papá, yo quiero dinero. El padre se lo dió y él se fué.

Después el segundo dijo lo mismo que el hermano mayor y se fué. Entonces el tercero dijo : — ¡ Ay papá, déjame ir a mí también ! El padre le dijo : — ¡ Ay hijo ! ¿ cómo me vas a dejar sólo ? Pero él tanto le rogó a su padre hasta que éste le dijo : — ¿ Qué quieres, bendición o dinero ? Y él le dijo : — Yo quiero bendición. El padre le echó la bendición y le dió dinero. Los otros hermanos no querían ir con él y cuando iban por el camino lo cogieron y le hicieron muchas heridas tirándolo en una zanja.

Cuando estaba allí tirado, se le apareció un caballo blanco que lo curó y le dijo : — ¡ Vete ! Los hermanos lo creían muerto y cuando lo vieron lo echaron en unos matorrales y lo llenaron de espinas. Se fueron. Entonces vino el mismo caballo, pero negro. Lo sacó de allí y le dijo lo mismo que la primera vez. Cuando los hermanos lo vieron otra vez, lo cogieron y lo ataron con una soga desde los pies hasta las manos. El niño empezó a llorar, pero entonces se le apareció el mismo caballo, pero entonces ya tenía siete colores. Lo desató y le dijo : — En cualquier apuro que te veas acude al caballo de los siete colores. El niño le dió las gracias y cuando se fué que lo vieron los dos hermanos le dijeron : — Dios te libre que tú digas que eres hermano de nosotros. Nosotros diremos que tú eres nuestro sirviente.

Llegaron a un pueblo y le dijeron al dueño del hotel donde se hospedaron que aquel muchacho le podía ayudar a limpiar la cocina y a fregar los platos. El pobre muchacho tenía que estar hasta las doce de la noche limpiándoles las botas y la ropa a los hermanos.

Un día fué a todas partes un papel diciendo que el que alcanzara la sortija que se iba a poner en el balcón del palacio, se casaría con la princesa. En seguida los hermanos del muchacho le dieron la ropa para que se las limpiara bien y se fueron y el más pequeño le dijo al dueño del hotel : — Déjame también ir allá, pues yo vendré antes de las doce. El dueño lo dejó ir y él dijo : — ¡ Aquí el caballito de los siete colores ! En seguida se presentó un hermoso caballo blanco y le trajo ropa y todo lo necesario y le dijo : — Esta vez no cojas la sortija. Pasó rozando el palacio y la sortija le pasó por encima del sombrero. Se fué.

Cuando llegaron los hermanos le contaron todo y él no quería decir nada.

Al otro día se fueron otra vez los hermanos, pués eran tres días los que debían ir a ver quien alcanzaba la sortija. El más pequeño suplició otra vez que lo dejaran ir y se fué. Llamó otra vez al caballito de los siete co'lores y se le apareció un caballo negro. Le dijo otra vez que no cogiera la sortija y otra vez pasó rozándola pero no la cogió. Se reían de los hermanos porque daban unos brincos tremendos para alcanzar la sortija.

Cuando los hermanos llegaron le empezaron a contar de un joven muy guapo, pués ellos ni se imaginaban que el gallardo joven era su hermano mismo.

Faltaba el último día y los hermanos se fueron y el más pequeño tanto suplicó hasta que lo dejaron ir. Entonces se le apareció el caballito, pero de siete hermosos colores ; le trajo una ropa muy buena y le dijo — Esta vez coge la sortija.

Al pasar por el palacio casi no tuvo que levantar el brazo, pues en seguida la cogió.

La siguiente noche se celebraba la boda y cuando los hermanos supieron que su hermano era quien se iba a casar se quedaron atónitos.

Vivieron todos muy contentos y los hermanos del muchacho se vieron tan probres que tuvieron que irse con su hermano, donde vivieron felices por largo tiempo.

#### EL CABALLO DE LOS SIETE COLORES.

Había un rey pobre que tenía tres hijitos. Uno de ellos se llamaba Sol, otro Agua y el otro Tiempo. El Tiempo era el mayor, el Agua el segundo y el Sol el más chiquito.

Un día Sol se propuso sembrar una tala de trigo y como a los quince días estaba el trigo de cortarse, pero había un caballo de siete colores que todas las madrugadas entraba al trigo y se comía un poco.

Un día el Tiempo dijo : — Papá, yo voy a cuidar el trigo ; tienes que buscarme una hamaca, una guitarra y un cachimbo. Se fué a la tala, guindó la hamaca y se sentó en ella. Como a la media hora se quedó dormido. Por la madrugada se metió el caballo a la tala y se comió la mitad del trigo. Cuando el muchacho se levantó dijo : — Hoy no voy yo a casa porque papá me pega.

Al otro día le dijo el Agua al padre : — Yo voy a cuidar el trigo. Se fué y se sentó en la hamaca y se quedó dormido. Por la madrugada entró el caballo y se comió otro poco de trigo y el muchacho dijo también : — Hoy no voy a casa porque papá me pega.

Al otro día dijo el Sol : — Hoy voy yo a cuidar el trigo ; me tienes que buscar un paquete de agujas y otro paquete de alfileres y una guitarra. Se fué y se puso a ponerle agujas y alfileres a la hamaca y se sentó a tocar. Si se volteaba para un lado se le hincaban los alfileres y las agujas, y si se volteaba para el otro lo mismo. Por la madrugada entró el caballo, el Sol lo sintió, cogió a la sogá y lazó al caballo.

El caballo le decía al Sol : — Suéltame. Y el Sol le contestaba : — No, no te suelto porque papá me pega. Volvió el caballo a decirle : — Sol, suéltame y tu trigo amanecerá de cortarse mañana y en los apuros que tú te veas clamas por tu caballo de los siete colores. El Sol lo soltó. Al otro día amaneció el trigo de cortarse.

Un día el muchacho le dijo al rey : — Papá, yo no puedo estar sin mis dos hermanitos, yo me voy a buscarlos. Se fué. Cuando iba llegando a la casa de los dos hermanos el Agua lo alcanzó a ver y lo llamó. El Tiempo le dijo al Agua : — Que no venga aquí ese hermano mío. — Y el Agua dijo : — Vamos a dejarlo para que nos friegue y nos haga el almuerzo. El Agua se lo llevó.

Un día celebraron una fiesta en el palacio de la reina, y los dos hermanos se fueron a la fiesta y el hermano Sol se quedó en la casa y dijo : — Aquí mi caballito de siete colores. Se le presentó el caballo y montó en él.

La reina había dicho que el que le encontrara una sortija que había perdido, se casaría con ella. Entonces el Sol, que era el muchacho más bonito de los que habían concurrido a la fiesta, encontró la sortija y se casó con la princesa y siguieron viviendo felices.

Los dos hermanos se sorprendieron mucho cuando vieron que su hermano Sol, que era el más chiquito les había ganado.

#### EL PADRE Y LOS TRES HIJOS.

Había un padre que tenía tres hijos. El vivía en el campo ocupándose en la agricultura con ellos.

Sucedió que una vez, habiendo sembrado su estancia o finca de maíz, por primera vez fué comida por una clase de ave llamada *masantique*, que hay en el campo. Entonces él fué con sus tres hijos llamados Juan, Pedro y Pío y la sembró de nuevo. El maíz nació más bonito y con la ayuda del agua llegó a mazorcarse.

Una tarde habiendo el viejo visitado su hacienda la encontró lo más adelantada. Entonces dijo para sí : — De aquí a un poco de tiempo cogeré todo mi maíz y estaré rico con un gran número de quintales que me servirán para pagar varias deudas que tengo.

Una mañana, habiéndose dirigido el viejo a su estancia para ver cómo estaba, encontró gran parte de ésta destrozada por un animal cuadrúpedo. Supo que era así, porque dejó marcadas las huellas en el terreno blando que había. El viejo regresó a su casa muy sombrío contándoles a sus hijos lo que le pasaba. Tan pronto como llegó la noche, el viejo tomó una hamaca que tenía para pasar su siesta después de las comidas, llegó a su finca y guindó su hamaca de dos árboles muy corpulentos que allí se encontraban. A la media noche ya el sueño lo vencía, pero él siempre fuerte porque quería coger al animal que le estaba quitando su manutención. En la madrugada se quedó dormido y el animal dañino llegó entonces y

destrozó una cantidad como la ya mencionada. No habiendo terminado de abastecerse despertó el celador y oyó el ruido, pero cuando llegó al sitio donde se sentía, no encontró ya a nadie y solo vió el daño hecho en aquel momento.

Regresó a la casa muy desconsolado y se lo contó a su hijo más viejo. El le dijo : — Esta noche voy yo, papá, — y quedaron en ello. Llegó la noche y Juan le dijo : — Padre, usted me dará una hamaca y una buena guitarra. El padre accedió a lo que su hijo pedía y en el momento se lo buscó.

El muchacho se fué a su trabajo y colgó su hamaca del mismo sitio. Empezó a tocar su guitarra y a medida que las horas transcurrían las notas del instrumento se sentían mas melodiosas en el silencio de la noche. Le sucedió lo mismo que al padre ; en la hora más pesada de la noche se quedó dormido no despertando hasta el amanecer. Se levantó muy de prisa y muy asustado dirigiéndose inmediatamente al sitio donde solía redoblado el daño y regresando a su casa muy desconsolado le dijo a su padre que no había podido coger el animal.

A la otra noche fué el segundo. Pedro le pidió a su padre los mismos efectos que los de su hermano mayor, pero después de haber estado en pie por un largo tiempo, le sucedió lo mismo que al mayor.

El más pequeño llamado Pío, un niño como de siete años de edad le dijo : — Papá, si usted y mis dos hermanos mayores no han podido coger a ese animal, yo estoy en la completa seguridad que lo cogeré. A la tercera noche, o sea la última el muchacho le dijo : — Papá, usted me buscará una hamaca, un violín y un ciento de alfileres. El padre inmediatamente le trajo todos los encargos a su hijo diciéndole : — Todo lo que hagas es en vano.

Llegó la noche y el muchacho se dirigió a la finca y después de haberla observado por algún tiempo, colgó su hamaca de los árboles y empezó a poner los alfileres por todos los agujeros de ésta. Eran para que, cuando se quedara dormido, los alfileres lo despertaran.

Pío tomó el violín y empezó a tocar. Como a las dos horas soltó el violín porque ya el sueño lo vencía, pero no se quedaba dormido porque los alfileres se lo impedían. A las tres de la madrugada oyó un ruido muy fuerte y dirigiéndose al sitio donde se sentía, encontró un caballo grande, color colorado y con unas manchas blancas en sus espaldas o sea en el espinazo. El caballo cesó de comer y parándose casi en las dos patas traseras le dijo : — No pretendas hacerme daño, soy una persona que anda por el mundo pagando una deuda. Me dispensarás y te quedaré agradecido y en cambio conseguirás de mí, y adiós. Desapareció el caballo pero el muchacho quedó atónito porque no supo qué dirección tomó ni tampoco sintió miedo.

Por fin regresó a su casa muy contento y le dijo a su padre que había cogido al pícaro. — ¿ Y quién era ? — Una, yunta de bueyes papá. — ¿ Y cómo lo supiste ? — Porque la he cogido y me prometió que jamás volvería.

A los dos años murió el padre y quedaron los tres hijos en la casa. Los mayores maltrataban mucho al menor ; tanto, que teniendo cocinera en la casa la echaron y lo pusieron a él en este oficio.

A los seis meses hubo una fiesta en un pueblo donde había un hombre muy rico que decía que el hombre que fuera montado a caballo, que tirara una bola de goma y cayera en la falda de su hija Leonor, se casaría con ella y además recibiría la mitad de su capital.

Llegó el día de la fiesta y todo el mundo se dirigió a tomar parte en este jurado. Los dos hermanos alistaron sus caballos y se fueron. Tiraban las bolas y todas pasaban por los contornos, pero ninguna caía en la falda de la joven. Era una empresa difícil porque era una distancia algo regular y también los saltos de los caballos lo impedían.

Como a las dos horas de haber salido los dos hermanos, Pío llamó al caballo el cual apareció en el momento diciéndole : — Estoy dispuesto a servirte en lo que quieras. El muchacho le dijo : — Me traerás un traje de plata y también una bola, y tú irás adornado con el mismo metal. A la media hora apareció aquel caballo como lo había pedido ; montó en él y se dirigió a la ciudad. Antes de llegar el muchacho al jurado, cogió la bola en sus manos y alargó el paso a su caballo, tiró la bola y fué a posarse en la falda de la joven, pero él no se detuvo y regresó al momento a su casa. Hizo la comida y al momento llegaron los dos hermanos y empezaron a comer.

Cuando estaban ya por terminar dijeron los dos hermanos : — Mira Pío, llegó un joven en su caballo muy hermoso y vestido con un traje de plata y tiró una bola de lo mismo y cayó en la falda de Leonor. El muchacho dijo : — Quizás sí, quizás no, quizás si sería yo. Los hermanos se pusieron muy enojados y lo mandaron para la cocina a hacer sus quehaceres.

Al otro día se fueron los hermanos al jurado otra vez para ver si pescaban la paloma. Pío salió a a hora señalada con un traje de oro y la bola también de oro. Ya el padre de la muchacha tenía varios guardias para detenerlo. Llegó y tiró la bola y no erró el tiro. En seguida los guardias trataron de detenerlo, pero no pudieron ; el caballo dió tres saltos y desapareció.

Los hermanos llegaron a la casa y le refirieron lo que pasaba a su hermano que ya los esperaba con la comida caliente. Pío dijo : — Quizás sí quizás no, quizás si sería yo. Le hicieron el mismo reproche y lo mandaron para la cocina.

Al otro día volvieron los dos hermanos. Pío llamó a su caballo que en el momento se le apareció como lo pedía su dueño. Montó, se fué y tiró la bola por tercera vez y cayó en la falda de la joven y antes de que la policía lo hiciera se detuvo y apeándose del caballo lo soltó y fué a pararse en medio de los caballos de los dos hermanos. El subió y tomó por esposa a Leonor y también tomó la mitad del capital, como lo había prometido el padre. Los dos hermanos regresaron a su hogar de lo más desconsola-

dos, porque su hermano cocinero había hecho más que ellos. Pío se quedó viviendo en la casa y puso a su caballo en un pesebre que había allí, sosteniéndolo con abundantes hierbas, maíz y avena.

Transcurridos dos años, estando Pío peinando su caballo, dió un salto éste y cayó muerto. Pío no hallaba qué hacer, porque aquella era la prenda que más quería, pero no tenía otro remedio más que conformarse. Este caballo era un hombre que estaba encantado y que de esta manera estaba cumpliendo su misión y aquel día se le llegaba su término y por eso murió.

#### EL CABALLO MISTERIOSO.

Había una vez un padre que tenía tres hijos, los cuales se llamaban Pedro, Juan y Francisco. Estos muchachos se ocupaban de vender los productos de su pequeña estancia, que se componían de higos.

Se dice que una vez Don Pancho, el padre de estos muchachos necesitó vender unos higos y mandó a Pedro a venderlos. Éste tomó un caballo viejo que había y le puso unas banastas grandes, las cuales llenó de higos. Por el camino, cerca de un río, se encontró a una vieja quien le preguntó qué llevaba. Pedro le contestó diciéndole que llevaba piedras. La vieja le dijo : — Piedras se te volverán.

Llegó Pedro a la próxima ciudad y empezó a pregonar sus higos ; como estos eran escasos en aquella época, la gente se acercó a comprarle higos y al meter la mano en las banastas se encontró con que se habían convertido en piedras, con las que le dieron una solemne carga. Volvió Pedro a su casa y Don Pancho le dió una paliza.

Al poco tiempo el viejo llamó a Juan entregándole una bestia cargada de higos. Éste llegó al río y encontró a la vieja quien le preguntó qué llevaba y Juan le dijo que llevaba cuernos. Y ella le dijo : — Cuernos se te vuelvan.

Llegó Juan a la ciudad y empezó a anunciar sus higos, pero a medida que la muchedumbre le rodeaba para comprarle, fué a sacar los higos y estos estaban convertidos en cuernos. Le dieron una solemne paliza y volvió a su casa donde le aguardaba Don Panchín, como le llamaban, y le dió con un palo que tenía en la mano. A la semana siguiente Don Panchín llamó al más pequeño de sus hijos. — Francisco, — le dijo, — tú irás a vender higos hoy, — entregándole un caballo cargado de higos.

Tomo éste el camino y pronto llegó al río donde encontró a una vieja que le dijo : — ¿ Qué vendes, Francisco ? — Higos, señora, ¿ Quiere usted alguno para su niño ? Esta le dió las gracias diciéndole : — Higos vendas, hijo mío. Pronto llegó Francisco a la ciudad y empezó a gritar : — ¡ Hoy llevo los buenos higos ! La gente se acercó a él con fuate en mano para darle una fuetiza, pero éste era el único que realmente traía higos, y mientras más vendía más aparecían en las banastas.

Acabó Panchito de vender los higos y pronto tomó el camino con direc-

ción a su casa y al llegar al río encontró a la vieja que le dijo que tomara otro camino para llegar a su casa, porque sus dos hermanos le aguardaban para matarle.

Panchito tomó un estrecho y pronto llegó a su casa entregándole a su padre la suma de dinero que importaron los higos. Los dos hermanos, Pedro y Juan llegaron después y Don Panchín los regaña tanto, que estos decidieron abandonar la casa paterna e irse a correr fortuna.

Don Panchín les preguntó que si querían dinero o bendición y ellos dijeron que con bendición no se iba a ninguna parte y entonces el padre les dió dinero. Al poco tiempo Francisco deseó irse también y Don Panchín le preguntó qué quería, si dinero o bendición y este le dijo que le diera bendición.

Se fué Panchito y cuando iba cerca de una ciudad se encontró a una vieja que le dijo que sus dos hermanos habían comprado dos hermosos caballos y que si él iba a comprar alguno que fuera a la cuadra y comprara uno que estaba muy viejo y lleno de basura. Panchito se fué a la cuadra y compró el caballo que le habían indicado. Montó en él y siguió con dirección a donde estaban sus dos hermanos y éstos lo amenazaron con matarlo si decía que ellos eran hermanos de él. La hija del rey dijo que se parecía a Pedro y entonces Pedro le dijo que aquel era el peón de su casa.

Salió una mañana Panchito y en el camino vió una pluma de un pájaro desconocido y la cogió. El caballo lo reprendió diciéndole que aquella pluma le iba a costar muchos trabajos. Se la puso en el sombrero y se presentó de nuevo ante la princesa la que le dijo que si no traía el pájaro de la pluma lo mandaría matar. Panchito se fué a llorar a la cuadra y el caballo le recordó lo que el le había dicho. Siguió llorando y el caballo le dijo que irían al bosque donde se hallaba el pájaro y que él brincaría tres veces donde estaba el pájaro y si a las tres veces no lo cogía sería perdido. Hizo todo esto y pronto trajo el pájaro a palacio. Se dió una pequeña fiesta la cual consistía en coger una cinta perteneciente a una muchacha para poder bailar con ella.

Panchito preparó su flaco y resistente caballo y tomó parte en la fiesta. Después de salir todos los caballos salió el de Panchito al galope y acertó a coger la cinta perteneciente a la princesa.

Aquella noche Panchito bailó con la hija del rey, pero pronto tuvo que preparar sus costillas para recibir una paliza que le fué dada por Pedro y Juan, sus dos hermanos. Siguió Panchito viviendo allí y no tardó en que tuviera que sufrir otra pena por causa de sus hermanos.

Juan oyó decir que la hija del rey había perdido un brillante en los golfos del mar y pronto fué y le dijo que Panchito había dicho que él la sacaría del mar. Recibió otra amenaza si no lo hacía. El y el caballo sacaron el brillante y entonces Panchito se casó con la hija del rey. El caballo desapareció como por encanto. Los dos hermanos fueron desterrados.



EL CABALLITO NEGRO

Había una vez un pescador que era casado y que nunca había tenido familia. Después de mucho tiempo tuvieron un niño. La señora del pescador se enamoró de otro pescador y como su marido estaba siempre pescando no sabía nada. Durante algún tiempo el niño fué creciendo y el amante de ella le dijo que el niño estaba creciendo mucho y quería que lo matara porque si no los descubriría. Ella después le dijo al amante que le trajera un poco de veneno para matar al niño.

El niño tenía un potrillo negro que era virtuoso y un día que venía de la escuela el caballo le dijo que no comiera porque la comida tenía veneno para matarlo. Llegó el niño de la escuela y no quiso almorzar, después llegó el padre de pescar y le dijo que almorzara pero él no quiso, porque el almuerzo tenía veneno. El padre le dijo que no comiera y entonces el niño le dijo que si quería probar la comida para ver si tenía veneno. Le dieron la comida al perro el cual se la comió y murió a las pocas horas.

Cuando vino el amante a ver si había muerto el niño, la señora del pescador le dijo que le trajera una pluma para echársela en un zapato, para que cuando el niño llegara de la escuela, al cambiarse de calzado cayera muerto. El caballito le dijo al niño que cuando llegara no se cambiara de calzado porque su mamá le había puesto una pluma en el calzado que tenía en su casa. El niño llegó a su casa y no se cambió de zapatos. Cuando su papá llegó le dijo que se cambiara de zapatos, pero el niño le dijo que tenían una pluma en un zapato para matarlo. El niño le dijo que si quería probar que se los pusiera a su gato. El hombre cogió los zapatos, se los puso al gato y el gato cayó muerto al momento.

Cuando llegó el amante al otro día le dijo a la mujer que si no había matado a su hijo. Ella le contestó que no había podido porque el caballo le contaba todo cuando venía de la escuela. El amante de la mujer del pescador le dijo a ella que se hiciera como que tenía un dolor que no se le quitaba con ninguna clase de medicina y que dijera que tomando la sangre del caballito negro se le quitaba.

El caballito negro esperó al niño que saliera de la escuela lo aguardó y le dijo : — Juanito, tu mamá se ha hecho con un dolor y para poder matarte a ti me van a matar a mí diciendo que tomando la sangre de mi cuerpo se le quita el dolor. Entonces el niño llegó a la casa y su papá le dijo : — Hijo mío, tu madre tiene un dolor y no se le quita si no es con la sangre del caballito negro. El muchacho dijo : — Yo dejo que maten al caballito así que lo monte y dé una vuelta en él. El niño se vistió como un general y ensilló el caballo y montó en su potrillo favorito se despidió y le pidió la bendición a su padre diciéndole : — Quédese con la señora mi madre.

El niño emprendió su marcha por una montaña. Al llegar al interior de la montaña salió un león y le atacó a él y a su caballo. Entre Juanito y el caballito mataron al león y el caballito le dijo : — Llena siete botellas de sangre y las enterrarás donde mismo hemos matado al león.

Juanito caminó en su potro hasta que llegó al palacio de un rey el cual tenía tres hijas. Cuando llegó fué a alquilarle al rey los bajos del palacio para habitarlos. El rey le dijo que no, que se quedara allí y no pagara nada. Entonces el pequeño general les traía dulces a las tres hijas del rey y a la reina.

Sucedió esto varias noches hasta que una noche no le trajo nada a la reina a la cual le dió coraje y le dijo : — Pequeño general, le voy a decir al general grande que tú te atreves a traer la belleza del mundo aquí. Entonces él fué y le dijo al caballito : — Caballito mío, me exigen que traiga la belleza del mundo aquí, porque les traje dulces a las tres muchachas y a la reina no le traje. El caballito le dijo : — Móntate en mis lomos y corre mucho hasta que me sudes, te vas andando hasta que llegues a la casa de la belleza del mundo.

A la niña que le decían belleza del mundo estaba en el jardín. Entonces le dijo la belleza del mundo que le prestara el caballito para dar una carrera. El le hincó las espuelas al caballito y le dijo a la belleza que éste respingaba ; que se montara en ancas con él.

La niña belleza montó en las ancas del caballo y Juanito la llevó a donde estaba el rey. Volvió a llevarles dulces a las hijas y no le llevaba a la reina. La señora le dijo : — Saliste con ésa, pero no saldrás con ésta que te voy a echar ahora.

La señora le dijo al general grande que el general pequeño se atrevía a bailar en un castillo prendido. Juanito fué entonces a donde estaba su caballito favorito y le dijo : — Me quieren hacer bailar en un castillo prendido. El caballito le dijo : — Súdame bien sudado y después te bañas tú y me bañas a mí con las siete botellas de sangre del león que matamos en la montaña.

Se fué Juanito a bailar en el castillo prendido y el fuego se apagó con el sudor y la sangre. El general grande le preguntó que con qué se había bañado para bailar en el castillo. El general pequeño le contestó que él se había bañado con gas y había bañado al caballito negro con gas y agua de azahar. El general grande cogió su hermoso caballo, se bañó él y después bañó a su caballo con agua de azahar y gas.

Entonces se fué a entrar a bailar en el castillo prendido, cogió fuego y se ardió. Juanito cogió a la reina y la metió en el castillo y dejó a las tres hijas del rey habitando la casa solas.

## 10. LOS NIÑOS PERDIDOS.

### LOS NIÑOS PERDIDOS

Una vez había un viejo que tenía dos niñitos. A uno de ellos le decía el viejo : Mariquita y al otro Juaniguillito.

Un día les dijo el viejo : — Mariquita y Juaniguillito, vayan a buscar agua.

Se fueron los dos niños y se pusieron a llenar las basijas. Mariquita se fué a buscar flores y Juaniguillito le dijo : — Mira, vámonos para casa. Pero después Juaniguillito se fué con ella también.

Echaron a andar y se encontraron a una vieja que venía a buscar agua y ellos se metieron en una cueva. Dejaron que pasara la vieja, y ella después que había pasado dijo : — Aquí parece que hay gente. Y se fué.

Los niños se echaron a reír. Mariquita se reía más, y Juaniguillito le decía : — Nos come la vieja. Dejaron que la vieja se fuera y ellos caminaron.

Llegó la vieja y se puso a freír carne y se puso a hacer arroz blanco y habichuelas guisadas. Mariquita se metió debajo de la cocina. Había tres perros y la vieja les echaba comida a los perros. Los perros cogían la comida en la boca y se la daban a Mariquita. La vieja decía : — ¡ Ea, demonios, tanta hambre tienen hoy ustedes ! Miren, condenaos, hártense. Y los perros hacían que comían.

Mariquita llevó la comida en la falda para su hermano, y a él le gustó y se vino con ella. Entonces cuando se metieron a la cocina se rieron muy duro al ver a la vieja. Miró la vieja y dijo : — ¡ Ay, mira, mis hijitos ! Entren para arriba.

Los dos niños se metieron a la casa y se pusieron a comer de lo que la vieja les daba. La vieja al ver que ellos comían dijo : — Mira mis nenes desmayados. Los voy a poner en un cuarto para que engruesen, porque están muy flacos. Los puso a cebar.

En el cuarto se encontraron los niños un rabo de ratón y por un roto se lo enseñaban los muchachos a la vieja y la vieja decía : — Enséñenme sus deditos para ver si ya están gruesos. Ellos le enseñaban el rabo de ratón.

Un día se fué por un roto del cuarto el rabo, vino la vieja a ver si estaban gruesos, le enseñó Mariquita un dedo y Juaniguillito el suyo y la vieja dijo : — ¡ Gracias a Dios, que mis hijitos están gruesos ! Les mandó buscar leña para que le llenaran una hoguera.

Se pusieron los niños a llorar, pero se fueron y se encontraron a un viejo que les dijo : — ¡ Ay, ustedes van a buscar leña para la vieja y les va a decir que ella quiere que ustedes le bailen un son en una tabla y es para virarles la tabla para que se quemen, para comérselos ! — Pero ustedes le dicen que baile ella primero para que les enseñe como lo han de hacer, y ustedes le viran la tabla. Entonces vinieron los niños y la vieja les dijo lo mismo que les había dicho el viejo. Ellos dijeron : — *May* vieja, baile usted para que nos enseñe como lo hemos de hacer.

Ella bailó y a la última vez los muchachos le viraron la tabla, cayó dentro de la hoguera y se quemó.

Entonces los muchachos se fueron alegres y cogieron los perros y todo lo que tenía la vieja y se quedaron viviendo los dos hermanos allí en la casa.

## LOS NIÑOS PERDIDOS.

Esta era una vez y dos son tres que había un hombre con dos hijos : una niña y el menor un niño. Su esposa había muerto.

Un día el hombre se casó con una mujer muy bonita, pero que era viuda también y con una hija.

Mientras el padre vivió la madrastra trataba bien a sus hijos, pero cuando el padre murió los trataba muy mal y todo lo mejor era para su hija.

Los dos hermanos una noche se fugaron y durmieron en el hueco de un tronco de árbol. Al otro día comieron frutas hasta que no tuvieron hambre, pero les dió sed y tuvieron que buscar un arroyo donde calmarla.

Anduvieron hasta que encontraron uno, pero el arroyo decía : — El que tome esta agua se volverá un tigre. El niño quería tomar, pero la niña le dijo que no tomara porque su madrastra había encantado los arroyos y se convertiría en un tigre.

Entonces siguieron andando, andando, andando hasta que encontraron otro que decía : — El que tome mi agua se volverá león. Aquí tampoco la hermana dejó al niño que tomara agua. Siguieron andando y encontraron otro que decía : — El que tome de mi agua se convertirá en ciervo.

Pero esta vez el niño no hizo caso a María y tomó agua, pero no bien hubo acabado de tomarla, se convirtió en un hermoso ciervo con collar y cadena de plata.

Sin perder tiempo, María lo cogió de la cadena y siguieron anda, anda, anda y anda, hasta que llegaron a una casita solitaria en donde María se quedó a vivir con el ciervo. Todos los días el ciervo pedía permiso para salir. Un día en que el ciervo andaba por el bosque se le aparecieron unos hombres a caballo. Eran el rey con su comitiva de caza. Al ver el rey al domesticado ciervo se admiró mucho y dijo a su gente que le dieran caza. Entonces uno de los cazadores disparó y le hirió en una pata, pero no le pudieron dar caza.

El rey dijo que al otro día volverían a darle caza, pero sin hacerle daño. Cuando al otro día vinieron y vieron al ciervo, echaron a correr tras de él hasta que llegaron a la casa de María en donde el ciervo entró por un hueco.

El rey llamó y María muy asustada abrió y al ver a aquel señor tan bien vestido lo invitó a que entrase. El rey al ver a María le dijo que de quien era el ciervo. Ella le dijo que era su hermano y le contó la historia. El rey se enamoró de María y le dijo que le siguiera a palacio en donde se casarían. Ella se fué y también el ciervo.

A los pocos días el rey se casó con María y fueron muy felices.

LOS NIÑOS HUÉRFANOS.

Una vez había un señor que tenía una niña que se llamaba María y un niño que se llamaba Juanito. La madre de estos niños se había muerto y el padre se había vuelto a casar. La madrastra no los quería y le dijo al marido que al día siguiente llevarían los niños al monte. Los niños oyeron estas palabras, Juanito fué a la tienda a comprar un centavo que le quedaba de maíz.

Al otro día, cuando iban por el camino regaban granos de maíz. Andando llegaron al monte el padre y la madrastra y los dejaron en una montaña en lo que iban a buscar leña y por allá mismo se fueron. Los niños al ver que venía la noche y que ni su padre, ni la madrastra aparecían se fueron a su casa.

Entonces al día siguiente los llevaron a otro monte y allí se perdieron y como a las ocho de la noche vieron una luz muy distante de ellos y dijeron : — Vamos allá. Echaron a andar y llegaron como a las siete del día siguiente. En aquella casa vivía una vieja hechicera. Cuando ella vió a los niños les dijo que entraran. Aquella vieja ponía a engordar a los muchachos para comérselos.

Juanito había encontrado un rabito de ratón y cuando la vieja le decía que le enseñara el dedo pequeño él le enseñaba el rabito de ratón.

Pero sucedió que un día se le perdió el rabito y le enseñó el dedito. Entonces la vieja dijo : — Ya está bueno para comer.

Entonces la vieja le dijo a María que preparara el horno para asar a Juanito. Cuando el horno estuvo caliente sacó a Juanito de la jaula y le dijo : — Métete en aquel horno. El le dijo que no sabía meterse, que le enseñara ella.

Entonces la vieja se metió y María le atrancó la puerta del horno y la vieja se quemó. Entonces Juanito y María cogieron todas las riquezas de la vieja hechicera y se las llevaron a su casa.

Cuando la madrastra vió que los niños traían dinero le dijo al marido que se quedara con ellos.

LOS NIÑOS HUÉRFANOS.

Pepito y Rosita eran dos niños huérfanos y todos los días salían los dos a paseo.

Un día que salieron a paseo, llegaron a un río donde encontraron una casita y estuvieron allí unos cuantos días. Pepito se fué a trabajar y Rosita todo el día se pasaba jugando con el agua en el río ; se encontró una culebrita, la cogió y la echó dentro de un barril. Allí le daba comida.

La culebrita creció mucho y le dijo a la niña que tenía que irse porque ya se había cumplido su misión, le dió una sortija y le dijo que cuando

estuviera en algún peligro diera tres vueltas a la sortija y dijera : — He aquí mi culebrita.

Un día que estaba Rosita perdida en el monte, le dió tres vueltas a la sortija y vino la serpiente y le dijo : — Manda a vender uvas por ojitos negros.

Fué al palacio y la niña le dijo a su mamá que le sacara los ojos al gato y el muchacho se los llevó a la serpiente y ésta dijo que no eran aquéllos. Al otro día se fué a vender uvas por ojitos negros, entonces le dió los de un perro y dijo que tampoco eran.

Al siguiente día le vendió los que tenía de la niña que ya estaban secos. Los cogió la serpiente, los lamió, se los puso y le dijo que se vistiera y fuera a pasear por el palacio a caballo y todos los días pasaba con trajes distintos. El rey mandó que no la dejaran.

Un día Pepito fué al palacio y el rey le dijo que él quería casarse con una muchacha bonita. Pepito le dijo que él tenía una hermana que era muy bonita. Entonces la mandó buscar. Cuando ella iba con su hermano muy bien vestida, vieron una señora y le pidió agua. Cuando Rosita fué a tomar con ella una copa de leche que le ofreció, le sacó los ojos, le quitó todo lo que llevaba y se lo puso a la hija, que era una negrita y la sentó en el asiento de atrás, con cortinas.

Cuando Pepito le entregó la hermana al rey, éste le dijo que no la quería porque era muy fea. Mandó enterrar a Pepito hasta la cintura en la plaza y no le mandaba más que pan y agua.

Por fin sacaron a Rosita, la llevaron al palacio, sacaron al hermano de la plaza, se casó el rey con Rosita y mandó echar a la negra con las fieras para que la devoraran.

#### LOS NIÑOS HUÉRFANOS.

Había una vez un leñador que tenía dos hijos. El mayor era mujer y se llamaba Anita y el otro era hombre y se llamaba Pepito. El padre pasaba grandes apuros para mantener a sus hijos. Un día le dijo la madrastra de los niños al marido, que era necesario llevar a los hijos a las selvas más lejanas del mundo. Entonces él le dijo que eso no lo podía hacer con sus hijos de su corazón. — Lo mejor sería dárselos a cualquiera persona caritativa. Ella dijo que ninguna persona los recogería.

Los hermanos habían oído la conversación y Anita se echó a llorar. Pepito le dijo que no llorara por eso.

A la mañana siguiente la madrastra llamó a los niños bien temprano y les dijo : — Vamos a las selvas a buscar leña. Y como los hermanos habían oído la conversación, Pepito le dijo a Anita que no se apurara, que no le hacía.

Cuando ya iban a salir Pepito se fué por la puerta y se llenó los bolsillos de piedrecitas blancas. Cuando salieron ellos con la madrastra Pepito

siempre se quedaba atrás y por todo el camino iba echando piedrecitas.

Después que llegaron les dijo la madrastra que se quedaran allí recogiendo leña seca, que por la tarde los vendría a buscar. Llegó la tarde y ni la madrastra ni el padre vinieron a buscar a los niños.

Al anochecer Anita sintió ruido y le dió miedo. Se echó a llorar y Pepito le dijo que no llorara y que cuando saliera la luna se irían a ver si daban con la casa. Salió la luna y Anita y Pepito se fueron a ver si daban con la casa. Las piedrecitas que Pepito había echado por el camino brillaban como monedas de oro y pudieron llegar a su casa donde fueron recibidos por su padre con gran alegría.

#### LOS NIÑOS HUÉRFANOS.

Había una vez un padre que tenía dos hijos. Eran huérfanos de madre, pero tenían una madrastra que era muy mala con ellos.

Una noche ella le dijo a su esposo : — Mañana iremos a buscar leña con los niños al bosque. Los niños dormían sobre un banco. El niño estaba despierto y por lo tanto oyó lo que hablaban. — Los dejaremos en el bosque perdidos, — decía la mujer. El padre no quería pero por fin tuvo que acceder.

Por la mañana los llamaron, les dieron un pedacito de pan viejo y se fueron. El niño cogió una poca de ceniza en las manos e hizo un camino, pero cayeron unas lloviznas y se borró el camino. Ellos se quedaron en el bosque perdidos.

Los niños siguieron andando y llegaron a la choza de una vieja bruja. Ella los tomó en los brazos muy contenta pensando : — Mañana me como a Rafaelito. Por la mañana temprano lo llamó y le dijo : — Ponte en frente de ese horno. Pero él no quiso y le dijo : — Párese usted primero.

Ella lo hizo así y él le dió un tremendo empujón que fué ella a caer dentro del horno y se quemó. Los niños cogieron todo lo que había en la casa y se fueron para su casa muy felices. Su madrastra había muerto.

Los niños vivieron muy felices con su padre hasta el fin de su vida.

#### LOS NIÑOS PERDIDOS.

Había una vez una señora que tenía dos hijitos : Rosita y Ernesto. Un día los mandó a buscar leña a un bosque cercano y los niños se pusieron a jugar a la sombra de un árbol con los rabos de unos lagartijitos que habían matado.

Al cabo de un rato llegó una bruja y los engañó con dulces y se los llevó para su casa donde los encerró en un cajón grande y les dijo que los iba a engordar para comérselos y ellos se echaron a llorar. Todos los días la vieja les llevaba la comida y les decía que le enseñaran sus dedos para ver si estaban gordos y ellos le enseñaban los rabitos de los lagartijitos.

Un día se les perdieron los rabitos, le enseñaron los dedos y vió que ya estaban gorditos. Los sacó y los mandó a coger leña para encender la hoguera y comérselos.

Cuando vinieron ella puso una tabla falsa y los mandó a bailar y el niño como tenía malicia, dijo que no sabía bailar y que le enseñaran cómo era. Entonces la vieja se puso a bailar y se resbaló cayendo dentro de la hoguera. Los padres de los niños, que ya los estaban buscando, los encontraron y se los llevaron para su casa.

Así pudieron salvarse del fatal destino que los esperaba.

#### LOS NIÑOS PERDIDOS.

Ésta era una vez que había una niña y un niño. Los padres de los niños se habían muerto y entonces ellos se fueron a correr fortuna. Entonces se fueron a andar por el bosque y se subieron a un palo de cerezas. Entonces el muchachito dijo : — Mira, en aquel cerro hay una casita, tú te quedas aquí que yo voy allá.

Se fué el niño y cuando llegó se encontró a una anciana friendo unos bacalaos. Entonces el muchacho se fué por detrás de la anciana y metió la mano en la sartén y cogió dos bacalaos fritos. Se fué y le llevó un bacalao a su hermanita y dejó él otro para él.

Al otro día fué otra vez y se trajo dos bacalaos más, pero al otro día la niña se empeñó en ir a comerle los bacalaos a la anciana y él le decía que no fuera. Ella siempre se fué y entonces él le dijo : — Yo voy también.

Se fueron los dos y cuando llegaron, la niña se empezó a reir y la anciana dijo : — Aquí están ustedes. Y los cogió y los encerró en un cuarto y dejó un roto por la puerta para que pudieran meter un dedo. Ella todos los días les decía : — Saquen un dedo para ver si ya están buenos.

Pero el muchachito tenía un rabito de ratón y lo metía todos los días por el roto y entonces la anciana decía : — Todavía están delgados. Pero un día la muchachita cogió el rabito y se puso a jugar con él y lo botó. Entonces vino la vieja y dijo : — Metan los deditos para verlos. Entonces vió que ya estaban gorditos, los sacó y los mandó a uno a buscar leña y al otro agua.

Cuando vinieron puso una caldera de agua a calentar y encima puso un tablón para que si uno pisaba ella le halaba una sogá y caía en la caldera y se ahogaba. Pero ellos le dijeron a la vieja que los enseñara, que ellos no sabían, y cómo el muchachito sabía para qué era aquello, cuando ella fué a pasar sobre la tabla él le haló la sogá y la vieja se ahogó.

Entonces se fueron al cuarto y se encontraron cuatro bolitas y cuando las cogieron se volvieron cuatro pescados, pero muy grandes y cada uno tenía un collar y se llamaban uno Caja, otro Cajita el otro Cajón y el otro Cajonero. Entonces se quedaron viviendo allí.

Un día se les presenta un gigante y aquel estaba enamorado de la



niña que ya era una señorita, pero el muchacho no quería y ella que sí, hasta que un día el muchacho y el gigante se desafiaron en una loma y se fueron, pero el muchacho antes de irse le dijo : — Cuando tú veas esa matita de albahaca que se está secando, es señal que me estoy muriendo.

Se fueron y empezaron a pelear. Ya la matita se estaba secando y ella decía : — ¡ Ay ! que lo mate. Y los cuatro perros queriéndose soltar.

Él por primera vez dijo : — Caja, Cajita, Cajón, Cajonero ; vengan acá mis cuatro perros buenos. Y los perros reventaron las cadenas y echaron a correr hasta que llegaron donde estaba su amo. Allí cogieron al gigante y lo mataron.

Entonces él se vino y cuando llegó la muchacha no estaba en la casa, ya se había ido. El llegó y se curó y empezó a andar para ver si encontraba a su hermana, pero no la encontró.

Llegó al pueblo y desde que entró a él empezó a mirar para las casas y todas estaban forradas de luto y dijo : — ¿ Qué pasa aquí ?

Entonces le dijeron que allí iba una serpiente y había que darles una persona todos los días y que la única que quedaba era la hija del rey y que el rey decía que le daría cinco millones de pesos y se casaba con ella, si alguno la salvaba.

El muchacho se acostó en su cuarto a dormir con sus cuatro perros al lado y le dijo a la hija del rey : — Acuéstate en mi falda y llámame cuando venga la serpiente.

Pero cuando la serpiente venía ella no se atrevía a llamarlo, se puso a llorar y le cayó una lágrima de ella en los ojos de él y despertó y dijo : — Caja, Cajita, Cajón, Cajonero : vengan mis cuatro perros buenos. Cogieron a la serpiente entre los cuatro y la mataron. Entonces Caja se comió una lengua, porque la serpiente tenía siete lenguas ; Cajita dos ; Cajón dos y Cajonero dos.

Había un negro lo más espantoso y fué y dijo al rey que él había sido el que había matado a la serpiente. Entonces el rey le dijo que las bodas serían por la noche, que se quedara en la misma casa, que lo iba a poner de príncipe. El lo aceptó y como a las doce de la mañana el muchacho mandó a un peón diciéndole que si él no había dicho que el que matase la serpiente se casaría con su hija. El rey le mandó decir que era verdad, pero que había un negro que la había matado y se lo había probado porque le trajo las cabezas de la serpiente. El rey le dijo que por qué se lo decía, y él le dijo que por nada.

Como a la una fué Caja, y cuando estaban almorzando fué y le arrancó una oreja al negro ; como a las tres estaba el negro en un sillón leyendo cuando viene Cajita y le arranca la otra oreja y lo dejó tuerto. Como a las cuatro estaba el negro dormido y viene Cajón y le arranca la nariz. Como a las cinco estaba el negro comiendo cuando viene Cajonero y le arrancó la barba.

El rey le mandó a decir al muchacho que fuera allá.

Entonces él le dijo que la misma distancia que había de allá acá, había

como de acá allá. El rey se puso furioso, le mandó un coche y le dijo que fuera. Entonces le dijo al cochero : — Dígale usted al rey que si no viene él mismo a buscarme no voy.

Y se lo dijo el cochero al rey, pero entonces el rey se puso más furioso. Entonces dijo : — Ahora voy.

Montó en el coche, se llevó dos perros y los otros dos los dejó en la casa y cuando iba a montar a los dos perros el rey le dijo : — ¡ Oh ! y usted va a montar esos dos perros aquí. Y el muchacho le dijo : — Si esos dos perros no van no voy yo tampoco. Entonces el rey le dijo : — Bueno, está bien.

Cuando llegaron al palacio el rey le dijo : — ¿ Cómo me va a probar usted que mató a la serpiente ? Y él le dijo : — Yo creo, mi rey que no hay cabeza sin lengua. Llamó a sus perros y sus perros las arrojaron, se casó entonces con la princesa y mataron al negro.

#### LOS NIÑOS PERDIDOS.

Una vez había un padre que tenía tres muchachos.

El más viejo de ellos se llamaba Salsapulguita. Este era el más diligente de los tres. Sus padres eran pobres, en demasía y decidieron mandar a su hijos al monte, con la esperanza de que alguna fiera se los comiera. Éstos al oír tan tristes nuevas se pusieron muy tristes. El padre así lo hizo ; llevó a sus hijos al monte y los dejó allí, sin más amparo que el de Dios.

Por allí había muchos animales bravíos y Salsapulguita que era entendido hizo que sus dos hermanos le acompañasen a subir al árbol más alto del monte, para así estar seguros del peligro. Al momento se aparece una gran fiera que venía con ansiedad a comerse a los muchachos, pero éstos no tenían cuidado, pues ellos estaban salvos en aquel árbol.

La fiera sin embargo, trató de subirse al árbol y no habiendo podido conseguirlo se fué enteramente furiosa. Esta escena se repitió por tres veces, pero nunca pudo la fiera conseguir nada.

Un día Salsapulguita divisó a lo lejos un humo bastante remoto, de donde ellos estaban y les dijo a sus hermanitos : — Vamos a donde sale aquel humo a ver si allí encontramos que comer y a la vez para pasar la noche. Todos ellos estuvieron de acuerdo, se apearon del árbol y se dirigieron por el humo llegando a una casa donde vivía un león. Ya era tarde y ellos pidieron posada por aquella noche, pero la señora dijo : — Yo con todo gusto los dejara, pero mi marido es un león y va a venir y se los come. Pero ellos insistieron en que los dejara por aquella sola noche. La *may* vieja por fin los dejó.

En seguida que vino el león empezó a decirle a su mujer : — ¡ A carne humana me huele aquí, si no me la das te como a tí ! Por más que ella le dijo que no había nada, él a pesar de eso seguía en su porfía. Por fin ella

le dijo : — Son tres muchachos que yo tengo allí para esta noche matarlos y comérmelos. Todo esto lo estaba oyendo Salsapulguita y pensaba cómo haría para poderse evadir de tan horrible casa. Después lo llamaron para darle comida, pero Salsapulguita no se atrevía a salir temiendo que lo mataran ; pero tanto le instaron hasta que salió y lo abastecieron de comida.

El león tenía también tres hijos a los cuales acostó junto con estos tres muchachos que se hospedaban allí, para matarlos tan pronto como se durmieran. Salsapulguita no se durmió, sino que en cuanto él creyo que ya era hora de marchar alistó a sus hermanos.

El león les había puesto gorros a sus hijos para diferenciarlos de los huéspedes y Salsapulguita les quitó los gorros y se los puso a sus hermanos y a él mismo y después se salieron de la casa. Al poco rato se levantó el león y uno por uno fué matando a los muchachos.

Cuando se dió cuenta de que había matado a sus hijos exclamó : — ¡ Mujer, qué hemos hecho nosotros ! — ¿ Qué es ? — exclamó ella algo temerosa de lo que pudiera ser.

Luego el león tomó sus alpargatas de viento y salió a perseguir a los huéspedes. Salió volando, volando y ya cansado de volar llegó a la fresca que brindaba el mar y se tiró allí quedándose profundamente dormido al pie del árbol de los mismos muchachos.

El más astuto de ellos le quitó cuidadosamente las alpargatas al león y se las puso él e hizo que los otros dos hermanos se montaran encima de él y alzaron vuelo llegando a la misma casa del león y encontrando todavía a la *may* vieja llorando. Ellos haciéndose de nuevos le preguntaron a qué se debía tal tristeza y ella no conociéndolos les contó todo lo que había pasado. Entonces ellos le dijeron : — Nosotros venimos aquí mandados por su marido a que nos dé tres mulos cargados de dinero y si usted desconfía, mire sus alpargatas, que nos las dió para mayor seguridad. La mujer no cayendo en cuenta de nada, loca como estaba, mandó que les cargaran los tres mulos de dinero. Tan pronto como estuvieron cargados, cada uno montó en su mulo y con un : « la considero », se despidieron.

Cuando estos llegaron a su casa cargados de dinero el padre no sabiendo nada, no quería dejarlos subir, pero cuando oyó la voz de ellos que decían : — Papá, ayúdanos a descargar estos mulos de dinero. Fué tanto el gusto y quiso bajar tan pronto por la escalera que se cayó y se mató. Salsapulguitas con su madre y sus dos hermanos pasaron el resto de su vida felices y llenos de prosperidades.

Ahora no hace mucho murió la *may* vieja y los dos hijos no mucho después.

## II. JUANITO

## JUANITO.

Había una vez un joven y le dijo al padre : — Papá, quiero irme a correr el mundo. Y el padre le dijo : — Hijo mío, veté y coge el caballo mejor que haya. Y le dió dinero suficiente para su viaje.

Salió y a poco que anduvo, se encontró a un hombre en un caballito chiquito y le dijo : — ¿ Quiere usted negociar conmigo ese caballo ? Y el joven le dijo : — No, caballero, yo no negocio mi caballo por ese caballito. Y entonces el hombre le contestó : — Joven, su caballo no acompaña al mío, porque el mío anda treinta mil leguas por hora. Entonces el hombre le dijo : — Siendo así, negociaremos pues usted me dará su caballito a la prueba. Entonces él le dijo : — Lo aguardaré en la ciudad a donde iba. Y entonces al llegar a la ciudad hicieron el negocio.

Juanito salió en el caballito y se fué a andar y al pasar por una montaña vió un pájaro en un nido y fué a cogerlo y le dijo el caballito : — Juanito, deja ese huevo. Pero él siempre lo cogió y se lo llevó y siguió y anduvo hasta que llegó al reinado del rey y allí se colocó en un empleo. Al poco tiempo de estar allí, se le ofreció salir al rey y le dijo : — Juanito, tú quedarás aquí encargado de este palacio, que hoy vengo con gente.

Y entonces los vasallos y los empleados, porque querían que él saliera, entraron a chupar caña y a echarle bagazos en el piso, pues cuando el rey venía con todos los generales y vasallos, él se encontró tumbado y entonces recordó del huevo y saltó y lo puso en la lira y el rey entonces se fijó en el huevo y todas las gentes se fijaron en el huevo, y en este tiempo él pudo limpiar el piso y quedó bien con el rey. Al otro día los vasallos del rey le dijeron : — Dice Juanito que según trajo él el huevo traerá el pájaro. Y entonces el rey le dijo : — Juanito, ¿ es cierto que tú has dicho que según trajiste el huevo traerás el pájaro ? Y él le dijo : — No, no he dicho eso, vuestra majestad. Y el rey le dijo : — Por mi corona real, que si no traes el pájaro te mando quitar la vida.

Entonces él se fué para donde estaba el caballito y le dijo lo que le pasaba, dijo : — ¡ Ay ! caballito mío, soy perdido pues el rey me exige que según traje el huevo tengo que traer el pájaro que puso el huevo. Y entonces le dijo el caballito : — Vete y haces una jaula y vas y cuando tenga los ojos abiertos, cógelo, que está dormido y si los tiene cerrados está despierto.

Entonces se fué y encontró el pájaro con los ojos abiertos y lo cogió y se lo trajo al rey y el rey lo puso en palacio. Entonces los vasallos dijeron : — ¿ De qué manera podremos sacar a este hombre de aquí ? Fueron y le dijeron al rey : — Juanito dice que según trajo el pájaro traerá la belleza del mundo, que está encantada en los golfos del mar. Entonces el rey le dijo : — Juanito, soatrevido, ¿ con que tú dices que te atreves a

traer la belleza del mundo a palacio ? pues por mi corona real que si no la traes te mando quitar la vida.

Entonces él salió y fué a donde estaba el caballito diciéndole : — ¡ Ay ! ya soy perdido, — y le contó lo que le pasaba y el caballito le dijo : — Ya ves, si no hubieras cogido el huevo, nada de eso te hubiera pasado, pero más no es tanto, tú me coges y me picas en ruedas y me tiras a las orillas del mar y te compras un violín y rompes a tocar y a cantar hasta que yo salga, que yo la traeré.

Así lo hizo el caballito y él al verla quedó enamorado de ella y ella le ofreció la mano de esposa. Entonces él se montó en su caballo y la trajo a palacio y el rey en seguida entró a enamorarla, pero ella no lo quería, porque ya estaba comprometida con Juanito ; entonces, como el rey pretendía casarse con ella, Juanito le dijo : — Señor rey, para que pueda usted casarse con ella, tendrá usted que hacer lo que yo haga. Me voy a quemar en siete barriles de pólvora y usted tendrá que hacerlo también. Pues el caballito le dijo : — Tú me coges y te montas en mí y me sudas bien, y después que me corras, te entripas bien de mi sudor y allí mandas a poner los siete barriles de pólvora.

Y el rey al ver que él al quemarse salió más bonito de lo que estaba, dijo : — Traigan doce para quemarme yo. Y entonces desapareció en el fuego y de allí se efectuó el casamiento de Juanito con la belleza del mundo e hicieron fiestas reales y quedó él hecho un rey y ella quedó hecha una reina en palacio.

#### JUANITO.

Éste era un padre que tenía un hijo llamado Juan y el padre tenía un dinero en otra provincia. Un día le dijo Juan : — Papá, voy a cobrar ese dinero que tiene usted en esa isla. Y él le dijo : — Son tres mil pesos ; vete, cóbralos.

Y se fué y halló a uno que lo tenían en arrobas en las puertas de la tienda y él preguntó que por qué era, y le dijeron que debía tres mil pesos, que por eso era. Y entonces el dió los tres mil pesos del padre que le había mandado a buscar y los dió por las tres arrobas de carne y fué a donde estaba el remendador que las remendara y se fué y las enterró. Y después no sea treví a ir donde estaba el padre y siguió por una montaña hasta que se encampó y que encontró un caballito y le dijo : — ¿ Para donde vas ? Y le dijo : — A correr fortuna, porque seré muerto, pues mi padre me ha mandado a buscar un dinero y no lo he hallado. Pues nada, — mójese en mí. Y se montó en él para pasarlo el mar y llevarlo a tierra, y cuando llegó a tierra, le dijo el caballo : — ¿ Qué ha visto ? Y le dijo : — Ví una carta. — Pues no la cojas, porque te ves en trabajos. — No, yo la cojo, mi caballito. Y él le dijo : — No la coja.

Y la cogió y se la llevó en el bolsillo del gabán. A poco que había andado

en su caballo, se halló en otra parte y le dijo : — ¿ Qué has visto, Juan ? — He visto una pluma y me será imposible no cogerla.

Y la cogió y se la puso en el sombrero y se fué caminando y dijo : — ¿ Qué has visto, Juan ? — He visto un palo de oro y me será imposible no cogerlo. — No lo cojas, que te ves en trabajos.

Y le cogió un gancho y se lo echó en los bolsillos y caminó hasta que llegó a la casa de un rey y le pidió posada para quedarse y fué con la noche una hija del rey y le buscó el chaquetón y halló la pluma del pájaro cancionero, y le dijo : — Papá, ¿ qué le dije ? Si el que anda lejos de su casa siempre trae cosas bonitas.

Y cuando se levantó le dijo el rey que si no le traía el pájaro que largó la pluma, le mandaba quitar la pluma. Y él se fué muy triste a donde estaba el caballo. Entonces el caballo le dijo : — Toma esas nueve llaves y vamos a buscar el pájaro. Y cuando lo trajeron no quedó nadie dormido en el palacio, con los cantos del pájaro cancionero.

Y a la otra noche le dijo : — Papá, el que anda fuera de su casa, trae cosas bonitas.

Y fué y le halló el ramo de oro y se lo enseñó al padre y le dijo : — Papá, ¿ vé usted ? Si es lo que le digo. Mire ese ramo. Lo tenía el joven y yo lo encontré.

Y en seguida fué a donde estaba Juan y le dijo : — ¡ Juan, Juan, levántese ! Y se levantó y el rey le dijo : — Por mi corona real que si no me trae ese palo que tenía ese ramo, le quito la vida.

Y se fué Juan a donde estaba su caballito y le dijo lo que el rey le decía y en seguida se fueron y el caballo le dijo : — Tú ahora te vas y cuando llegues al palo, coge un polvito de tierra del tronco y corta un ganchito, le pones la tierra y lo llevas al palacio y lo siembras, y él irá a donde está el gancho este.

Y así fué ; a la noche siguiente fué la muchacha más pequeña y le dijo : — Voy a ver si trae más cosas extrañas, y nada menos que lo que halló fué la carta y se lo dijo al padre y éste rompió el sobre y leyó la carta y era de la diosa Avena, y le dijo : — Juan. — ¿ Qué hay ? — Levántese, y por mi corona real que si no me trae aquí a la diosa de la Avena, le mando quitar la vida.

Y él se fué llorando a donde estaba el caballo y le dijo lo que le pasaba y se fueron y al llegar a la mar, le dijo : — Pícame en ruedas y te bebas la sangre y después te zambulles hasta los golfos del mar donde te vendrá a matar un caballo que con sus relinchidos hará temblar al firmamento ; le das tres fuetazos hasta que se esté quieto.

Y así fué, al darle los fuetazos se estuvo quieto y él pasó y cuando llegó a donde ella estaba, le dió los buenos días y ella no se los contestó y él le dió el saludo por tres veces y después contestó y le dijo : — Súbase. Y él le dijo : — No, me es imposible subir sin verle la cara. Y ella le dijo : — No puedo, porque han venido unos cuantos y al verme se han caído muertos, así es que yo no enseño la cara. Y ella le enseñó la espalda. Y

él le dijo : — La espalda no. Y le enseñó entonces la cara, de frente. Y él le dijo : — A buscarle vengo. Y ella le dijo : — No puede ser, porque me guarda una fiera bravía y hunde siete estados. Y él le dijo : — No, yo me entiendo. Y ella le contestó : — Sí me voy con usted, pero ha de ganarme una batalla primero y desaparecerse como yo.

Y en seguida Don Juan se hizo una hormiga y cuando vió una semilla de tabaco, mientras ella estaba en el jardín, él estaba hecho una hormiga y ella decía : — ¿ Donde estará Don Juan, que ni está en el cielo ni en el aire ? Y después se fué para el encanto y él se fué y le dijo : — Me ha ganado la batalla, ahora me voy con usted.

Y se vinieron y cuando llegaron al palacio el rey cayó muerto con un ataque y cuando volvió del ataque, le dijo : — Don Juan, váyase a matar chinches y pulgas debajo de palacio. Y entonces se levantó la diosa Avena y le dijo : — ¿ Rey, dónde está Don Juan ? Y le dijo : — Está debajo de palacio matando chinches y pulgas. — Pues nada, palacio, gente y todo, sal y agua. Y después tenía un cinturoncito la diosa Avena y le dijo : — Cinturón de la virtud, ponme aquí un palacio más bonito que el que tenía el rey.

Y entonces Don Juan y la diosa Avena se dieron las manos y al mucho tiempo tuvieron una hija y ya que era señorita vino un hombre y le dijo : — Don Juan, vengo a partir el capital, según nuestro negocio. Y él dijo : — Sí, ¿ cómo no ? Y mandó a buscar una espada y alzó la mano para abrir a la muchacha y entonces él voló y le sujetó la mano y le dijo : — Veo que tienes buen corazón y eres legal; déjala. Yo soy el que tú pagaste en tal tiempo que estaba en arrobos y tú diste tres mil pesos y me enterraste la carne y yo para pagarte te he hecho esos favores. Queda en paz y dime Adiós.

## 12. EL PRÍNCIPE ENCANTADO

### EL PRÍNCIPE BECERRO.

Ésta era una vez y dos son tres, que había una señora que tenía tres hijas y cuando su padre salía todas le encargaban algo, menos la más pequeña. Un día le dijo el padre : — Hijita mía, ¿ por qué tú cuando yo salgo no me encargas algo ? Y esta dijo : — Papá, tráeme una rosa. El padre dijo : — Por ser la primera vez que mi hija más pequeña me encarga algo no me encarga nada de valor sino solamente una rosa, pero en fin, se la traeré.

El fué al pueblo y al estar ya casi en su casa, se acordó de la rosa que se le había olvidado, pero siguió andando, vió un jardín y se preguntó para sí : — ¿ De quién serán estas flores ? Pero él a nadie veía y se metió sin permiso y cogió una rosa. Por debajo de la tierra oyó una voz que le dijo : — Coge la rosa pero tienes que traerme a tu hijita el sábado próximo.

Él al oír estas palabras se sorprendió, pero se dijo : — ¡ No ha de ser tanto !

El sábado siguiente estaba el padre con su hija. Oyó una voz que le dijo que se fuera y a ella la dejara allí. En seguida vió ésta una casa muy bonita y que le dijeron : — Entre usted, señorita. Era el príncipe Becerro que estaba encantado y le faltaban muy pocos meses para salir y se iba a casar. Le pusieron a la niña café, pero ella no vió a nadie y se lo tomó porque tenía mucha hambre. La voz le dijo que no alumbrara con vela porque se le caería una gota de esperma y entonces no podría verlo nunca. Pero ella un día fué a su casa a ver a su madre, se llevó una vela y por la noche la encendió para ver al príncipe y entonces le cayeron tantas gotas de esperma en la cara que le quemó las pestañas y él le dijo : — Me has encantado más ahora y para poderme conseguir necesitas vestirme de bronce.

Ella se vistió y se fué a andar ; ya estaba rendida de cansancio pero seguía caminando hasta que llegó a la casa de la luna y allí comió. Después llegó a casa del sol y le preguntó si él sabía donde vivía el príncipe Becerro y el sol le contestó, que desde que era sol y que había alumbrado tanto, no había sabido donde vivía el príncipe Becerro, pero que no se apurara que fuera a ver a las nubes y ellas tal vez sabrían.

Se fué, llegó y dijo : — Buenos días. — Buenos se los dé Dios, entre. — No, vengo solamente a ver si ustedes me pueden decir donde vive el príncipe Becerro. Ellas le dijeron : — Desde que vivimos en el mundo no hemos oído nombrar al príncipe Becerro ; pero no se apure, espere que venga el ave coja, que ella siempre busca las cosas mejores y quizás ella sepa.

Después de un momento llegó el ave coja y le preguntaron por él y dijo : — Ahora vengo de su casamiento. La niña le dijo que la llevara, pero el ave le contestó que tenía que pagarle con algo. En seguida la montó en su cuello y la llevó. Ella llevaba una peinetilla de oro, una gallina con quince pollitos y un peine.

La criada le dijo al príncipe Becerro : — ¿ Mi amo, si usted supiera que allí hay una señora que tiene una peinetilla, un peine y una gallina de oro ? El le dijo : — Vete ; dile que si me las vende. Ella le dijo que si la dejaba dormir a los piés del príncipe Becerro. La señora le dijo que sí y como a la media noche que estaba dormida la esposa del príncipe la niña le iba diciendo que si se acordaba de esto, y de esto otro.

El se acordó y en seguida la abrazó. Mandó quemar a la otra y se casó con la primera. Colorín colorado, este cuento está terminado.

#### EL PRÍNCIPE ENCANTADO.

Una vez había un señor que tenía una hija llamada Alejandrina. La madre de Alejandrina había muerto y el padre se había casado en segun-



das nupcias con una viuda que tenía dos hijas. La madrastra no quería mucho a Alejandrina y procuraba por todos los medios que estaban a su alcance, perderla.

El padre de Alejandrina tuvo que hacer un viaje y preguntó a sus hijas que querían que les trajese. Una de sus hijastras le pidió un vestido y la otra le encargó un sombrero. Alejandrina le pidió las tres rosas de Alejandría. El padre le dijo : — Hija, tú quieres perderme, porque ¿ dónde voy yo a encontrar esas rosas ? Pero haré todo lo posible por conseguirlas.

El señor emprendió su viaje. Antes de regresar compró los regalos para sus hijastras sin conseguir el encargo de su hija. Cuando regresaba a su casa se extravió en un bosque y se le apareció una viejecita. Ella le preguntó : — ¿ En qué andas, hijo ? — Señora, estoy buscando las tres rosas de Alejandría para llevárselas a mi hija. — Te diré donde se encuentran, pero tienes que hacer lo que te mande. En el jardín de aquel castillo están las rosas, pero antes de llegar te van a gritar, a hacerte burla y a tirarte piedras y tú no puedes mirar para atrás, porque si miras te pierdes.

El padre de Alejandrina siguió las instrucciones de la viejecita ; cogió las tres rosas y se las llevó a su hija. Alejandrina sembró las tres rosas en el jardín de su casa y cuando las estaba sembrando un pajarito se paró en la rama de un árbol y le dijo : — Alejandrina, hálbame. Ella no le hizo caso al pajarito. La madrastra que quería perder a Alejandrina, fué a palacio y le dijo al rey : — Majestad, Alejandrina dice que se atreve a preparar la ropa de todo el ejército, en un día. El rey mandó llamar a la muchacha y le dijo : — Si no cumples lo prometido te quitaré la vida.

El rey mandó que llevarsen la ropa para que la muchacha la preparase. Alejandrina se fué al río y se puso a llorar. El pajarito se paró en la rama de un árbol y le preguntó : — Alejandrina, ¿ por qué lloras ? ¿ qué te pasa ? hálbame que yo te ayudaré. Alejandrina permaneció callada, pero el pajarito le preparó toda la ropa en un instante. La muchacha se puso muy contenta y llevó la ropa a palacio.

A los pocos días, la madrastra volvió al palacio del rey y dijo : — Majestad, Alejandrina dice que se atreve a presentarle los pañales en que a usted le envolvieron cuando recién nacido. El rey mandó a buscar a Alejandrina y le dijo que si no le traía los pañales le quitaría la vida.

Alejandrina se fué para su casa y se puso a llorar. El pajarito la vió y le dijo : — Alejandrina, hálbame, se lo que te sucede y te puedo ayudar. Alejandrina no contestó, pero el pajarito le trajo los pañales. Ella se los llevó al rey.

El rey había perdido una sortija que apreciaba mucho y la madrastra de la muchacha le dijo que aquella podía traérsela. El rey la mandó llamar y le dijo que si le traía la sortija la casaría con su hijo. Alejandrina volvió a su casa, se vistió toda de luto y se puso a llorar. El pajarito se le acercó y le dijo : — Alejandrina, qué triste está mi coranzoncito. Ella le contestó : — El mío está más triste y por eso estoy vestida de luto.

Aquel pajarito era un príncipe y tan solo esperaba que aquella muchacha le hablase para recobrar su forma primitiva. Al momento se convirtió en un apuesto joven. Él la llevó a palacio, contó al rey lo sucedido y se casó con ella. Alejandrina fué feliz todo el resto de su vida.

#### EL PRÍNCIPE CLAVEL.

Una vez había tres hermanas siendo la más pequeña la más bonita. Una mañana la más grande estaba barriendo el balcón cuando salió un clavel saltando y entonces ella quiso cogerlo pero él no se dejó coger y se fué a contarles a las otras dos hermanas lo que le había sucedido. Dijo la del medio : — ¡ Pues yo voy y lo cojo ! Las otras dos le dijeron que fuera ; el clavel salió, pero ella no pudo cogerlo. La segunda dijo : — ¡ Pues yo voy y lo cojo !

Se fué y cuando ella estaba barriendo salió el clavel y lo cogió. Entonces fué y lo guardó ; por la noche fué a buscarlo y se encontró con que se había transformado en un príncipe encantado.

Empezó el príncipe a enamorarla y después de muchos días una noche estaba ella buscando más cosas y sin darse cuenta le cayeron tres gotas de esperma al príncipe encantado. El le dijo que lo había encantado más y que ahora para desencantarlo tendría que pasar muchos trabajos. Necesitaba comprarse un vestido, un par de zapatos y un sombrero y empezar a andar hasta que se gastaran. Un mes estaba andando cuando llegó a un bohío donde vivía una vieja solitaria. Le preguntó que si sabía donde vivía el príncipe Clavel. La anciana le dijo que nunca lo había oído nombrar, pero que su hijo que era el sol, andaba tanto y tanto que quizás lo habría oído mentar. Le dijo que él tenía muy mal genio, que se escondiera en un barril para que cuando él viniera no la viera.

Más tarde llegó el sol y le dijo a la viejita : — ¡ Fo, fo, a carne humana me huele aquí, si no me la das te como a tí ! Y la viejita le dijo : — ¡ Ay hijo, si es que tú estás *sudao* ! — ¡ No, no, si es que aquí hay carne humana ! — contestó el sol. La viejita le dijo que era una niña que andaba en busca del príncipe Clavel. El sol le dijo que lo había oído nombrar, pero que para encontrarlo tenía que andar como cinco meses. Entonces la vieja le regaló una gallina de oro y la niña se fué.

Habían transcurrido como dos meses desde que salió de su casa, cuando llegó a casa de la luna y le preguntó que si no había oído nombrar al príncipe Clavel. La luna le dijo que sí, pero que todavía le faltaba mucho para llegar. Le dió una peinetilla de oro y la niña empezó a andar otra vez.

Después de tres meses llegó en casa de la madre de todos los animales y preguntó. Entonces empezaron a llegar animales, pero ninguno le daba noticias.

Llegó luego el ave que más volaba y le dijo que conocía al príncipe

Clavel y que ese mismo día se celebrarían las bodas del príncipe. La niña se puso triste y le dijo que si la quería llevar hasta allá. El ave le dijo que sí y la niña cogió cuatrocientos sacos de comestibles y él se fué con ella por en medio del mar.

Se terminó todo lo que había de comer y le dijo el ave a la niña : — ¡ Dame de comer o te suelto ! Entonces ella le dijo que comiera un brazo. Así le comió los brazos y las dos piernas y cuando llegaron a un árbol cerca de la casa del príncipe, ella estaba con su vestido de plomo.

El príncipe estaba vestido para casarse y entonces la niña le dijo a la novia del príncipe que si la dejaba entrar a ver al que iba a ser su esposo, que le daba la gallina de oro. Ella como ya iba él a ser su marido accedió. Entonces la niña fué a donde estaba el príncipe y empezó a contarle cómo había pasado ese tiempo. El príncipe le dijo a ella : — ¡ Pues tú debes ser mi esposa ! Entonces le dió a la otra unos cantazos y se casaron. La boda fué bonita y vivieron felices.

### 13. LA MUJER CODICIOSA

#### LA MUJER CODICIOSA.

Había una vez una mujer que era muy ambiciosa. Era demasiado pobre, y su marido mantenía la familia de la pesca.

Un día en que estaba su marido pescando en el mar, después de estar todo el día sin pescar ni una sola cucaracha, lo que vino a pescar fué un pececito. Ese pececito era un príncipe encantado y le dijo al hombre que lo soltara, que su carne no le serviría para nada, y además, que él le concedería todo lo que quisiera.

El hombre lo soltó lo más contento y se fué y se encontró a su mujer peleando, arrancándose las greñas y le preguntó al marido : — ¿ Qué pescaste ? El le dijo que lo único que había pescado había sido un príncipe encantado, pero que le había dicho que todo lo que necesitara fuera donde él y se lo concedería. Entonces la mujer lo más contenta le dijo que se fuera corriendo donde estaba el príncipe encantado y le dijera que los pusiera a ellos en una casa de madera cobijada de zinc.

El hombre se fué llorando a donde estaba el príncipe y le dijo que su mujer quería vivir en una casa de madera. El príncipe le dijo que sí, que cuando él llegara a su casa no encontraría aquella choza de paja, sino que encontraría una casa de madera. Cuando él llegó encontró a su mujer en una gran casa.

Después de algunos días, la mujer quiso ser una duquesa y le dijo a su marido que fuera donde estaba el príncipe encantado y le dijera que ella quería ser duquesa. Él le dijo que ya no se atrevía a volver donde el príncipe. Ella le dijo que tenía que ir. El se fué llorando a donde estaba el príncipe y le dijo que su mujer quería ser una duquesa. El príncipe le

dijo que se fuera, que cuando él llegara a su casa encontraría a su mujer una duquesa. El se fué y cuando llegó encontró a su mujer hecha una duquesa.

Cuando hacía tiempo que ella era duquesa, un día, estando parada en una ventana, vió entrar un rayito de sol. Ella quiso quitar aquel rayito de sol de donde estaba, pero como no pudo, mandó al marido donde estaba el príncipe encantado a que le dijera que le quitara aquel rayito de sol impertinente que le estaba molestando mucho. El hombre estaba llorando y no quería ir, pero la mujer empezó a pelear mucho con él y lo hizo ir. El hombre se fué y le dijo al príncipe que su mujer quería que le quitara un rayito de sol que había en una ventana de su casa. El príncipe le dijo que él no podía hacer eso.

El se fué y se lo dijo a la mujer y ella se puso a pelear, y lo hizo ir otra vez a donde estaba el príncipe quien les contestó que si lo seguían molestando los iba a poner en la choza donde vivían antes.

Cuando él llegó a su casa encontró a su mujer en la chocita vieja arrancándose las greñas de coraje.

#### LA MUJER CODICIOSA.

Una vez había un matrimonio muy pobre, el marido era pescador. Sucedió que un día que él estaba pescando cogió un pececito y el pez le dijo : — Juan, suéltame que yo seré tu salvador. Pídemme una gracia y yo te la concederé. Accedió Juan y fué a su casa y se lo dijo a su mujer.

Al otro día bien temprano, como a las cuatro de la mañana la mujer pellizcó a Juan y le dijo : — Juan, Juan, levántate, vete y dile al pez que me conceda una casa con muebles de mimbre, un tocador, etc., que así podremos vivir bien.

Juan se levantó y fué en un momento al río y se lo dijo al pez. Ella, que estaba sentada en una hamaca, al momento brinca para arriba y cae sentada en un sillón de mimbre viendo a varias sirvientas arreglando la casa. Por la noche se acostaron cada uno en una cama lo más bonita. Por la madrugada, bien temprano, como a las tres o las cuatro, la mujer se levantó y fué corriendo al cuarto de Juan, lo pellizcó y le dijo : — Vete, dile al pececito que yo quiero vivir en un palacio. Juan fué al río y se lo dijo al pez.

Por la noche, sin darse cuenta ella, porque estaba dormida brincó para arriba y cayó en un palacio. Después, al otro día, bien temprano, ella despertó a Juan y le dijo que ella quería ser una reina de allí.

Juan se fué seguido y se lo dijo al pez. Ella estaba sentada en la sala del palacio, brincó para arriba y cayó sentada en el trono y su marido también.

Al otro día bien temprano la mujer se levantó y fué a despertar a Juan y le dijo que quería le dijera al pez que él quería ser el Papa, y Juan le

dijo : — Mujer, no seas tan codiciosa. Entonces la mujer le dijo : — Vete, vete, díceselo al pececito.

Juan fué y se lo dijo al pececito y entonces al otro día era el Papa. Al otro día por la mañana ella fué y le dijo : — Juan, Juan, levántate, vete y dile al pez que yo quiero que tu seas Dios y yo la Virgen.

Juan fué y se lo dijo al pez y al poco rato estando ella sentada en su trono, pegó un salto y cayó otra vez sentada en la hamaca. El que mucho abarca poco aprieta. El avaro todo lo pierde.

#### LA MUJER CODICIOSA

Había un hombre que era pescador y vivía con su mujer en una casita muy pobre. Un día se fué a pescar y cogió un pez y la mujer que era de esas que gobiernan a los maridos, cuando el pescador llegó a donde ella estaba le preguntó qué había cogido. El le dijo que había cogido un pez y que el pez le dijo que lo soltara y que en los trabajos que se encontrara aclamara por él. Entonces la mujer le dijo al marido que le pidiera al pez que le mandara hacer una casa.

El hombre se fué llorando a donde estaba su salvador. Se fué anda y anda, llegó y se puso a llorar. Casi no tardó el pez en llegar y él le dijo que si podría hacerle una casa aunque fuera de zinc, pero que estuviera bonita. Y el pez le dijo que sí, que se fuera a su casa, que cuando llegara allá, ya estaría hecha la casa.

Al otro día le dijo la mujer al marido que no quería la casa en aquella forma, que la quería más grande y que quería que hubiera frente a la casa un jardín muy precioso, los muebles de oro y una cama toda dorada, de oro y marfil.

Pedro se fué tristísimo a donde estaba su salvador no tardando el pez en venir a ver a su hombre el cual le dijo : — Ya mi señora quiere lo que yo no quiero. Y el pez le preguntó qué quería su señora.

Entonces el hombre le dijo que ella ya no quería la casa de aquella forma, que quería ser reina. Y el pez le dijo a Pedro que cuando él llegara a su casa la encontraría siendo reina. Se fué el hombre a su casa y encontró a su mujer siendo reina. Al otro día más temprano le dijo la mujer a Pedro que fuera a donde estaba el pescado y le dijera que ella no quería ser reina, que quería ser condesa. Pedro le dijo que sí, que iría a decírselo. Se fué caminando, llegó a donde estaba su pez, vino el pez y le dijo : — ¿ Qué quieres ? Él le dijo que su mujer ya no quería ser reina, que quería ser condesa.

Entonces el pez se fastidió y le dijo a Pedro que cuando él llegara a su casa se encontrarían siendo lo que eran al principio.

## LA MUJER CODICIOSA.

Había una vez un matrimonio muy pobre y un día el marido se fué a pescar y sacó un besuguito. El besuguito le dijo : — Suéltame y te daré un saco de dinero, y además cuando quieras una cosa vienes y dices : « Besuguito, Besuguito, una cosa necesito. » Entonces saldré yo y te daré lo que desees. El pescador se fué a su casa muy contento con su dinero y cuando le contó a su mujer lo sucedido, le dijo ella : — Vete ligero de aquí y dile que yo quiero tener una buena casa con un buen patio y animales.

El pobre hombre se fué al mar y dijo : — Besuguito, Besuguito, una cosa necesito. El besuguito se apareció, el pescador le dijo lo que su mujer deseaba y el besuguito le dijo : — Vete, y cuando llegues encontrarás lo que ella desea.

El pescador se fué y cuando llegó a su casa le dijo a su mujer : — Ahora estarás contenta. Ella le dijo : — Mira, bobo, cuando te concedió esto ¿ por qué no le dijiste que deseaba ser reina ?

El hombre se fué de nuevo y después de llamar al besuguito le dijo lo que su señora deseaba. El besuguito le dijo : — Vete, y cuando llegues la encontrarás en su trono.

El hombre se fué y al llegar a su casa le dijo a su mujer : — Vamos, ahora si que estarás contenta. Ella le dijo : — No, no, yo quiero mandar el sol y la luna. El le dijo : — Pero mujer, confórmate con ser reina. — No, no, te echo mi corte detrás.

El pobre hombre se tuvo que ir y llamó al besuguito y le dijo : — Mi mujer quiere mandar el sol y la luna. Entonces el besuguito abrió la boca y soltó un gran fute y le dijo : — Toma este fute y empieza a darle cantazos hasta que se conforme con la casita y animales y entonces serás feliz.

El hombre se fué, hizo lo que le había dicho el besuguito hasta que la mujer tuvo que conformarse con su casita y sus animales. Entonces vivieron felices por el resto de su vida.

## LA MUJER CODICIOSA.

Había una vez y dos son tres, que había un pescador que iba todas las mañanas a pescar.

Un día se puso a pescar y sacó un pescadito muy bonito. Entonces el pescadito le dijo : — ¡ Ay por Dios, suéltame ! Y el señor le dijo : — ¡ Pero cómo te voy a soltar, si es lo único que he pescado hoy ! Entonces dice el el pescadito : — Si me sueltas te concedo todo lo que me pidas. Entonces el pescador lo soltó, se fué en seguida a donde estaba su esposa y se lo dijo. La señora le dijo en seguida : — Pues vete y dile que si nos consigue una casita, que ya él ve que no tenemos más que este rancho viejo.

Entonces se fué el pescador, llamó al pescadito y en seguida él salió diciéndole qué deseaba. Entonces le dijo el pescador : — Me manda mi señora para ver si tú nos puedes poner una casita. Y el pescadito le dijo : — Pues vete que ya la tienes. El pescador fué y le dijo a su mujer que si ya estaba conforme y ella le dijo que quería ser reina. El pescador fué y se lo pidió al pescadito y éste le dijo que se fuera, que ya lo tenía concedido. El pescador fué a su casa y se encontró a su señora hecha una reina. La esposa le dijo que quería ser princesa. Al otro día se fué el pescador y le dijo al pescadito que su esposa quería ser princesa y el pescadito le contestó : — ¡ Pues que no sea nada ! Le desbarató la casa, le puso el mismo rancho que tenían y la señora por ambiciosa se quedó sin ser nada.

#### LA MUJER CODICIOSA.

Había una vez un pescador muy pobre que se mantenía cogiendo camarones para venderlos en un gran mercado que había en su comarca. Este hombre tenía una mujer muy avarienta, que de todo se antojaba y todo quería. El pobre pescador, hombre de trabajo, procuraba por todos los medios complacer a aquella que fué la culpa de su desgracia.

Un día en que el pobre hombre estaba pescando, cogió un pez chiquito y cuando lo iba a echar en la lata que tenía preparada para ir a vender dichos camarones, oye una voz que le dice : — Si me sueltas, puedes pedir lo que desees y te complaceré.

El hombre al oír estas palabras se estremeció de alegría, fué a su casa y le relató a su mujer lo que con el pez le había pasado. La mujer desvanecida le pidió en seguida una casa con sus mejores armamentos y sus mejores manjares.

Al otro día vió aquella mujer su casa como la había pedido. Después dijo : — Quiero que me hagas reina de mi comarca y me pongas un castillo con sus soldados.

Al otro día vió esto la mujer, pero quiso pedir tanto que dijo : — Si en el cielo hay un Dios, yo quiero ser el de la tierra.

Y resultó que al otro día se vió en su choza más pobre de lo que era antes.

El que mucho abarca poco aprieta.

#### 14. LA NIÑA Y EL PEZ.

##### LA NIÑA Y EL PEZ

Había una vez un leñador que tenía una hija y su mujer. La hija se llamaba Rosaura y la esposa se llamaba Sinforosa.

Una vez estaba Rosaura lavando en el río y oyó un estrepitoso trueno

en las aguas. Volvió la cabeza y vió un hermoso pez al cual las aguas arrastraban hácia la orilla. Entonces ella, que le habían llevado el desayuno allí, lo partió con el pececito, cuando con la mayor sorpresa vió que él se convirtió en un gallardo príncipe el cual le habló así : — Querida niña, ya que tú te has compadecido de mí yo te voy a premiar, ya sea tarde o temprano.

Desde entonces iba la niña todos los días, y le llevaba de su comida. Para llamarlo cantaba tres veces : — Por los montes de Macuca venía por mi pececito.

Un día el padre la siguió hasta el río y al verla hablando con el pez vino y de un hachazo se lo mató. Entonces la niña se enfermó de pena. La mandaron a casa de su madrina a distraerse, y lo que hizo fué que se encaminó al río cantando : — ¡ Adios papá, adios mamá, adios mi madri-nita, que mi muerte cerca está !

Llegó al río y donde mismo mataron al pececito se tiró para hogarse. Pero entonces apareció un coche de oro y de las aguas salió Rosaura convertida en princesa, del brazo del pez, convertido en príncipe. Hay quien asegura que fueron felices.

El bien que hacemos hoy, tarde o temprano será recompensado.

#### LA NIÑA Y EL PEZ.

Ésta era una madre que tenía una hija y un día fué al mar a bañarse y salió un pez y le dijo : — Si me haces café, almuerzo y comida te hago una encantada. Y la niña le dijo : — ¡ Mamá, voy a buscar agua ! Le llevó el café al pez y le dijo :

— ¡ Kilán, kilán, yo por tí vivo !  
 ¡ kilán, kilán, yo por tí muero !  
 ¡ qué salga mi rinconero !

Y el pez salió bailando. — Tiqui que tiqui — y se bebieren el café entre los dos. Al medio día hizo lo mismo y por la tarde hizo lo mismo.

Un día la madre se fué detras de ella y se escondió detrás de una roca. Al oír lo que ella decía y que la niña decía : « Kilán, kilán que salga mi rinconero », y el pez salió : « Tiqui que tiqui », y que se bebieron el café entre los dos, después que la niña se vino para su casa la madre decía :

— ¡ Kilán, kilán, yo por tí vivo !  
 ¡ kilán, kilán, yo por tí muero !  
 ¡ qué salga salga mi rinconero !

Y el pez no salía.

La madre se fué y se afiló los dientes y entonces la madre hablaba igual que la niña. fué a la orilla del mar y decía :



— ¡ Kilán, kilán, yo por tí vivo !  
 ¡ kilán, kilán, yo por tí muero !  
 ¡ qué salga mi rinconero !

Y entonces salió el pez bailando y ella lo cogió y se lo llevó para su casa, y le dijo a la hija que le compusiera ese pez.

Ella lo cogió y se puso a llorar e iba recogiendo las espinitas en un plato. Se fué a la orilla del mar y decía : — ¡ Kilán, kilán, que salga mi rinconero ! — y el pez no salió y entonces la niña se tiró al mar y se ahogó.

#### LA NIÑA Y EL PEZ.

Erase una vez que había un padre que tenía una hija llamada Magdalena. Su madre había muerto y tenía una madrastra que la maltrataba muchísimo. La pobre muchacha era tan sufrida que estaba demasiado acabada.

Magdalena tenía un novio que estaba encantado en un pez y la pobre muchacha todos los días, de su café sacaba la mitad para el pececito ; del almuerzo y de la comida. Ella misma iba a llevárselo. Cuando llegaba a la orilla del mar lo llamaba y le decía : — ¡ Anda, anda ! ¿ Dónde está mi pececito ? Anda en los montes de Macuca y en los montes de Marcial.

En seguida el pececito salía y se comía lo que Magdalena le llevaba. Un día la madrastra vió a Magdalena sacando la mitad de su comida y le extrañó de tal manera que la siguió todos los días. Ella veía que todos los días hacía la misma operación hasta que un día le siguió los pasos y averiguó a quien le llevaba la comida. Vió al pececito cuando salió a comerse la comida y al otro día procuró ir más temprano la madrastra, antes que Magdalena llegara. La madrastra de Magdalena dijo las palabras que Magdalena decía y al oírlas el pececito en seguida salió.

La madrastra lo cogió y lo mató y la pobre muchacha cuando vino con la comida se cansó de llamar al pez y él no salía. Por último siguió andando por la orilla del mar llorando y concluyó por tirarse al mar y se ahogó.

#### LA NIÑA Y EL PEZ.

Una vez vivía una niña con sus dos hermanos y su padre cerca de un río. La niña era bondadosa con todas las personas.

Un día vino un hombre a vender pescado y ella compró unos cuantos y entre ellos había uno vivo. Ella lo cogió y lo echó al río, pero antes le dijo : — Yo vendré todos los días y te traeré comida cuando oigas estas palabras : « Ven a la orilla, ven pececito, ven, que te estoy esperando. » Ella lo decía todos los días cuando iba a darle comida.

Cierto día uno de los hermanos dijo : — ¿ Qué hará María en el río ? Yo voy a ver, que oigo su voz todos los días. Corrió el niño y se escondió

tras una mata y cuando María regresó a su casa, Juan dijo las palabras y el pez salió a la orilla, lo cogió y le dió con una piedra hasta matarlo.

Cuando la niña vino, el pez no venía y poco tardó en llorar, luego se tiró al río y se ahogó.

Su hermano tenía remordimiento y su padre sufrió.

#### EL PECECITO ENCANTADO.

Había una vez una niña que vivía cerca de un río. Ella iba a lavar al río y un día se encontró un pececito cuando estaba lavando y se hicieron amigos. Todos los días ella dejaba la mitad de su comida y se la llevaba al pececito. El pececito salía a comer.

Un día el padre y la madre descubrieron lo que la niña hacía con la comida, pescaron al pececito y se lo comieron.

Al otro día la niña fué a llamar al pececito y no vino. Entonces ella se puso a llorar y al poco tiempo se fué metiendo en el agua hasta que la cubrió por completo. Cuando ella abrió los ojos se encontró en un palacio encantado. Allí estaba un príncipe que era el pececito. Se casaron y vivieron felices.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES

A TSIMSHIAN VERSION OF THE TEST THEME. — The following story was related to me by Mrs. Johnson Williams of Jamestown, Washington. She was educated among white people and is now the wife of a Klallam Indian. Mrs. Williams received the story from her mother, a Tsimshian of Metlakatla. When she told me this tale she said that her mother's version of it took three nights to tell. Notwithstanding its modernized form, the characteristic incidents may be recognized. They do not occur in this combination in any of the published test-tales of the Tsimshian.

The incident of picking salmonberries in winter is also found among the Kwakiutl (Tsimshian Mythology, 3<sup>rd</sup> Ann. Rep. Bureau of Ethnology, p. 806).

A chief had three beautiful daughters. All the young men wanted to marry the youngest one, but her father liked her best of all and would only let her marry a very unusual man. One day a fine young man came and asked to marry the youngest girl. The chief asked what he could do. The man said he could do anything. He thought the chief meant work. But the chief gave him a basket and asked him to pick salmonberries. It was in the midst of winter and there were no berries on the bushes. He went out and walked away from the house, looking around. At last something told him to scrape the bark from the alder, chew it and blow it on the bushes. He did this and the bushes were full of salmonberries. He took the berries to the chief. Before he sent him out, the chief had told the young man that he would kill him if he did not bring the berries back. This time the chief could not kill him.

Then the chief ordered his slaves to kill a mountain goat and take out the fat. They cut long sticks and wound the fat around them. Then they toasted the fat before the fire. The girl liked this man and she told him that her father would try to kill him. She warned him not to drink water after eating the fat that he would be given. After the chief had given him the fat to eat he sent some slaves to get water. The young man sat in the shadow so he just dipped very little water out of the bucket and let it run down his shirt. After that the chief showed him his bed. The young man asked to go outside and there he spit out all the water he held in his mouth. He spit it on the bushes and made the first snowberries. The next morning the chief saw the white berries on the bushes and he thought that the young man must have something to do with them. He asked him but he said that berries were there when he went out. Something inside of him told him not to tell anything.

The girl came to the young man when her father was out of sight and told him how to get into his bed for it was a trap. She told him that it was built over a pit which was full of the bodies of men who had wanted to marry her. She told him not to move after he got into the bed. When the chief took him to his bed he said, "You have a good bed, many men have slept in it." The bed was a single plank on a pin which turned over if he moved. There was a stream underneath.

In the morning the chief told his slaves to call the young man, who said he had never slept better. He really had not slept at all. He came in to eat. Then the chief called his daughter and told her that this man wanted to marry her. She pretended not to care. The chief told the young man that he was going to retire and that he had put him through these tests because he wanted a worthy man to take his place.

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## FINGERNAILS, TOOTHACHES AND CHARMS. — Folklore Notes on Two Spanish Plays.

## I

In Miguel Ramos Carrión's *La muela del juicio* (included in *Tres comedias modernas*, edited by F. W. Morrison, New York, 1909) there is an interesting reference to cutting the fingernails that calls up memories of parallel superstitions in our own country. Rocío, one of the characters in *La muela del juicio*, says she suffered very much with her teeth until one day she found "el gran remedio" (p. 19).

"¿Sabe usted cómo me he curado?" she asks. "No lo va usted a creer cuando se lo diga. Pues oiga usted. Me he curado cortándome las uñas todos los lunes..... Parece brujería; pues no lo es. Me lo aconsejó una cigarrera de Sevilla, y desde entonces todos los lunes..... riqui riquiriqui. Se acabaron los dolores de muelas. No me retientan ni por casualidad."

The American parallel appears in New England, and may be found perhaps in other sections as well. Clifton Johnson's "What They Say In New England" (Boston, 1896), speaking of medicinal superstitions, quotes (p. 82) the following: "Trim your fingernails on Friday, and you will not have the toothache for a week." In another place (p. 58) Mr. Johnson gives a fingernail jingle for every day in the week:

"Cut them on Monday, cut them for wealth,  
Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for health,  
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for news,  
Cut them on Thursday, a new pair of shoes,  
Cut them on Friday, cut them for woe,  
Cut them on Saturday, a journey to go,  
Cut them on Sunday, cut them for evil,  
And be all the week as cross as the Devil."

Monday does not seem to be the only day when cutting the fingernails is a preventive of toothache; indeed, other references to Spanish folk-lore favor Friday, though Monday is mentioned as the day for children. Alejandro Guichot y Sierra, in *Supersticiones populares andaluzas* (published in volume I of the *Biblioteca de las tradiciones populares españolas*, Madrid, 1884) gives us the following references (pp. 265-6):

"187. Para que un niño no padezca dolores de muelas se le cortarán las uñas en Lunes."

"189. Deben cortarse las uñas en Viernes, para que no duelan las muelas."

(Here is added the Portuguese superstition: "No se deben cortar las uñas en Viernes porque en ese día está el diablo cortándoselas también.")

"192. Cuando una mujer se corta las uñas debe hacerlo en Viernes para no ser desgraciada."

It is evident that one may take his choice of Friday or Monday as lucky or unlucky days, as the case may be. The important point is the similarity of the superstitions, illustrating once again the international character of a great deal of folklore material.

## II

The collection mentioned above also gives a variant of the charm employed by Tata in *Doña Clarines*, by the brothers Quintero (Morley's edition, New York, 1915, p. 60). Tata crosses herself and recites:

" ¡ Santa Bárbara bendita  
que en el cielo estás escrita  
con papel y agua bendita,  
en el árbol de la Cruz,  
Padre nuestro, amén Jesús ! "

Guichot y Sierra (*op. cit.*, p. 218) gives the same charm as a protection against storms, the fourth line being slightly different : it reads " Al pie de la Santa Cruz ".

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SOME ITEMS OF NEGRO-CANADIAN FOLK-LORE. — The following items of negro folk-lore were obtained in September, 1920, from John J. Williams. His father was a refugee slave from Virginia, who settled in the neighborhood of Otterville, Oxford County, Ontario, early in the sixties.

" Curdly " (*i. e.*, mottled) sky is a sign of rain.

The squawking of blue jays is also a sign of rain.

The *os penis* of a raccoon is carried as a charm for good luck.<sup>1</sup> He also believes in the efficacy of the left hind foot of a rabbit as a charm. " It is no good if you have no faith in it. "

He does not commence any work on a Friday. Rather than begin on Friday he does part of the work on Thursday evening.

For " water-witching " (*i. e.*, water-finding) use a forked twig of the apple.

If you set a pail of milk out in the hot sun you will soon see the shape of the cow's hoofs on the surface.

A lighted candle, made of tallow mixed with the blood of a snake, will make all the snakes in the neighborhood come squirming through the house and drive out its occupants.<sup>2</sup>

He claims that all snakes become " mad " when he looks at them, because his mother had killed a snake just before he was born.

A decoction made from the bark of the witch-hazel (*Hamamelis virginica*, Linn.) is a good liniment.

A decoction made from the golden-rod (*Solidago* sp.) is used for fever.

A tea made by steeping the heart of a mullein stalk is a cure for diabetes.

A tea made from the root the " Scavey " or evening primrose (*Oenothera biennis*, Linn.) is good for the blood and kidneys.

The stems of the scouring rush (*Equisetum hyemale*, Linn.) were used to clean the teeth.

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1. Also by some whites in the neighborhood.

2. Cf. " Schlage eine Schlangen zu todt, thu sie in ein neuen Topf mit einem Wachs über das Feuer, koche sie bis sie eindorret, darnach mit demselben Wachs mache eine Kerze oder Licht, und zu Nacht zünde es in einer Kammer an, so scheinest sie voller Schlangen. " — S. Gfeller, Blütenlese aus einem alten, handschriftlichen Arzneibuche, *Schweizerisches Archiv für Volkskunde*, vol. 6, p. 54.

## BOOK REVIEWS

NAVAHO TALES retold by William Whitman 3rd with illustrations by John P. Heins. Houghton Mifflin Company, 1925, 217 pp.

Dr. Washington Matthews took down from Navaho informants the most important of their narratives which deal with the beginnings of things. This he did with scrupulous exactness, resorting to many qualifying and explanatory notes. These narratives were published by the American Folk-Lore Society in their fifth volume of Memoirs under the title of *Navaho Legends*. Only five hundred copies of this volume were issued in 1897, and the work was soon out of print and for many years was unavailable even to special students of folk-lore and Navaho life. Recently the volume has been re-printed.

Considering the object Dr. Matthews had in mind the original book was above criticism, but the very fact that his work was done with such fidelity made it unsuitable for juvenile reading. True, there is little in Navaho Legends that is coarse or unseemly, but this little had its place in such a work and could not be omitted.

William Whitman 3rd has retold these stories with no other source than Matthews' original publication. In retelling them, Mr. Whitman has omitted or glided around passages which are out of place in refined literature. He has preserved, however, much of the Navaho form of composition and of Matthews' literary style in these stirring narratives. Of the five which compose the book, the first deals with the five worlds, the first four of which may be thought of as having always existed. This, the fifth and uppermost one, was made or remodelled after the pattern of the fourth. Next come the exploits of the war gods, true culture heroes, who rid the world of evil beings who had made life impossible and who would have continued to ruin the world but for the activities of these war gods. Third is the story of the great gambler who finally bet his own person and lost, but who was translated to the sky where he became the god of the Mexicans. The story as given by Dr. Matthews and Mr. Whitman is in a somewhat abbreviated form. A more detailed version is known to the Navaho. The fourth narrative deals with the origin of the Navaho food supply. The story is novelistic in its content, and beside its human interest, including a courtship, it gives an example of the Navaho love of balance: vegetable food as against animal, the corn raiser as against the deer raiser. Here again another version is known to the Navaho which belongs to the cult of deer hunting and in which the story takes quite a different form. The final narrative, again an abbreviated one, is a widely distributed folk-tale. In its fuller form it is the basic narrative of one of the most important Navaho healing ceremonies, the Bead Chant.

Taken all together these stories give an excellent picture of Navaho life and thought and to a considerable degree represent their literary art. It is their songs and prayers, however, which happen not to fall into the scope of this work, that exemplify more particularly the Navaho literary form in which are employed balance and repetition, until arithmetical sequence and geometrical form seem of more importance than the expression of definite concepts.

The book is illustrated in black and white by Mr. John P. Heins. These drawings by a white man for white readers are striking and full of imagi-

nation. I doubt if a Navaho would be pleased with them, for an examination of their own ritualistic drawings, made with colored powders, shows a much lighter touch. Probably this effect could not be produced without the use of colors.

Books of this sort, if widely read, will do much to correct the prevailing impression of what Indians are like, an impression fostered both by uninformed white writers and by pseudo-Indian chiefs and princesses, who portray for white audiences an almost completely mythical Indian.

P. E. GODDARD.

ON THE TRAIL OF NEGRO FOLK-SONGS, Dorothy Scarborough, assisted by Olga Lee Gulledge. Harvard University Press, 1925.

THE NEGRO AND HIS SONGS, a Study of Typical Negro Songs in the South, Howard W. Odum and Guy B. Johnson. University of North Carolina Press, 1925.

The last few years have shown an increasing appreciation of the wealth of folklore to be gathered from the American negro. Realizing that many of the old songs and stories will disappear in the very near future, students, hastily but carefully, have begun to collect and publish this material. To the rapidly growing list of collections should be added these volumes by Scarborough and Odum.

Miss Scarborough has two objectives : first, to record the songs she has collected, and second, to stimulate the collection of additional songs. It is unfortunate that the book is not indexed, for the only clue to the possible location of a song is through the chapter headings : On the Trail of Negro Folk-songs, the Negro's Part in Transmitting the Traditional Songs and Ballads, Negro Ballads, Dance-Songs or " Reels," Children's Game-songs, Lullabies, Songs about Animals, Work-songs, Railroad Songs, Blues. The need for an index is felt even more acutely when it is discovered that the material in chapters two and three is grouped according to origin ; chapter two containing negro variants of such songs as " Lady Isabel and the Elf Knight," " Frog went a Courtin' " and " Barbara Allen," while the third chapter gives songs presumably of negro origin. It is extremely questionable, however, whether such songs as " The Lost Youth " (p. 95) or the fragment on page 76 should be considered the work of the negro singer and so be included in chapter three. A slightly longer and fuller version of " The Lost Youth " has been a favorite of the mountain whites in the isolated valleys of east Tennessee for many years. The origin of the fragment (p. 76) :

" Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
Killed Old Lead and home he run.  
Old Lead was eat, and John was beat,  
And Mary ran bawling down the street."

seems scarcely deserving of the phrases " the origin of a spontaneous communal ballad " and " a ballad flashed into being " when we realize that the people of Tennessee and North Carolina have long been familiar with such similar stanzas as :

" Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
Stole a pig and home he run.  
The king was eat, and John was beat  
All up and down the bellerin' street."

" John, the pawn, the piper's son,  
Stole a pig and home he run.  
The pig was eat and John was beat  
All up and down the bellerin' street. "

But though we may not always agree with the author concerning the origins of the songs, the collection is in itself valuable and the care with which the author records her sources is most gratifying.

Miss Scarborough, writing in a delightfully informal tone, has made song hunting an adventure and it is impossible to doubt the success of her second objective, the stimulation of others to the quest. The last chapter, " Blues " is of great interest, and the inclusion of the song tunes recorded by Olga Lee Gullledge is especially valuable.

The authors of " The Negro and his Songs " are primarily interested in the social significance of the folk-songs of the American negro in the south. Mr. Odum is Professor of Sociology at the University of North Carolina and Mr. Johnson is with the Institute for Research in Social Science in the same University. This book is the first of a projected series on the negro. In it the writers have confined themselves to an analysis of the contents of the songs and a discussion of the attitude and emotions of the negro singer. The music is not included but the writers plan in forthcoming books to give a detailed analysis of the musical settings of certain negro songs. The songs were collected in northern Mississippi, northern Georgia, in Tennessee and North Carolina. Many students of folk-lore will be glad to consult the annotated bibliography of negro folk-songs which the authors include. The book contains an index by title of the two hundred or more songs which comprise this collection.

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